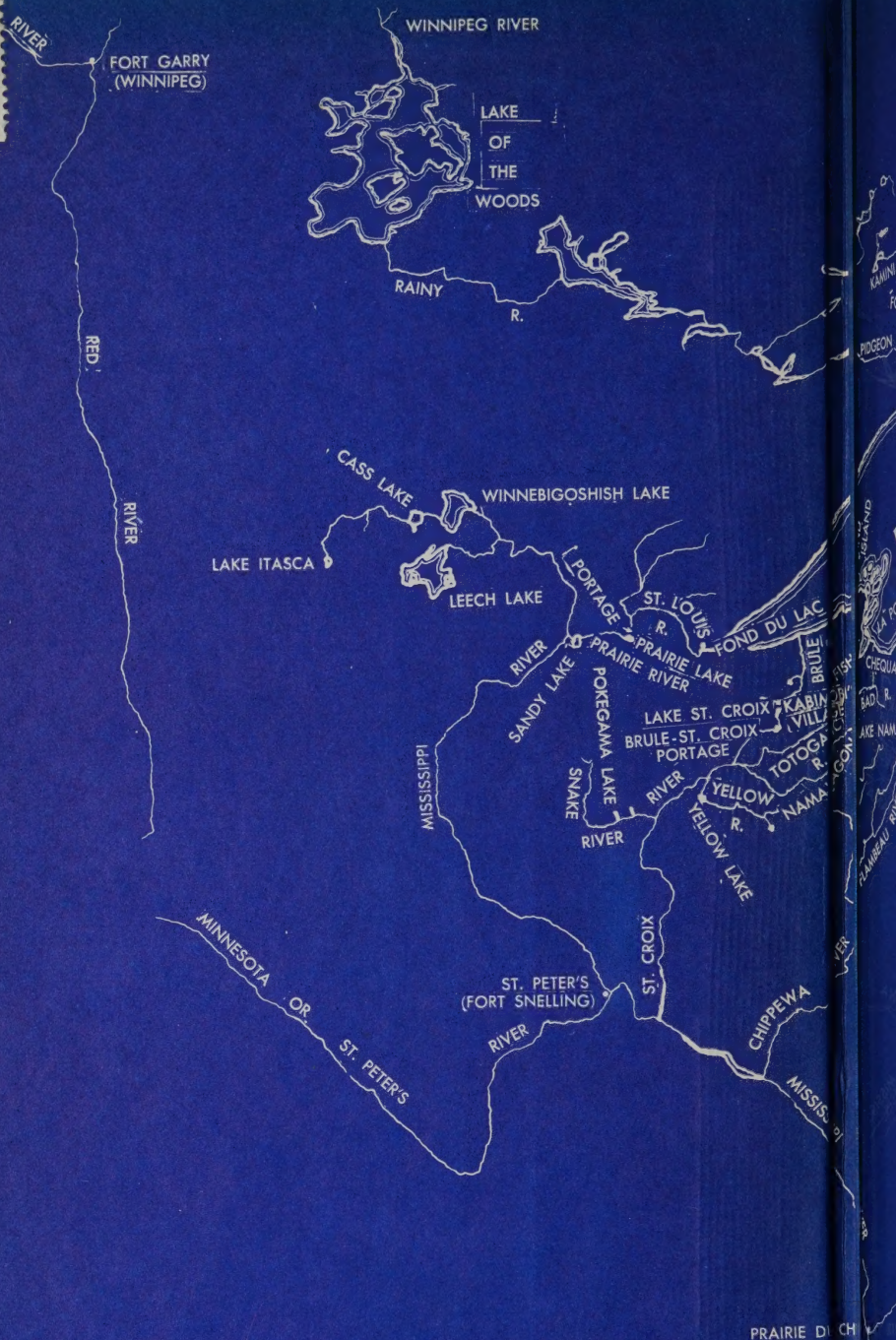


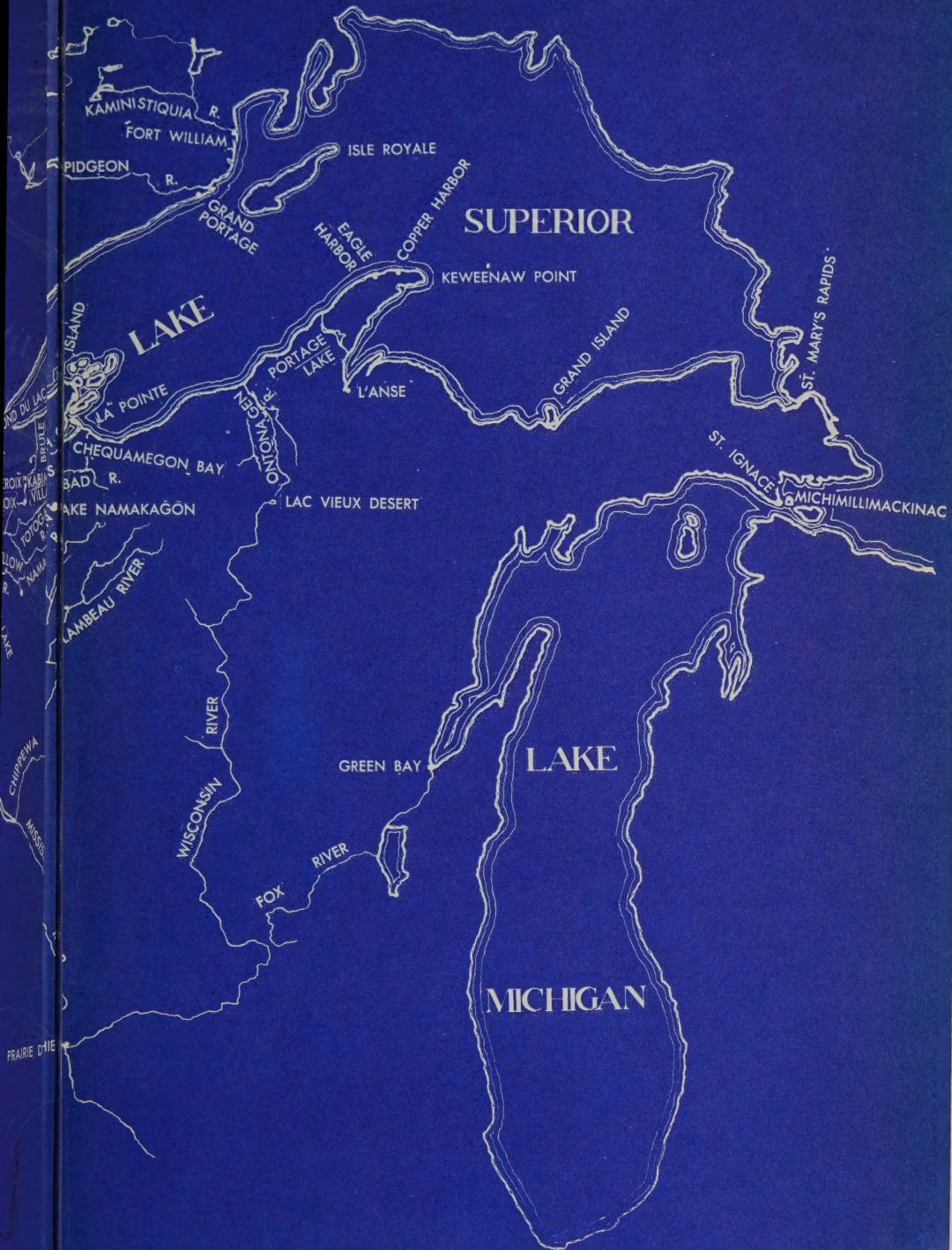
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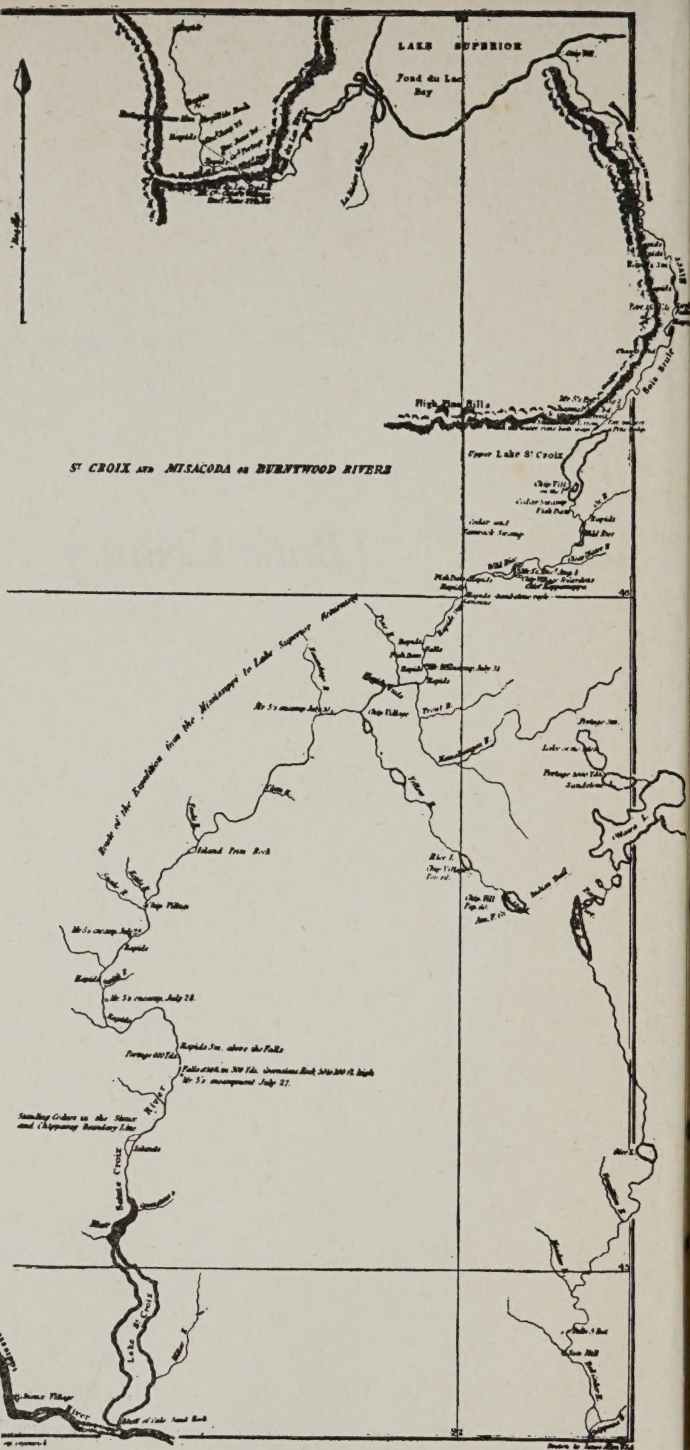


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GENEALOGY COLLECTION

Brule Country



This map was prepared by Lt. James Allen from notes taken during a trip made in 1832. The map appeared in a book published by Henry Schoolcraft. Schoolcraft recounted that the Brule was known to his Chippewa canoe-men as the Misacoda, or "Burntwood" River.

BRULE COUNTRY

by Albert M. Marshall

1954

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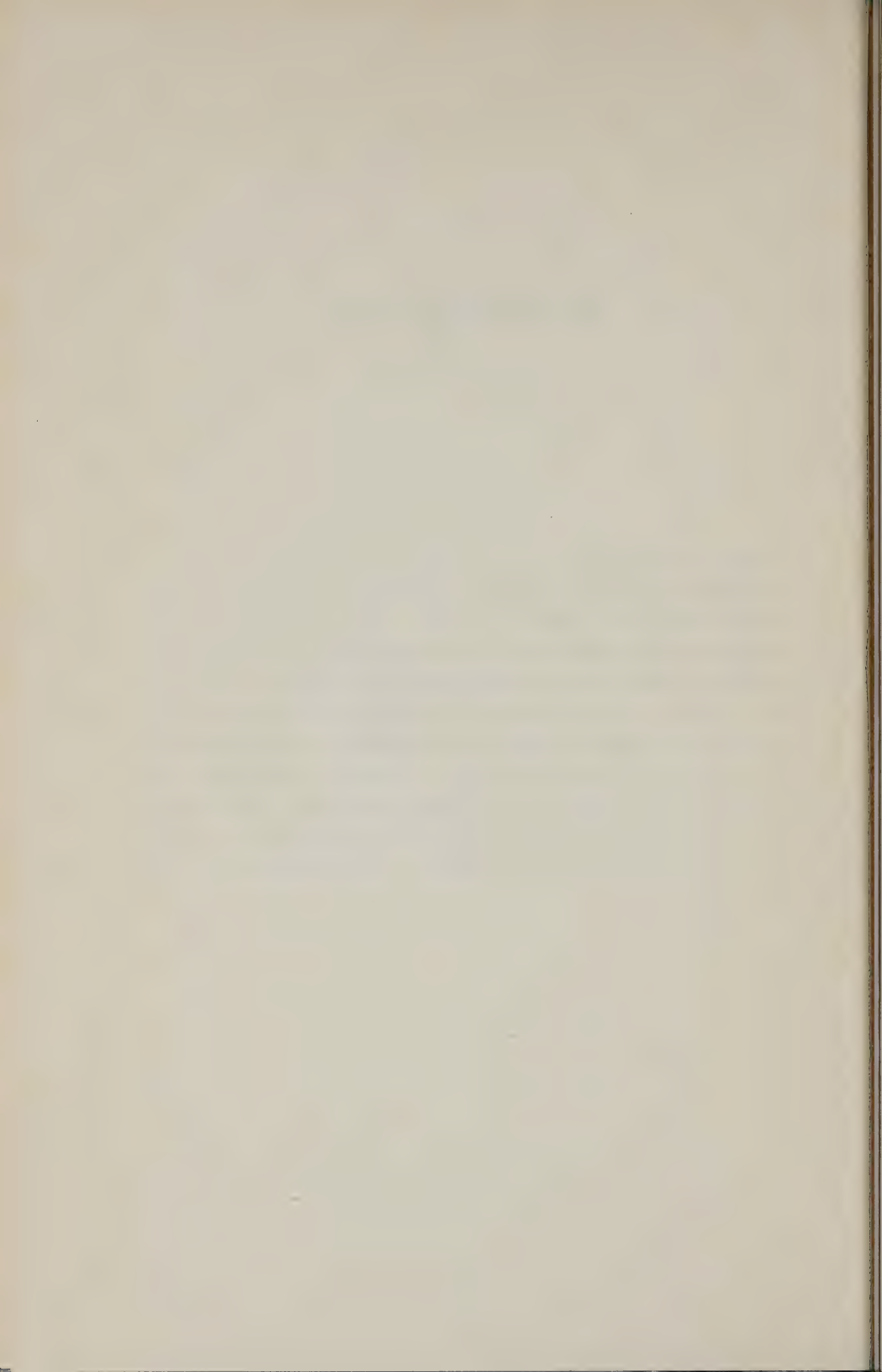
To Joe Lucius

This volume is dedicated to one of Brule River's latter day pioneers, Joe Lucius of Solon Springs. Since he arrived with his family as a lad of fifteen to settle on the shores of Upper St. Croix lake, he has been closely identified with the north country, first as a woodsman and guide, later as a state forester. From 1886, the year of his arrival, to the present day, little that has happened along the Brule has escaped Joe Lucius. His recollections and observations have provided a good share of the material for the concluding chapters of this book; and the author is deeply indebted to him for these contributions as well as his continued and kindly interest in the publication of this volume.

Bordered \$5.00

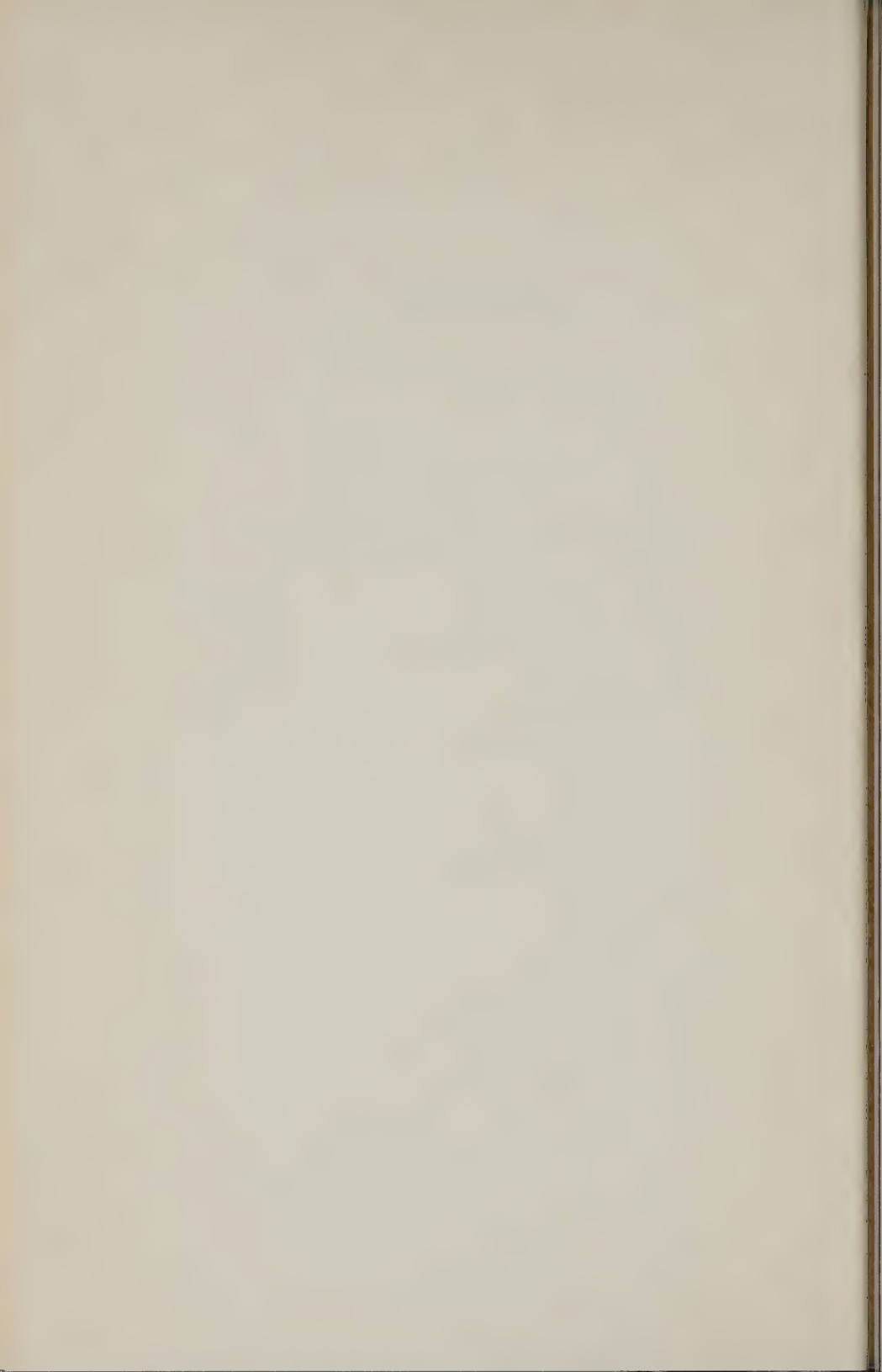
Acknowledgments

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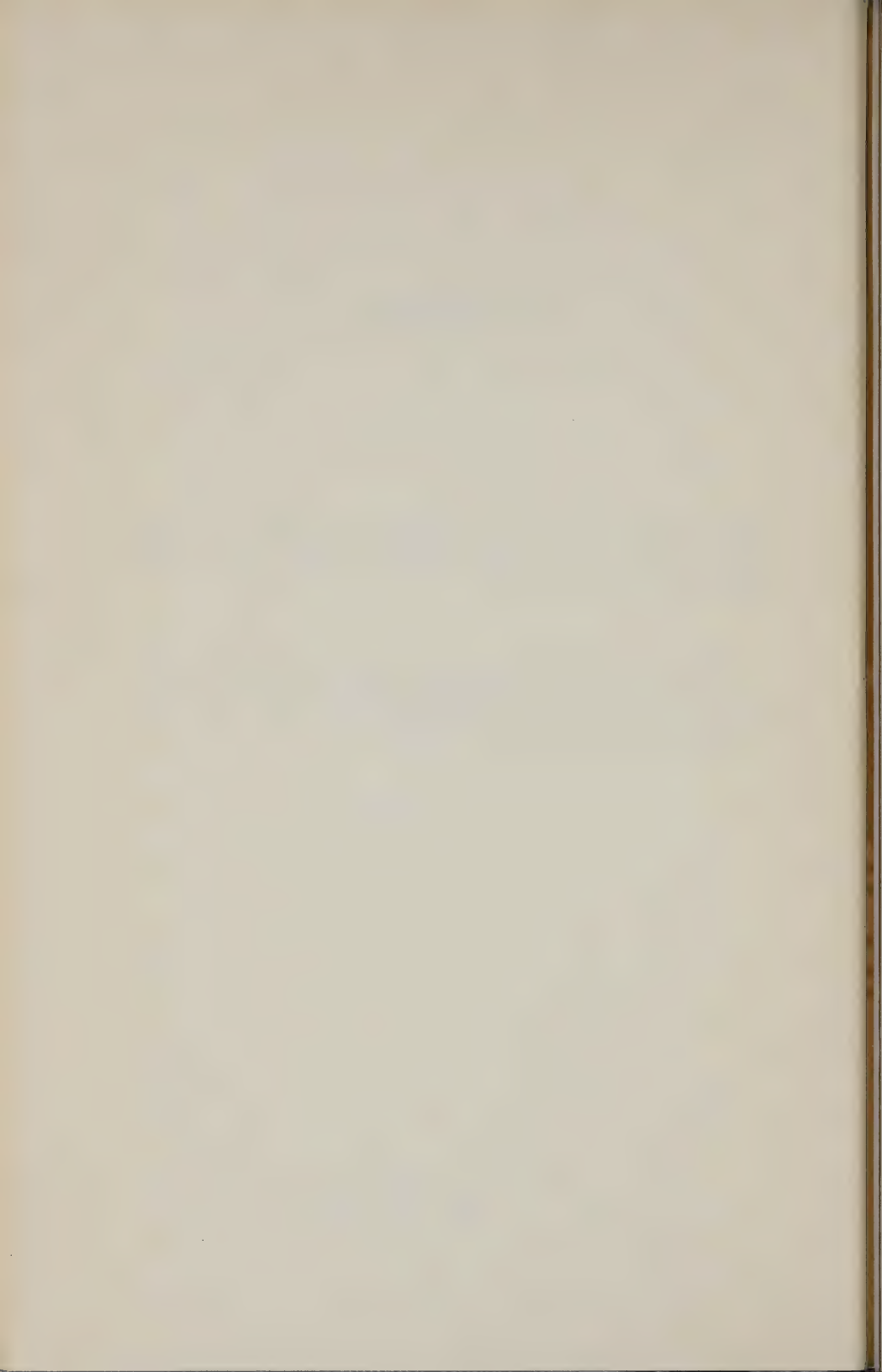
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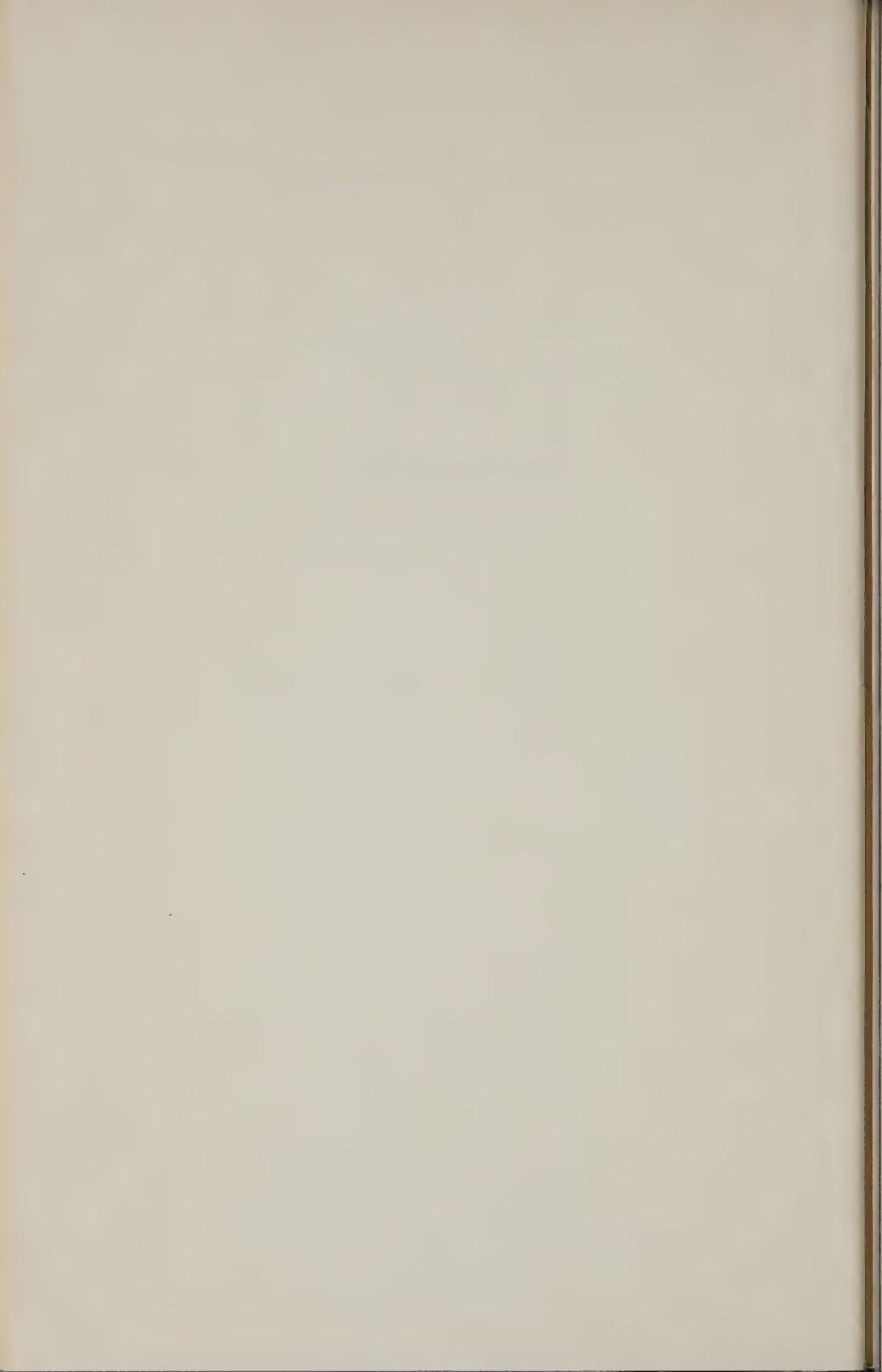
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Brule Country



Introduction

When people get their first glimpse of the Brule River, they are impressed with the clearness of its water, the swiftness of its current, the cleanness of its sand and rock-strewn bottom, and its steep, pine-crested banks. Once they were impressed, too, with the sight of many trout darting from one shadowy depth to another. But fishing is not what it used to be.

A characteristic of the Brule that sets it apart from almost all other American streams—especially those in the region which surrounds Lake Superior—is its almost uniform depth along its course and its slight variation in flow from one season to another. The topography of the country through which the Brule flows is responsible for this rather unusual attribute. The springs which feed it are many, and the constant supply of water they provide makes it possible to float a canoe anywhere in the Brule at any time of the year.

There have been periods in American history when the navigability of streams for Indian birch-bark canoes was an important factor in the march of events. When good canoe water could be found connecting ports of call important to generations of explorers and pioneers, those routes became well-traveled highways. The names of the lakes and rivers

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traversed by makers of history became an integral part of that history itself. But to understand the significance of individual waterways in the course of events, it is often necessary to relate them to developments as they occurred along a broad front. The action on the stage at any single time makes little sense unless one has followed the drama from its beginning and watched the story unfold act by act and scene by scene.

That's why the Brule River's place in history cannot be properly reviewed without starting at the beginning of the recorded history of this American continent of ours. American history starts, of course, with the early voyages of the European mariners who first sighted the shores along our Atlantic coast line. Their tales of new-found lands beyond the sea inspired other adventurers to set foot on the land and investigate the continent itself. The accounts of these men, telling of what they had seen, encouraged permanent settlers to cross the ocean. First came the ships!

When Christopher Columbus discovered America in 1492, he knew only that he had found a land quite different from the European continent. The captains who sailed after him explored the rugged shores of this new country. They saw rocky coasts, deep bays and impenetrable forests, but they gave little thought to the rich hinterland that lay locked in the interior—a region of great fertility and boundless resources which was to fire the ambitions of the sons and grandsons of the first explorers.

While the coast line of North America proved a welcome refuge for those brave men and women who sought a future of freedom and adventure away from the confines of European oppressions and prejudices, Plymouth Rock and Jamestown were located on the threshold of a greater domain—the sloping valleys and broad plains lying between the Appalachian and the Rocky mountains. Struggling colonies became a powerful nation only after men had opened to settlement the region drained by the Mississippi River and assured for their descendants its rich harvests.

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Easy access to the central valley of America lay only at its southern and northern borders. The first Spaniards to visit the Gulf of Mexico knew of a great river emptying near by. DeSoto and his men reached its banks. But to the conquistadors from the plains of Castile, gold, silver, and precious metals were the important issue. There was no indication of mineral wealth in the valley of this great river. Hence, the Spaniards turned south and west. They found deserts tinted in golden hues and great mountains whose snows sparkled like diamonds in the sun. But the rich soil, which was destined to produce sustenance for populations twenty times those of Spain, lay unnoticed and unclaimed.

Fate had selected men of another Latin race to uncover the fertile valley of the Mississippi. When Jacques Cartier, French navigator, pushed the prow of his ship up the Gulf of St. Lawrence in 1534, he revealed an easy route of advance to his adventurous fellow countrymen. The secrets of the great interior domain were easily laid open to those who pressed up this broad stream. Unfolded before the astonished Frenchmen lay the waters of inland seas, so vast that they scarcely dared venture out upon them in their small boats.

The Great Lakes of the North American continent stand as silent testimony to the mighty forces which have molded the surface of our world. Working unobtrusively day by day, week by week, year by year, only when the centuries roll by does the handicraft of nature reveal her progress. Mighty pressures under the earth's shell keep struggling to expand its walls, while wind and water wear down its surfaces.

The great icecaps of bygone ages were the sculptors of these fresh water lakes. The force of countless tons of ice scoured passages in the rocks of the basin's old rim, and the receding glaciers filled to overbrimming the resulting depressions. Waters from the melting ice poured forth to find a final resting place in the ocean, using whatever exit offered the lowest level of passage.

Back and forth over a great stretch of North America, the

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glaciers advanced and receded. Like a man raking a garden plot, these vast ice formations changed the contours and elevations of the terrain, cutting a crude channel here, polishing an obstructive formation there, dumping a big load of its own gravel and debris elsewhere. The lakes formed during these periods were of varying depths and differing shorelines. Sometimes the glaciers themselves damned up the previous outlet, forcing the waters to use new and hitherto untried channels of escape.

Consequently, geologists have found evidence that before the St. Lawrence egress was created as an outlet for the waters of the Great Lakes, many other passages had been pressed into use. The Mohawk, the Maumee, the Chicago, the Fox, the Brule, and many another now relatively insignificant stream served at one time or another. But when the lake system found its present level and drained into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, these disused routes were still left behind like roads through the hills whose ruts become clogged with the silt of time.

The western end of Lake Superior is a great V-shaped body of water clamped in a vise by two long ridges, which come to a point a few miles beyond its western extremity. Into this largest of the fresh water seas tumble a myriad of small, swift streams, draining this narrow bed. Beyond the rims of the Lake Superior basin, the land slopes off gradually to the south and to the north, and brooks more meandering in their nature carry waters to the Mississippi or to that maze of rock-ribbed lakes from which the Nelson River begins its journey to the Arctic Ocean. There are only three natural passages through the rugged barrier that separates Lake Superior from the Mississippi Valley—a narrow slot in the hills southeast of Chequamegon Bay where springs feed the Bad River and the south-flowing creeks emptying into the Chipewewa River system; the winding gorge of the St. Louis River at the apex of the horn, and the Brule-St. Croix gap.

Slightly over four hundred feet above the level of the lake

INTRODUCTION

lies the spruce muskeg from whose sodden pores oozes the cold, clear water that gives the first spark of life both to the Brule, flowing north to Lake Superior, and to the waters of the St. Croix, bound for the Mississippi. The muskeg lies cradled in a sharply defined valley stretching roughly northeast and southwest at this point. No natural divide is visible to the eye. Man would have, indeed, a difficult time determining the cleavage line between the waters destined for the Gulf of Mexico and those bound for the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Providing the shortest natural water highway between Lake Superior and the upper Mississippi basin, the Brule-St. Croix route had been used from time immemorial by the Indians. With the coming of the white man, this passage became familiar to explorers, to traders and canoemen busy procuring a livelihood, and to soldiers and government agents speeding restlessly forward on errands of state. There were those who carried only a heavy load of provisions upon their backs, and others who grasped in their hands the blueprints of empire or commercial enterprise.

The narrow valley through which the Brule flows has, on its own account, no claim to the attention of the historian. Its slopes catch the glint of the sun sifting through giant pines; its sandy soil lies hidden beneath a rich carpet of brown needles. It possesses all of the beauty common to other secluded spots in the north-woods country. The charm of the stream which winds its way through this evergreen luxuriance steeps one so thoroughly in its sylvan magnificence that man's fleeting strut down the pages of history appears insignificant. Its simple grandeur rebukes the human impulse to play up the affairs of men in their contact with this realm of nature.

In truth, the whispering forests along the Brule tell of no event of transcending importance to our human civilization. No battles which changed the course of history took place on its banks. No councils of war or peace broke the stillness of

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its wooded hills. In fact, from earliest recorded history to the present century, men lingered along its banks only long enough to make a few bivouacs. No habitation was erected by its early visitors. They left no marks behind them except the ashes of their campfires.

The swift-running waters of the Brule did not, therefore, serve the current of events more than to provide a pathway for the pioneer. But the river with its swirling rapids, steep pine-girt banks, and lovely solitude made its impress upon those who hurried by. Its name was never known to many, but those few were prominent in the building of a new civilization. In telling of these men and their deeds, we unveil a picture of America in the making.

The Brule Discovered

In 1534 Jacques Cartier, on a mission of discovery for the king of France, dropped anchor in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Cartier stayed just long enough to determine that a large river flowing from the interior of the country emptied into the sea at this point. His discoveries in America were slow in bearing fruit. Various efforts were made to establish a settlement under the great rock at Quebec, but it was not until that persevering Frenchman, Samuel de Champlain, came to the New World that the French colony sunk the roots of permanence into the rocky soil of New France. Champlain arrived in 1608, and his energy and ability put heart in the colonists. With the coming of fresh recruits, the French domain spread rapidly up the St. Lawrence Valley to Three Rivers and Montreal.

It was at Montreal where the Ottawa flows into the St. Lawrence that the vision of a great inland region was unfolded to the white explorers. Indians from the interior came down in their frail birch-bark canoes to gaze with awe on the newly arrived adventurers and to tell the white men of the lakes and streams and forests where they dwelled. Champlain determined to see this new country for himself.

In 1615 the stocky Frenchman, accompanied by a few sol-

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diers and canoemen and guided by a number of Algonquin Indians, ascended the Ottawa River. Day after day the little band battled the swift current of the stream, frequently finding it necessary to portage around the many rapids. They thus acquired a firsthand view of the great interior and the ways of its inhabitants. Finally they reached the headwaters of the river at Lake Nipissing, where they carried their canoes over rocky ground to the swirling current of the French River. A few days later the tired travelers emerged from the forest. Before them stretched a wide expanse of blue water—Georgian Bay of Lake Huron—opening to the inquisitive new routes of travel to the north and west.

As time went on the Nipissing route from Montreal to the upper lakes region grew in use and importance. French explorers dreamed that from one of those mighty inland lakes might flow a stream that would lead to the western ocean and the fabulous spice islands of the East. Europeans were unacquainted with a topographical phenomenon like the Great Lakes basin, and consequently, they pushed ever westward probing its rocky shores for a passage to the Pacific.

One of Champlain's more impetuous voyageurs, Etienne Brule, whose name is sometimes erroneously associated with the Brule River, reported the discovery of a vast body of water lying at a slightly higher elevation than the lakes with which the French were already acquainted. Its size and elevation earned for it the name "Superior." Moved by Brule's report, Champlain fitted out an expedition to penetrate the interior and open up avenues which might lead to further discoveries. Jean Nicolet, one of Champlain's interpreters who was an experienced woodsman wise in the ways of the Indians, was selected to lead this band.

Champlain had an idea that a passage to the Far West might be reached from the inland sea, which he understood from the Indians lay below the Straits of Mackinac. He was greatly impressed by the tales of the friendly Ottawa Indians that a strange race of people inhabited the lands bordering

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this southern fresh-water ocean. He hoped that they might prove to be Chinese.

So Jean Nicolet decked himself in the gaudy, colored coat of a Mandarin when his little party stepped ashore near the present site of Green Bay on Lake Michigan. But Nicolet was deeply disappointed. The people who gathered in open-mouthed surprise to welcome the bearded stranger resembled more his old friends, the Nipissings, than they did Chinamen. They were Winnebagoes, a tribe whose bravery and fortitude won for them considerable space in the annals of Wisconsin history. Nicolet concluded a treaty of friendship with these people, and then retraced his steps to report to his superior officer.

In 1641 two bold priests of New France, Fathers Charles Raymbault and Isaac Jogues, visited the outlet of Lake Superior, where the St. Mary's River drops twenty-two feet to the level of Lake Huron. The visiting missionaries named the turbulent rapids, Sault Ste. Marie, and from that time on this place was important to the French.

During the period which had elapsed since the French had come to the western shores of the Atlantic, they had adapted themselves to the wild environment. They had learned to roam the wilderness, to cultivate the scrawny soil in the immediate vicinity of their scattered posts along the St. Lawrence, and they had already started a great fur trade with the Indians which, for more than a century and a half, was to sustain the very life of the colony.

But the prosperity of Montreal, Quebec, and Three Rivers as well as the very existence of communications with the western country depended upon peaceful relations with the red men of the Great Lakes basin. Shortly after Nicolet made his visit to the Winnebagoes, pandemonium broke loose in the wilderness; shrill war whoops broke the silence of the lonely forests, and death stalked the trails. The Iroquois had donned their war paint.

When Champlain set up the government of New France

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at Quebec, he found living along the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, Indians who belonged to the Algonquin tribal family. The French rapidly developed lasting bonds of friendship with the aborigines of this group, which also included the Ottawas, Eries, Hurons, Chippewas, and a number of tribes then living along the southern and eastern shores of Lake Michigan. Befriending the Algonquin peoples, however, meant incurring the hostility of the Iroquois nations who were the bitter enemies of their northern neighbors. When the French sent out a small expedition to aid their allies in avenging a former incursion of the warlike Iroquois, the red men of the Mohawk Valley swore eternal enmity to the followers of Champlain and their successors. Later efforts to ameliorate the feelings of the men of the Five Nations failed. As a result, many a devoted Jesuit missionary, preaching peace and good will to the savages, perished at the hands of these vengeful warriors.

The Iroquois menace broke out in its full fury about 1640 when the men from the Mohawk crossed the lower lakes and fell on the Huron villages to the north. They ambushed canoes carrying furs down the Ottawa. In 1642 drunk with easy victories over their Indian enemies, they even appeared at Montreal and harried the outlying settlements. The French rallied to the defense of the St. Lawrence posts while their savage friends, abandoning their hunting and trapping grounds to the west, fled into the northern wilderness to escape the fury of the ravaging Iroquois. For nearly fifteen years the fur trade came to a standstill.

Then in 1654 the tide turned. A large war party of Iroquois crossed Lake Michigan to find only deserted clearings where once Indian villages had stood. Famine smote the invaders a blow more deadly than any their enemies could muster. Finally, weary and hungry, the Iroquois were cut off from their route home by a band of bloodthirsty Chippewa, and their power was smashed. Few survivors ever reached their native haunts. The Hurons became bolder, and aided

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by the French once again established themselves on the northern shores of Ontario and Erie.

And so it was that in 1654 when the Ottawas, who were the middlemen of the great traffic in furs, again organized their canoe flotillas for the upper lakes region, they took with them a young Frenchman yearning for a life of adventure—Médard Chouart, Sieur des Groseilliers. Two years later, Groseilliers' youthful brother-in-law, Pierre Esprit Radisson, joined him. For many years these two roamed the forests in search of the wealth that was to be found in furs. In 1660 the two hardy adventurers entered Lake Superior and followed its southern shore as far as Chequamegon Bay. They crossed the country from there to Lac Court Oreilles and returned the following spring to Montreal with a great store of peltries. Radisson's journal tells how the partners erected a small log building not far from the present site of Ashland at a place since known as Shore's Landing, where Fish Creek enters the bay. Near by they hunted ducks on the marshes.

Radisson seems to have been the first man to envision the full potentialities of the Great Lakes region. In his journals he tells us that it would make a pleasant asylum for Europe's poverty-stricken millions. Radisson himself had strong personal ambitions. Deeply embittered when, upon his return to Montreal, his cargo of furs was confiscated because he had not procured a trading license, he turned to the English and helped those ardent foes of the French set up the Hudson's Bay Company, an organization which in later years was to give New France keen competition for the trade of the northern country. Some years later this first of the great *coureurs de bois*, as the freebooters of the fur trade came to be known, died in England, an exile from his native land.

The years following the Iroquois war saw considerable expansion in French America. Jean Baptiste Colbert, Louis XIV's able minister, had come to power and one of his objectives was to increase the stability of New France. Regular troops were sent out to protect the colonists against any fur-

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ther incursions, and a number of agricultural workers were transported to make the new territory less dependent on the motherland for sustenance.

This period also saw great missionary activity on the part of the Jesuit fathers. In 1660 Father René Menard accompanied a returning party of Chippewa as the first apostle to the Lake Superior district. Menard, fifty-six years old and far from robust, was no match for the hardships, and his kind and gentle ways brought nothing but cruel rebuffs from the savages. He suffered terribly on the long canoe trip from Montreal and spent a harrowing winter close to starvation near the present location of L'Anse, Michigan. The good father's stay was short. The next year, losing his way in the almost impenetrable forests while on an errand of mercy, he perished.

Menard was succeeded in the upper country by a man well qualified for the rigors of a hard and trying existence—Claude Jean Allouez, a burly fellow in the prime of life with a keen taste for adventure, a bold and understanding way with his Indian proteges, and a penchant for observation. For twenty-five years he made his home in the western wilds, and his five-year stay on Chequamegon Bay marked the emergence of that post as the center of French influence on Lake Superior. During Allouez's sojourn, seven tribes with upwards of eight hundred warriors lived by the mission house, which historians believe stood at the mouth of Fish Creek.

Allouez also added considerable information to the Frenchmen's then meager knowledge of the Lake Superior region. He it was who first traversed the bold and rugged northwestern coast of the lake, traveling in his frail canoe as far as the Nipigon to visit the Nipissing Indians in their new hunting grounds. And he it was who reported to his superior officers on the St. Lawrence the presence of copper, the news of which was to draw many adventurers to this wilderness region.

Shortly after Allouez was succeeded by Father Jacques

THE BRULE DISCOVERED

Marquette, one of the discoverers of the Mississippi River, Indian warfare again imperiled the slim foothold the French had established on the western frontiers. Marquette had been at the Mission St. Esprit, as it was called, for just three years when the Chippewa became engaged in a bloody struggle with their western neighbors, the Sioux. The devout Jesuit, fearing for the lives of his converts, withdrew the mission and its entire Indian population to safety at Michilimackinac. Later he transferred the site of the mission to the northern shore of the near-by straits, and its name, St. Ignace, has been since identified with the spot.

The seventeenth century had passed the halfway mark before the Brule River's existence became known to the civilized world. Daniel Greysolon, Sieur de Du Lhut, whose name in slightly different form has been given to the big inland port city close to the scene of many of the Frenchman's adventures, mentioned the river in his reports. He did not call it by name, although maps published in France shortly afterwards referred to it as the "Riviere aux Aunage." The more familiar French designation "Bois Brulé," from which the river's present name is derived, came later. Its meaning, "Burntwood," undoubtedly referred to the charred remains of timber which stood along the upper reaches of the stream in early days—the relics of frequent forest fires caused by lightning accompanying the summer storms for which the valley is famous.

Du Lhut's coming to the upper lakes resulted from the termination of Count Frontenac, New France's governor-general, to restore peace between the Indian tribes and bring to an end the forays between Chippewa and Sioux that had periled French trade and missionary efforts in the interior. The war that caused the abandonment of the Chequamegon mission was but one of a number of periodic struggles between these two nations which plagued the French and, in later years, disrupted the attempts of the British and the Americans to establish a permanent fur trade at the head of the lakes.

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When the French first ascended the Ottawa and came into contact with the western tribes, they found the Chippewa (also known as Ojibway) along the St. Mary's River and in the territory where Lakes Superior, Huron, and Michigan adjoin. But the Chippewa who were the hardiest of the Algonquin tribes, gradually moved their hunting grounds farther and farther west until they came into conflict with the Sioux, whose tepees ranged from the banks of the St. Croix and the Mississippi as far west as the plains bordering the Missouri River. Particularly coveted by the aborigines were the lakes at the source of the St. Croix and Chippewa rivers, whose prolific beds of wild rice furnished a substantial source of staple food to the red men. Under constant pressure from the Chippewa tribesmen, the Sioux gradually withdrew to the west, leaving the invaders in possession of the country at the headwaters of the Mississippi's chief northeastern tributaries.

The Sioux, however, never completely abandoned their claim to the coveted rice country, and the persistent pressure of the Chippewa on their flanks awoke them to renewed frenzy. Consequently, the valley of the St. Croix became a dark and bloody ground, and no man's life was safe along the western shores of Lake Superior.

The continued development of the fur trade was so important to the French colony, and the pleas of the Jesuits that peace be restored were so urgent that Frontenac decided to send one of his most trusted lieutenants to negotiate with the Indians. For this task he selected Du Lhut, who was then forty years of age. As bold and resourceful a man as ever plied a paddle along the waterways of the Middle West, Du Lhut was a man of exceedingly high caliber. Born at St. Germain-en-Laye in 1636, he came of noble parentage. Educated at Lyons, he enlisted in the King's Guard and was considered a promising young officer in military circles. But stories of unexplored regions beyond the seas kindled the imagination of the young soldier, and in 1672 he came to Montreal, where

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an uncle, Jacques Patron, was a wealthy merchant. Two years later, however, he was recalled to France to serve his country in the Flemish war. In 1674 he returned to the little colony on the St. Lawrence, bringing with him his younger brother, Claude Greysolon, Sieur de la Tourette.

Du Lhut had served at his Montreal post for four years when the governor selected him for the western mission. His stay at the fur trade metropolis had brought him into close contact with the roving *coureurs de bois* and the Indians of the lake region, who brought down each summer their annual harvest of furs and told many a harrowing and intriguing tale of the limitless expanses to the west. Du Lhut longed for an opportunity to blaze new trails, and his keen imagination pictured a route to the western ocean which must lie beyond the country of the Sioux. So it was with deep-set enthusiasm that Du Lhut headed his canoe up the swift reaches of the Ottawa River in the fall of 1678. Wintering at Sault Ste. Marie among the Chippewa, he set off down Lake Superior the following spring and somewhere on the shores of St. Louis Bay near where the city of Duluth now stands, he met the emissaries of the Sioux.

The Sioux chiefs were greatly impressed by the friendly but firm Frenchman. They listened with respect as the tall, handsome young officer reminded them of the futility of any continued struggle with their neighbors, and they heard with some misgivings that the great white chief at Quebec was greatly displeased with their conduct. After the long pipe-stone calumet had been passed from hand to hand and each had taken a puff, the Sioux headmen arose and pledged their countrymen to peace. Thus, peace came again to the Gitche Gumeé and, from that date, the Indians whose lands bordered the great inland sea had great respect for Sieur Du Lhut.

No sooner had peace been established between the Sioux and Chippewa than the Sioux invited the Frenchman to visit their lands. He was escorted to one of their villages on Lake

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Mille Lacs where in an impressive ceremony on July 2, 1679, he took possession of the country in the name of Louis XIV, King of France. Du Lhut then returned to the head of Lake Superior where he called a grand council of Sioux and Assiniboin chiefs. There against a forest background on the yellow sands lapped by waves, two more Indian nations, under the compelling influence of the forthright man from across the seas, agreed to bury their enmities.

Du Lhut's favorable reception by the Indian tribes and his initial glimpse of the boundless stretches of the lake region whetted his ambition to push still farther into the interior. He wanted to visit the Sioux living along the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, and in the back of his mind he undoubtedly hoped to head westward from that region to find the great salt sea of which he had heard accounts. Accordingly the following spring he prepared an expedition into the Sioux country. The route to the Mississippi Valley chosen by Du Lhut followed the present Brule River to its source; then by carry across to upper St. Croix Lake; and down that river to its union with the Mississippi a few miles below where St. Paul now stands. The first white man to traverse this subsequently familiar pioneer highway described his passage briefly in his journals.

"In June, 1680, not being satisfied with having made my discovery [*of the Mississippi River*] by land, I took two canoes, with an Indian who was my interpreter, and four Frenchmen, to seek means to make it by water. With this view, I entered a river which empties eight leagues from the extremity of Lake Superior on the south side, where having cut some trees and broken about a hundred beaver dams, I reached the upper waters of the said river, and then I made a portage of half a league to reach a lake [*Lake St. Croix*], the outlet of which fell into a very fine river, which took me down to the Mississippi."

In this first eyewitness account of the Brule, we are given a picture of a stream far different from the river that we

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know today. Huge beaver dams continually halted the wayfarer, and behind them must have lain miles of swollen waters and inundated banks. These dams also interfered with the movement of fish, making it impossible for them to find spawning beds. It is therefore notable that not until far later, when constant use of the river by trader and trapper brought about the removal of these obstructions, was the observation of fish in the rapid waters recorded.

Du Lhut's plans to explore the western tributaries of the Mississippi were cut short when he reached the mouth of the St. Croix River. There he discovered that the Sioux were holding prisoner two Frenchmen; one of them Father Louis Hennepin. The two white men were part of a small force which had been dispatched by LaSalle to explore the headwaters of the Mississippi. Du Lhut felt it his duty to obtain the release of his countrymen and to secure firm assurances from the Indians that in the future all Frenchmen would be free to travel the forest routes unmolested.

It is interesting to note that Daniel Greysolon received scant thanks from LaSalle for assistance in freeing his two lieutenants. The impetuous and hard-driving LaSalle, busy with plans for exploiting the Mississippi Valley, complained frequently to Quebec of the activity of Du Lhut and even accused his fellow officer of enticing men away from his service. The truth is that the men of the forest resented the overbearing attitude of LaSalle, while they found the quality of Du Lhut's leadership much to their liking. The latter found it necessary, however, to return to the St. Lawrence to defend himself against charges of raiding the territory which had been assigned to LaSalle.

Reinstated in the good graces of the governor-general by his own irreproachable attitude, Du Lhut remained in the East until Indian unrest again rendered the trade routes of the West hazardous to travel. Again the Iroquois were responsible. Finding their own hunting grounds depleted of fur-bearing animals, their warriors invaded the western lake

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region. They descended upon the unsuspecting Illinois, who were staunch friends of the French. On the upper reaches of the river that bears their name, the unsuspecting allies of the white men were surprised and slaughtered by their foes. The survivors retreated in wild confusion. With them was Henri de Tonti, a cousin of Du Lhut. He had been stationed at Starved Rock, the site of the chief village of the Illinois tribe, where a post had been erected by LaSalle to protect the Lake Michigan-Mississippi water route. Most of Tonti's fellow Frenchmen perished in sorties with the Iroquois, but he managed to reach the St. Lawrence settlements and report the disaster.

Quebec was duly alarmed by this turn of events. It was determined to form an expedition to subdue the Iroquois as well as to strengthen the ties that bound their own Indian allies in their allegiance to France. So Du Lhut was dispatched to the western country to remind the Sioux and the Chippewa of their obligations and to arrange for active support in the forthcoming struggle to discipline the men of the Five Nations. In 1683 Du Lhut advanced up the lakes and, following the winding Fox and the sandy reaches of the Wisconsin, entered the Mississippi Valley. He traveled up the St. Croix and established a small supply post on upper Lake St. Croix. Then he portaged his canoes to the spring-fed rivulet which is the Brule. Rapidly descending its length, he found himself once again on Lake Superior's waters.

Du Lhut was determined to cement French friendship with the Assiniboin tribes. He had paddled along the entire northwest shore of Superior to reach the Kaministiquia portage (where Fort William now stands), when orders came from Governor LaBarre to join the long planned attack on the Iroquois. A few years later, in 1689, the intrepid explorer was again at Kaministiquia ready to start on this westward venture when he was recalled, this time permanently. He left his younger brother, LaTourette, to conduct a successful trading post on Lake Nipigon and paddled eastward. In 1696

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he was named commander of important Fort Frontenac on Lake Ontario, retiring a few years later to Montreal. There in 1710 at the age of seventy-four, a respected citizen of New France, his useful life came to an end.

Du Lhut's successor as commander in the Northwest country was Pierre le Sueur, a native of Artois, France, where he was born in 1657. Le Sueur had come out to the Lake Superior region as early as 1680 and had engaged in the fur trade in that area. The new commander showed considerable foresight in mapping the defenses of New France along its far-flung frontier. In 1693 after establishing the first French military post on Lake Superior on strategic Madeline Island, he ascended the Brule and, passing down the St. Croix, erected another fortified post on Prairie Island on the Mississippi to protect the other end of this crucial route. In many ways he proved an able successor to Du Lhut. Especially notable was his success in persuading the Sioux to send one of their chiefs all the way to Montreal to sign a treaty with the personal representative of the great white king beyond the ocean. Le Sueur's work, however, was soon cut short by a radical change in French policy.

Two groups of men were rivals in the charting and developing of the North American continent, and on the Brule as elsewhere eager members of these two fraternities—the fur traders, hungry for the profits of their trade, and the missionaries, striving to win new converts to Christianity—roughed out trails for others to follow. The early chronicles of the Great Lakes region were compiled almost exclusively from the journals and daily records kept by these adventurers, and an understanding of the parts the commercial and religious interests played in the history of this country is important.

From the earliest days of France's colony, the commercial interests, with their main factories and storehouses at Montreal and Three Rivers, had a large share in determining the policy of the king's government. The immense fur trade

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which poured into these posts was gathered through a system of licensed traders—usually about twenty-five in number—who were given permission to barter with the Indians in certain defined regions. These traders and their employees left the St. Lawrence towns every fall in canoes laden with knick-knacks, liquor, and firearms for the Indian trade. During the winter these men penetrated the wilds of the Northwest, exchanging the goods they had brought for valuable furs. In the spring, huge flotillas, canoe upon canoe laded with precious skins, descended to Montreal and Three Rivers. There the furs were sold at auction, and great was the activity in the markets and business places. Then the men from the interior, having replenished their stores and spent their previous year's earnings in the manner of all adventurers in port, loaded up their canoes and set off again for another long winter in the wilderness.

Second only in power to the fur trading industry was the Catholic church. Largely recruited from the Jesuit order, the men of the Cross, strong in missionary zeal, saw the conversion of the Indians to Christianity as the true mission of New France in the western world. They were convinced that the fur trade, with its resulting closer association between the red men and the rough and ready elements among the white colonists, was demoralizing to their prospective converts. They watched while the Indians gradually abandoned their rudimentary agriculture and former self-sufficient ways and acquired a constantly increasing interest in strong liquor, an appetite which they readily acquired and which rendered them easy victims to disease and indolence.

The Jesuits believed that the solution to the problem lay in a return to the original trading procedure. If all the traders and trading posts were withdrawn from the interior and the Indians were encouraged to bring their furs directly to Montreal, then the red men would rapidly regain their former independence. Free of the evil influence of the trader, they could return to simpler and healthier living habits. So said the priests.

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The church brought great pressure on the King of France, and toward the end of the seventeenth century a tremendous overproduction of furs disrupted the commerce in pelts and aided its cause. Storehouses in Montreal were filled to overflowing and prices dropped to a fraction of their former levels. Under these circumstances resistance on the part of businessmen weakened, and only mild protests were heard when the king in 1696 issued a royal ordinance cancelling all trading licenses and prohibiting colonials from carrying goods to the Western country. The far-flung posts of commerce on the upper lakes and on the Mississippi and its tributaries were ordered abandoned, and the French set up central depots for administration and trade at three points only—Detroit, Chicago, and New Orleans. Under this directive, Antoine de la Mothe, Sieur de Cadillac, arrived to take charge of the Detroit district—an event which one of America's largest cities finds worthy of remembrance.

For almost twenty years the waterways of the upper lakes saw little of the white man. Deserted lay the log stockades that had formerly been the scenes of great activity. The constant comings and goings of trapper and trader ceased. Only the incorrigible *coureurs de bois*, a wild and undisciplined race of mixed French and Indian blood, still roved the forests. Living a life as nomadic as that of the aborigines, they mingled with their dusky cousins around the campfire and trod the lonely solitude of the vast wilderness in search of game. They paid little heed to the ordinances of government, and many a birch-bark canoe with its burden of furs unblessed by legal license, slipped furtively into one of the few remaining French posts to unload its cargo.

The king's ordinance of 1696 proved costly to Canada. With only a few scanty cargoes reaching Montreal every summer and the illicit traffic of the *coureurs de bois* adding little to the volume of shipments, a great blight fell on the commercial enterprise of the colony. The whole life along the St. Lawrence built upon the lucrative fur trade fell upon

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evil days and languished. Deep was the discontent; vague mutterings of discord and rebellion were heard along the quays of Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec. The policy of concentration had failed.

Recognizing at last that a healthy fur trade was vital to the future of New France, the government of Canada succeeded in having the detrimental ordinances rescinded in 1714 and new blood again flowed in the paralyzed limbs of western commerce. In 1712 *Sieur de Lignery* was sent to reopen the post at Mackinac Straits and build a fort near the present site of Mackinac City. *Sieur de la Noue* journeyed to the far north to re-establish Kaministiquia in 1717 and the following year *Paul le Gardeur*, *Sieur de St. Pierre*, arrived on Chequamegon Bay to put into condition the old fort erected by *Le Sueur*. *St. Pierre* later descended the upper Mississippi and built a post for his country on Lake Pepin.

The years which followed the re-establishment of the fur trading centers on the upper lakes saw no further expansion of French interests in the Lake Superior region. Notable explorations like the *Vérendryes'* excursion as far west as the Black Hills were conducted in the prairie country, but on the whole, French dominion in the new world marked time, racked by unrest due to corrupt and inefficient government at Quebec. Meanwhile the rapidly encroaching British from the seaboard colonies were crossing the Alleghenies and eyeing with envy the great valleys along the Ohio basin. But before the French braced themselves for the inevitable showdown struggle with their traditional enemies, the Lake Superior region experienced its first copper boom.

White men had known of the presence of this metal along the shores of the great northern lake very early. Fragments of rock showing telltale streaks of red metal had been brought in by Indians and a few curious voyageurs, but no serious attempt at exploitation had been contemplated until 1727. In that year *Louis Denis*, *Sieur de la Ronde*, took command of the French post on Chequamegon Bay. *La Ronde* was greatly im-

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pressed by the copper specimens which came to his attention, and he set out to capitalize on the deposits. He formed a partnership with young St. Pierre, son of his predecessor at Chequamegon, and in 1734 had constructed at Sault Ste. Marie a twenty-five-ton ship, the first such vessel ever to navigate Lake Superior. Using it as his base of operation, La Ronde prospected along the southern shores of the lake, especially near the mouth of the Ontonagon. So encouraged was he with his discoveries that he entertained bright hopes of establishing a large colony at Chequamegon to work the mines as they were opened. He imported two experienced miners, the John Adam Forsters, father and son, to help him locate and develop the richest veins. It is recorded that enough copper was mined to pay the expenses incurred by the Forsters. Another century was to pass, however, before copper mining came to stay.

The outbreak of another bloody struggle between the Chippewa and Sioux brought to a close La Ronde's plans for the building of an extensive settlement supported by copper workings on Lake Superior's south shore. As the Chippewa sought to wrest the Lac du Flambeau and Lac Court Oreilles country from their ancient rivals, the whole region flamed up in wholesale bloodletting and the scalping knife and tomahawk again superseded the rule of the white man as the law of the land.

Events far more disastrous, however, than the sporadic forays of hostile redskin warriors were brewing in the East. New France was being challenged for control of the continent. Men who owed allegiance to her historic foe England were pushing their way westward, ever westward. The Indians of the Ohio River country were finding it more profitable to trade with the British. Where trade grew, the Union Jack fluttered in the breeze and the British established new footholds.

To present the most powerful barrier possible to further expansion on the part of English colonists, the French girded themselves for a long, drawn-out struggle. To defend their priceless possessions in the interior, a string of forts was hastily

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constructed along the disputed borders. At Niagara, Le Boeuf, and Duquesne, they defied the English to penetrate the uncharted hinterland. To staff these vital fortifications, manpower was badly needed by the Marquis de Montcalm, the new commander in chief, who had been sent out from France to take charge of the heavily reinforced regular army and its auxiliary forces recruited from the Canadians and their Indian allies. The garrisons of upper lake posts were denuded of their retainers, and traders and trappers became scouts and riflemen in the French forces. Again the wilderness trails were deserted, and the lakes and streams, locked in silence, seemed to await with bated breath the outcome of distant battles.

We will not recount here the story of the long struggle between Frenchman and Englishman for possession of the continent. It should be related, however, that the men of the western frontier and their Indian allies played an important part in the early French successes and fought doggedly and undismayed until Quebec fell before Wolfe, and the surrender of Montreal brought the war to a close. Charles Langlade, a half-breed from the Green Bay region, and his band of western Indians, for example, were the spearhead of the attack which resulted in Braddock's bloody rout near Fort Duquesne. And even after Montcalm's defeat, these men of the frontier offered to continue the fight.

French dominion over the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence Valley ceased with the capture of Montreal in 1760. The last French garrison in the West, that stationed at La Pointe on Madeline Island, had been withdrawn the year before. From Cap Antibes to the Valley of the Saskatchewan, the entire northern domain of Louis of France lay undefended and at the mercy of Britain's victorious arms.

British Transition

With the end of French dominion in the St. Lawrence Valley came a new era of British control in the Great Lakes region. One of the more notable episodes of the era was the ill-fated attempt of Major Robert Rogers to unlock the mysteries of the uncharted interior continent and find a passage to the Pacific. The Brule River was a silent witness to this unsuccessful venture.

From the time of the French surrender in 1760 to the outbreak of the Revolutionary War in 1775 is a comparatively short span in American history. But the great Northwest Territory, embracing the southern and western shores of Lake Superior, while officially recognized as part of the new-born United States by treaty in 1783, remained under British domination for a total of fifty-four years. Not until 1814 at the termination of America's second war with the mother country, did the British reluctantly withdraw their last claims to this lucrative fur trading realm. From the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1796 until 1814, the powerful fur trading companies with headquarters at Montreal supplied what little government there was west of Detroit.

During the half century that Great Britain officially and unofficially ruled the region bounded by Lake Superior and

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Lake Michigan, the fur trade reached its peak of prosperity. New blood and new capital—much of it contributed by men with such rugged Scotch names as McLeod, Mackenzie, Henry, Todd, Macdonell, Fraser, and Frobisher—poured into the West. The influx of Britons did not displace the French-Canadians already engaged in the trade. Rather the enterprising elements of the two races were fused to bring to this commerce all the candor and tenacity of the Scot as well as the enthusiasm and ardor of his erstwhile enemy. The waters of the north again rang with the spirited songs of the voyageur, while brawny young fellows whose blond hair and ruddy complexions betrayed their Celtic ancestry likewise shouldered their packs and set off on the wilderness trails.

The French had hardly turned over their domains to the men of Britain when an ambitious plan fired the imagination of one in high authority. Indirectly it resulted in another officially recorded passage of the Brule. Robert Rogers, a major in His Majesty's Rangers, had distinguished himself during the French and Indian wars by his leadership of that small company of backwoodsmen who had protected the flanks of Amherst's army operating against Montcalm in 1759. Rogers' Rangers reaped just renown for their forays on the outposts of the French, and their achievements culminated in a brilliant forced march into the heart of hostile territory to destroy the village of the St. Francis Indians. Rogers' exploits brought him considerable acclaim from both sides of the Atlantic after the war, and the bold major was not one to let the fruits of his popularity grow overripe. After a routine performance in receiving the surrender of the British at Detroit in 1760 and the dispatch of a force to take over the post at Mackinac, he laid his plans for a more ambitious undertaking.

Robert Rogers' imagination flamed with the determination to be the first man to find the "northwest passage," that illusive and imaginary waterway which every explorer from Verrazano to Frobisher believed reached across the continent somewhere near or north of the Great Lakes region. He had devoured a

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book written by Arthur Dobbs, governor of North Carolina in which that gentleman had recounted his two expeditions to the Hudson Bay region and evinced his belief that the most feasible way of discovering a route across the continent lay in traversing North America by land and searching for the western end of the passage from the Pacific coast.

Rogers departed for England where his rough, uncouth manners and ready tongue provoked a tremendous amount of comment among the influential at court. He had little difficulty in convincing Lord Townsend, chancellor of the exchequer in the British cabinet, of the feasibility of this scheme, and he wrung considerable verbal support from others in high places. Rogers sought to be appointed governor at Michilimackinac, the logical point of departure for such an expedition, and asked for 28,762 pounds and 200 soldiers to carry through his objective. He readily secured the appointment as commander of the western post and left London with the conviction that parliament's approval of the grant of money and men was just a matter of routine.

In a spirit that exuded enthusiasm but which won for him the unqualified hatred and jealousy of Sir William Johnson, the influential superintendent of Indian affairs, and the suspicions of General Thomas Gage, governor-general at Montreal, Rogers arrived at his post at Mackinac. The commandant selected Captain James Tute, a former officer in his Rangers, to conduct the exploring expedition. He instructed Tute to proceed from Mackinac to Green Bay and thence to the Falls of St. Anthony, the present site of Minneapolis, where he was to winter among the Sioux. The following spring Tute was to proceed northwest to Fort La Prairie, the former French post on the upper Saskatchewan, and from there he was instructed to head west until he found the River Ouragon, that storied river which white men finally named the Columbia.

Tute was to have James Stanley Goddard, a trusted and experienced trader fully acquainted with the Indians and their ways, as his second in command. Rogers secured as the map

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maker and draftsman of the party a former captain of colonial troops in the French and Indian wars who was down on his luck and unemployed, but whose subsequent account of the journey was to emblazon his name on the pages of history. Jonathan Carver, scion of a notable New England family, was fifty-six years of age when he arrived at the straits and entered the employ of Rogers at eight shillings a day. Carver left Mackinac in the fall of 1766, journeyed by canoe to Green Bay, and then by way of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers to the Mississippi. Up this broad body of water he proceeded to the mouth of the St. Francis, a small stream which enters the "Father of Waters" a few miles above the Falls of St. Anthony. Carver was evidently not informed of the far-reaching nature of Rogers' plans but had instructions to report to Tute on the latter's arrival at a rendezvous the following spring.

Tute and Goddard had meanwhile arrived at Prairie du Chien, at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers. Their immediate mission was to interest the Indian chiefs in the vicinity in a gigantic peace powwow, which Rogers had planned to hold at Mackinac. It may be supposed from this maneuver that the commandant intended to meet the other members of his party at some undesignated point after he had secured peaceful assurances from the Indians through whose lands he must travel. The whole party, with Rogers and additional supplies, would then head westward on its errand of discovery.

Whatever the exact nature of the plans, Carver, after an illuminating winter spent among the Nadowessies (Sioux), tired of waiting for his companions and descended the Mississippi to find Tute and Goddard still at Prairie du Chien. Tute then revealed the full import of Rogers' project, and accompanied by Joseph Reaume and Charles Gautier as interpreters, a Chippewa guide, and some canoemen, the little party paddled up the Mississippi. The Chippewa guide prevailed upon them to avoid Sioux territory, so the travelers set their course up the Chippewa River, across a series of portages from

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the headwaters of this stream to the Namakagon, and down that river to the St. Croix. In reaching this point the party passed the scene of a hurricane which had laid low great areas of the dense forest.

Up the St. Croix the three principals and their men paddled, working their canoes to avoid the big, flat stones, and carrying their supplies around the many stretches of fast water. Carver described the river as full of fish. "We caught a plenty of the best sturgeon I ever tasted," he testified. Just below the mouth of the Ox River, they had their best luck, and he named the widening reaches there "Sturgeon Lake." They reached upper Lake St. Croix and named it "Lily Lake," presumably for the water lilies which decorate in season its southern and northern extremities. On July 7, according to Carver's log, the three Englishmen and their Indian retinue transported their canoes and baggage over the two-mile portage to the headwaters of the Brule. "Here we put in our canoes, the stream not large enough for a small mill. Was forced to make dams to raise the water for passage," writes the chronicler.

Captain Tute's party continued its way down the winding Brule, reaching Lake Superior on July 11. Carver calculated the distance covered as ninety-eight miles and says that the men made five portages on the descent, three of them in close proximity (probably over the sandstone falls near the present N. P. Johnson bridge). The swift little stream he named in honor of his traveling companion, "Goddard's River."

Upon arriving at Lake Superior, the men embarked upon its broad bosom, pursuing a course parallel to the shore. On the twelfth, they arrived at "the enterance of a large river which has a bay a little back," paying but scant attention to that magnificent harbor upon which the cities of Duluth and Superior are now located. They did not tarry at the head of the lake but pushed on rapidly along the sand spit of Minnesota Point and then headed their canoes northeastward along the rocky coast. On July 20 the expedition arrived at Grand Portage.

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At Grand Portage, already a place of growing importance as the point of departure for trading parties to the Lake of the Woods country and the vast system of waterways which lead northwards from Lake Winnipeg, Tute, Goddard, and Carver waited for supplies and reinforcements from Major Rogers. They may have expected the intrepid soldier himself to join them there to lead the way westward past the advance posts of the fur traders to "the land of the Ouragon."

But the explorers waited in vain. The only word from Michilimackinac came in the form of a letter from Rogers saying that he was unable to send supplies or men, but urging them to buy what provisions they could at the post and plunge westward. But the three principals, finding it impossible to secure adequate supplies at Grand Portage to sustain them on such a lengthy expedition, prudently decided to return to Mackinac. Rogers' fine plans had come to naught. In fact, the ambitious Ranger was himself in dire difficulties.

Rogers had come to the conclusion that the success of his plans permitted of no delay. It had become apparent to him by the time that Carver and his companions were pressing slowly northward on their journey to Lake Superior, that he could expect little or no substantial help from England. Lord Townsend had died, and the other influential men upon whose support he had counted had lost interest in Western affairs.

The domineering commandant, therefore, acted quickly and characteristically. He appealed to London to establish the Michilimackinac district as a separate unit of government, an act which would have made Rogers quite independent and provided him with a budget of his own. Sir William Johnson, who bore Rogers no love, heard about this proposal. He secured the approval of General Gage, then governor-general at Quebec, in sending Lieutenant Benjamin Roberts, a personal enemy of the major's, to Mackinac as commissary. In this capacity Roberts could guard the stores of the Indian department and inadvertently do a bit of spying on the commandant.

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The impetuous Rogers found himself in a ticklish spot with Roberts watching his every move. When the commandant attempted to draw on Indian stores for liquor with which to do a bit of trading on his own account to obtain funds for his ambitious plans, Lieutenant Roberts refused to honor his requisition. Sir William's watchdog unearthed damning evidence of the major's disloyalty. He obtained a confession from one Nathaniel Potter, Rogers' secretary, that the commandant was in communication with the French and was even negotiating with the enemy to quit the British service and ally himself with the French traders, who made St. Louis their headquarters. Potter was a thoroughly unreliable character and Rogers indignantly denied the charges, but General Gage took no chances with his opportunistic subordinate and had him clapped in jail to await the arrival of a ship which would take him to Montreal for trial.

The return of Captain Tute, Jonathan Carver, and James Goddard to Michilimackinac, therefore, coincided with the change in the fortunes of their chief. An ambitious project for the discovery of a northwest passage had completely disintegrated, and its participants were forced to dismiss cherished hopes for fame and fortune and find other employment.

Of the four principals in the Northwest expedition only Goddard continued his career in the West. His reputation as an astute trader and understanding friend of the Indians grew with the years, and he became a valued servant of Great Britain. In 1795, as storekeeper general for the Indian department at Montreal, we find him exerting considerable influence on the policies of his king. Robert Rogers, to his own immense satisfaction, was exonerated of the charges brought against him. But when he sought to win his way back into the good graces of London society, he found popularity fleeting. Before long, ragged and penniless, he wound up in a London debtor's prison where, tradition says, he found his erstwhile enemy, Benjamin Roberts, a fellow lodger. Jona-

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than Carver, too, fell upon evil days. He returned to England and petitioned the King's minister for a pension in recognition of his services to Britain. The journal and log book of his trip became part of the archives of the government. Nearly two centuries later they came to light in the British Museum to give historians substantial confirmation of Carver's part in the Rogers' expedition. They also refuted in many particulars, Carver's later imaginative *Travels through the Interior Parts of North-America*, for the former map maker and draftsman ran out the small competence given him by his government and was persuaded by an astute publisher to recount his adventures in the American wilderness. The result was a volume which attracted wide attention in Europe and established the author's reputation as an explorer. Carver — old, ill, and poor — died, however, before this book had brought him permanent fame. Captain James Tute's name is veiled in obscurity. Like many another he played a brief part on the stage of history only to vanish into the shadows of the unrecorded past.

When Jonathan Carver and his disillusioned companions returned to Michilimackinac from Grand Portage after abandoning their trip to the Far West, they paused overnight at Sault Ste. Marie. A little collection of Indian wigwams and a rough log cabin and storehouse stood where the swift St. Mary's River draws the clear, cold waters of Lake Superior down its rocky channel to meet with the broad expanse of its sister lake, Huron. The cabin and storehouse belonged to Jean Baptiste Cadotte, a Frenchman who loved his wilderness home and who enjoyed the respect of his Chippewa neighbors. Sage counselor to white man and red alike, friend of peace and loyal servant of France, he also became a trusted emissary of the British.

Probably the tired and dejected Englishmen found solace for their jaded spirits as well as hearty food for their empty stomachs and a good bed for their weary bones under the roof of the genial Frenchman, for Sault Ste. Marie was a

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crossroads where many canoe trails met. And Cadotte, a vigorous man in his early thirties, wise in the experience of the frontier, was a well-informed and sage raconteur.

Fortunate it was for the British that Jean Baptiste Cadotte elected to remain on the banks of the St. Mary's instead of returning to the land of his forefathers as had practically all of the pure-blooded Frenchmen of his day. For the presence of this gifted man on the shores of the great inland waterway was a guarantee of peace and harmony between the white man and his redskinned cousins. Worth more to the British crown than a flotilla loaded with gold bullion were the services which the generous and clearheaded Frenchman rendered the men who succeeded to the north-woods empire of his countrymen.

The British owed Cadotte's timely presence at Sault Ste. Marie to Louis XV, King of France, who in 1751 generously provided a great seignorie of 214,000 acres on the banks of the St. Mary's for two loyal French officers, the Chevalier de Repentigny and Captain De Bonne. Repentigny seems to have made an attempt to develop his grant, but the long wars in which his country became involved called him back across the ocean and he left his lands in charge of a young man whom he had recruited as one of his first tenants. Thus Jean Baptiste Cadotte, son of an officer who had accompanied St. Luzon when the latter planted the flag of France at the Sault in 1671, became a man of authority.

Cadotte entered into the life of the frontier community. His only neighbors were the Chippewa who often congregated on the banks of the river to spear the great trout as they leaped the rapids. Cadotte married a Chippewa woman of the Awause clan. Rapidly he gained influence with the Indians, not as an outsider but as an adopted son whose rights were equal with those of his red foster brothers. His voice, guided by reason and restraint, was listened to with increasing respect at the council fire. Captain Patrick Sinclair, Michilimackinac governor in 1779, said of him: "He

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has great influence with the Indians and is considered by them a great village orator."

The weight of Cadotte's counsel had far-reaching results early in his career. Beaten at Quebec and Montreal, France had ceded her great northern possessions to England in 1760, but her staunch and trusting allies, the Indians of the great Algonquin federation (which included the Chippewa), could not easily bring themselves to accept the new situation. Their loyalties to the French remained firm, and they needed only the smallest encouragement to send them on the warpath to avenge the reverses which their Great White Father at Paris had suffered.

"Englishmen, we are informed that our father, the King of France is old and infirm; and that being fatigued with making war upon your nation, he is fallen asleep. During his sleep you have taken advantage of him and possessed yourselves of Canada. I hear him already stirring and inquiring for his children, the Indians; and when he does awake, what must become of you? He will destroy you utterly." Thus Minnehwehna addressed Alexander Henry when that enterprising Englishman appeared among the Mackinac Indians. And the Chippewa chief's words boded no good to the small British garrison at Michilimackinac. Already Pontiac had sent his emissaries far and wide through the West. The tomahawk was passing from hand to hand. Indian warriors donned their black war paint and danced to the roll of the tom-tom. The British must be destroyed! At Detroit the war whoop broke the silence of the forest. Up and down the Allegheny, along the Miami, and the shores of Lake Erie, the red men fell upon the frontier posts with sudden and savage fury. Blood flowed freely. Englishmen everywhere desperately defended themselves against the terror of the scalping knife.

To the dangers which lurked in the depths of the green forest and in the impassive expressions of the Indians who lounged around the little fort at Michilimackinac, its small

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garrison of redcoats was blind. True there had been rumors of disaffection, but actual word of an uprising was lacking. Like a thunderbolt out of the blue, therefore, came the blow which caught them all unsuspecting that warm summer day of June 4, 1763. The gates of the fort were open, and the sentinels stood inattentively at their posts as the Indians played a heated game of lacrosse near by. Suddenly the red men dropped their sticks and, seizing weapons which had been carefully concealed at hand, leaped upon the fortifications. Many an Englishman had barely shaken the languor from his limbs when a tomahawk crashed through his skull. Within a few minutes the Indians were masters of the post; soldiers of the British garrison lay in bloody heaps. The lives of only a handful of white men, mostly officers, were spared, thanks to the persuasive efforts of Charles Langlade, whose military reputation as the scourge of Braddock commanded great admiration among the dusky tribesmen.

The stage was set for a general outbreak of Indian vengeance all along the upper lakes. The captors of Michilimackinac sent delegations to other Chippewa tribes to rouse them to action, and it seemed likely that all the members of that great nation would join the Pontiac confederacy in a mighty effort to shake off the British hold on the West. But advocates of the warpath failed to reckon with the influence of Jean Baptiste Cadotte. The doughty Frenchman remained deaf to the appeals of the more belligerent Chippewa. Instead he counseled a peaceful course. The British, he said, were much too powerful for the Indians and in the long run would overpower the ill-armed and untrained braves. Better to make friends with the whites. The great forests and clear waters offered plenty of food and ample elbow room for all. That was the gist of his argument.

The seigneur of the Sault did more than press many a well-turned argument. He offered protection under his roof to the few whites who had escaped the dread scalping knife. He welcomed to his threshold Alexander Henry, who had

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miraculously escaped death at the Mackinac fort. And Henry, the first of the British Lake Superior traders, became the grateful friend of Cadotte. He repaid the Frenchman by sharing the profits of his fur trading expeditions with his benefactor. The two went into partnership in 1765. Cadotte's influence with the Indians and his knowledge of the country were a natural complement to Henry's unflagging zeal and ability as a trader. As Henry rose to prominence in the North West Company, that expanding colossus of the fur trade, his friend Cadotte's power and influence also grew.

But Cadotte was more than an enterprising trader. The British governors at Quebec and their subordinates at Michilimackinac relied on his sagacity and support. The redcoats were busy trying to suppress a nasty rebellion which had broken out in their Atlantic coast colonies and which threatened to spread to the Mississippi Valley. To add to this unpleasantness the Spanish, who had succeeded to French sovereignty on the west bank of the Mississippi, declared war on Britain on May 8, 1779. The British feared hostilities in the Northwest that would imperil the fur trade. And they saw that any support which the western Indians threw to a combine of Spaniards and English colonists might wipe out their authority along the northern lakes. Irresponsible traders must also be prevented from lending furtive aid to the enemy.

Lord Germain, the British prime minister, had sent instructions to all British governors to act at once to meet any Spanish threats. Patrick Sinclair, at his post on the Mackinac Straits, was not one to hesitate. "On the day after I received the extract of Lord George Germain's letter," he reported to Captain Brehm, Governor-general Haldimand's secretary, "I sent a war party engaged by Lieutenant Cadot to be in readiness by the south side of Lake Superior [to venture] into the country of the Scioux [*sic*], a warlike people undebauched under the authority of a chief named Wabasha, of very singular and uncommon abilities, who can raise 200 men with ease."

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Sinclair's letter was dated February 15, 1780, and we can imagine the little flotilla of birch-bark canoes under the command of Cadotte pushing off down Whitefish Bay as soon as the ice pack had broken up. Chilled by the raw, cold winds of early spring, the little party paddled along the tree-crested bluffs of Lake Superior, past the grotesque, castellated Pictured Rocks, the buttressed headland of Grand Island, and the green ramparts of the Huron Mountains, until they reached the sandy shores of the Keweenaw Peninsula. There the canoes turned their prows up the reedy waters of the river which flows out of Portage Lake, and passing along the steep banks on which the cities of Houghton and Hancock now perch, they reached the portage to the broad beaches on Keweenaw's western face.

It was a three-day journey by canoe to the Brule's mouth. From there Cadotte's natural route to the Sioux country and Wabasha's wigwams lay southward up the Brule to its source. Over the same portage that Du Lhut, Le Sueur, Carver, and many another adventurer had used, lay the waters of Lake St. Croix and the river of that name which would carry him swiftly and surely into the heart of the upper Mississippi Valley.

Jean Baptiste Cadotte, lieutenant in His Majesty's Colonial Service, left no account of his expedition to treat with the Sioux. That he must have used the Brule-St. Croix route seems obvious, for a scouting expedition along Lake Superior's south shore would have taken him at least as far as the Brule, and Wabasha's village lay on the banks of the Mississippi close to the spot where the St. Croix pours its waters into that river. Sinclair later noted in his journals the return of Cadotte and his party to the Sault. And significantly, British apprehension concerning the Spanish menace along the Mississippi eased noticeably.

There are numerous references to Cadotte and his work in the papers of the Michilimackinac post. Jean Baptiste Perreault, who spent a lifetime on the trade routes, speaks of see-

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ing him leading a great flotilla of Chippewa to a peace parley held on the straits in 1787. His influence among his white and red neighbors never diminished till the day of his death in 1803. After that his two stalwart sons, Jean Baptiste II and Michel, kept the name Cadotte in the forefront of events on the western frontier.

Patriarch Jean Cadotte's two sons were important leaders in the fur trade of their day. Few men of French and Indian blood inherited the acquisitive instincts of their white ancestors, and it is not surprising that neither Michel nor his elder brother died in a feather bed in a Montreal mansion. Michel, it is true, finally settled down at La Pointe where his trading post provided a comfortable living for its master and a horde of Indian relatives. But Jean II spent his earnings as fast as he got them. "His careless and spendthrift habits and his open-handedness and generosity to his Indian relatives soon caused him to run through with his capital and the profits of his trade," says William Warren, his grandnephew.

Jean, however, was of inestimable value to the leading partners of the North West Company. Here was a man of tireless energy, unshakable fortitude, with the ready faculty of inspiring confidence among his companions and respect among the Indian tribes. When the white lords of the trade met with the redskinned chieftains of the forest around the the council fire, Jean Cadotte was chosen to explain the latest policies laid down by the company in terms which made sense to the Indians. But for him the company might have incurred the lasting resentment of the savages when headquarters for the trade were moved from Grand Portage to Fort William. Cadotte succeeded in persuading his friends that the white man's departure was no reflection on the character of their hospitality. His ready wit and fluent tongue often smoothed the path of misunderstandings. He was, without doubt, the premier frontier diplomat of his day.

Confidence in his honesty and ability existed in the highest circles. Alexander Mackenzie, whose name is immortalized

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by a great river flowing into the Arctic Ocean, voluntarily tore up a note of six hundred pounds owed him for trading goods by the French-Canadian. And later, in his capacity as a managing partner of the North West Company, he put him in charge of the Fond du Lac department on a profit-sharing basis so that Cadotte would have a chance to recoup his fortunes.

Jean Cadotte as a military captain and strategist ranked with the best. The North West Company was able to develop an extensive trade near the headwaters of the Mississippi because relations between whites and Indians and between the tribes themselves were amicable. Cadotte had brought that about by bringing the hostile Sioux into line. In 1792 he led a party of sixty men west from the head of Lake Superior to build a rough fort of logs at the junction of the Leaf and Crow Wing rivers. He invited the Sioux chiefs to visit him, and he in turn visited their camp. But an attempt on the part of the wily savages to ambush his party on the march went astray. Cadotte had suspected such a move and seized hostages as a guarantee of good intentions. The Indian leaders could not help but respect the fearlessness, sagacity, and forthright character of this man. Consequently, they readily agreed to allow traders to pass unmolested through the Minnesota forests.

Cadotte, however, was a failure in commerce. After serving apprenticeships in several expeditions, he secured the backing of Alexander Henry, his father's old friend, in fitting out his own party. The same winter that he built his palisaded fort deep in Sioux country, his men gathered furs from the Indians. He returned to Fond du Lac in the spring with a big consignment of prime pelts, but an intense craving for liquor proved his undoing. His profits were dissipated by his familiarity with the rum keg. As a result he ended up owing Henry over six hundred pounds. His indebtedness was secured by a note, later sold by Henry to Mackenzie. This was the note which the Scotchman later cancelled and pre-

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sented to the French-Canadian. Cadotte's appointment as head of the Fond du Lac department, likewise, did not work out. A college education at Montreal, an estate of forty thousand francs left him by his father, and intimate association with such successful businessmen as Henry and Mackenzie, could not make a man of consequence out of this frontiersman. Talented and likeable, he did not possess the self-discipline necessary to become a man of affairs.

From Jean Baptiste Perrault's pen we learn of his ultimate downfall. Perrault had proceeded to Red Cedar Lake (Cass Lake) in the fall of 1798 under instructions from John Sayer, successor to Cadotte in the Fond du Lac department. He knew that Cadotte was wintering at Lac de la Fol not far away and that an independent trader, L'Etang, was giving him considerable competition for the Indians' furs. Suddenly John Sayer himself arrived at Perrault's camp. Something had gone wrong.

Perrault learned from Sayer that the latter had been ordered "to go to the assistance of Mr. Cadotte, who was subject to allowing himself to be overcome by drink." But Sayer was a sick man, so Perrault pushed forward himself. He and his party reached the Clearwater River "where I found Mr. L'Etang had nearly finished his building, having only his stockade to arrange; Mr. Cadotte had done nothing, although he had seven men. His baggage was in disorder, four bales were ripped open and five kegs of rum, out of the twenty he had on leaving the Sault, were empty." Then came Perrault's sad duty. It must have been doubly hard, for Perrault had only the fondest feelings for this companion of countless hardships. It was with the deepest remorse that he was forced to take cognizance of his old friend's dereliction.

"I gave him the letter from Mr. Sayer," relates Perrault. "He opened it and I saw his color change."

"He handed me the letter saying, 'Beaupere (a term we used between ourselves), you are the master of everything here; I have nothing to do henceforth but to drink and to eat all winter.'"

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Cadotte, however, rallied to the call of his friend. The two worked side by side all winter and the following spring, Perrault reports, they returned to Grand Portage with thirty-eight good packs of furs between them. But the appetite for strong spirits is a powerful master. Few among the men in the ranks of the company could resist its attraction and the hapless redskins, plied with rum to make them more willing slaves to commerce, were also gradually losing their self-reliance and becoming mendicants begging for a handout at the nearest trading hut. Jean Baptiste Cadotte II was only one of the hundreds rendered destitute by the rigors and temptations of the period. Perrault gives us a last glimpse of a once great figure. "The same year [1799]," he comments, "Mr. Cadotte was sent north. He was there three years, when, having mis-be-haved through drink, he lost his place."

Although Jean Baptiste Cadotte II was probably the more inspiring leader, his younger brother Michel had a stability of character that won him wide influence and respect in the trade. The Chippewa among whom his entire life was spent venerated him. Equaysayway, the daughter of White Crane, village chief of the La Pointe tribe, became his bride, and Michel was always Kichemeshane, or Great Michel to his redskinned associates.

While Jean Baptiste's chief field of activity had been on the headwaters of the Mississippi, his younger brother for over forty years remained the most influential man in that whole district which stretches southward from Lake Superior towards the Mississippi Valley and includes the Brule River area. As early as 1784 he wintered on Lake Namakagon, and he established trading posts on the Chippewa at its junction with the Jump (where in 1791 his smart son Michel Jr., or Petit, was born) as well as on Yellow Lake, the Snake River, Pokegama Lake, and Lac Court Oreilles. Sometime, probably shortly after 1792, he established himself at La Pointe on Madeline Island on the very site of Pierre Le Sueur's old fort. From this point he conducted his business until 1832. Then turning his enterprise over to his two Yankee-born

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sons-in-law, Lyman and Truman Warren, he lived the life of a patriarch until his death in 1837.

The country south of Lake Superior was of peculiar importance to the fur trade because it was the source of one of the chief food staples of that era. Early Frenchmen had spoken enthusiastically of the rich Folle Avoine land, whose many shallow lakes contained the seemingly limitless wild rice beds which provided one of the Indians' chief articles of diet. With game as plentiful in these hunting ground as in any other part of the lake country, the red men of the Folle Avoines were doubly blessed in having the wild rice fields and the sandy hillocks with their annual yield of blueberries to supplement the game and fish which their less fortunate neighbors relied upon exclusively. As a result, they fared better than most when the hunting and fishing was poor.

But there were disadvantages to trading in the Folle Avoines. Lying between the Mississippi country, homeland of the great Sioux nation, and the upper lakes where the Chippewa were supreme, the sandy, wooded lakes and clear streams of what is now northwest Wisconsin marked a great neutral ground where the men of both nations hunted and fished and where often—too often to suit the convenience of the white man—the hills rang with the war whoop. It was to the interest of the trader to establish some measure of harmony between the rival tribes. The Indian braves were all too glad to neglect their traps for tomahawks, and the lonely trader, allied by the very nature of his business with either one or the other of the two hostile nations, could expect little less than a scalping if he fell into enemy hands.

Michel Cadotte often played the role of peacemaker. Aided by a fellow trader, LaRoque, who held the respect of the Sioux, Cadotte used his influence with the Chippewa to get the two bitter enemies to smoke the peace pipe. For more than a score of years thereafter tranquility reigned along the St. Croix and Chippewa rivers, and the fur trade flourished.

Of Fur and Fur Traders

Since many of the first white men to visit the Brule Valley passed that way in pursuit of their fortunes in the fur trade, let us digress for a bit to take a closer look at the people who made a hazardous living buying pelts from the Indians and the channels by which their acquisitions reached the markets of a civilized world. In a previous chapter, we have seen how Jean Baptiste Cadotte transferred the loyalties of the red men from France to Britain. Let us now follow the remarkable growth of the fur trade under British rule, a development, incidentally, in which men of both British and French descent shared. Among them were Jean Baptiste II and Michel, sons of the patriarch of St. Mary's.

French enterprise, as we have seen, opened up the western waters to fur traders. The steadily increasing volume of pelts harvested from the bleak coast of Labrador to the flat prairies of the Red River Valley poured into the European market to satisfy the ever-expanding demands of the chilled dwellers along the North Atlantic. Furs had graduated from a rare luxury used to decorate milady's collar or to trim his lordship's vestments, to a necessary article of clothing for the middle classes of western Europe. The beaver became synonymous with the burgher's broad-brimmed hat,

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and life during the cold and clammy winters became more bearable when men and women enjoyed the comfort of fur-lined garments.

Consequently, Canada's British rulers cast an appraising eye on the lucrative fur trade to which they had fallen heir. Thomas Gage, British governor-general, quickly ascertained from an examination of his predecessor's records that the commerce in skins had provided French authorities with a neat annual revenue of 600,000 livres in excise taxes, sales of posts, and trading passports, against an estimated expense to the government of 160,000 livres.

H. T. Cramahe reported to his superior, Governor Murray of New York, in 1761 that the French estimated the annual exportation of furs from Canada at 135,000 pounds sterling annually. His research disclosed that Detroit and the lower lake posts including Niagara yielded over sixty per cent of the trade, while the balance came from scattered posts along Lake Michigan and from the two outposts of commerce on Lake Superior—Nipigon and Chequamegon. At that time the fur trading enterprise along the far-western lake and its tributaries netted less than a twelfth of the total revenue, although it was undoubtedly true that some of the trade from Lake Superior flowed into the warehouses of Michilimackinac, which even at that early period was becoming an important center in the activity.

The information which British civil servants transmitted to the home government at London was not long in bringing its influence to bear upon the adventurous and ambitious elements on the little fogbound island. Sons of Kentish and Surrey country gentlemen might look with more enthusiasm on a career in His Majesty's armed forces, but canny young Scots with the uncertain prospect of wresting a livelihood from the sparse soils of their native heaths before them looked with satisfaction upon a future of certain hardship but probable profit in the wilds of North America. Henceforth every ship which dropped anchor where the broad St.

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Lawrence slips under the shadow of Mount Royal brought its quota of young Celts. The Scotch were to carry the fur trade in America to its peak of prosperity.

Pierre Gaultier, Sieur de la Vérendrye had opened up a vast new realm for exploitation with explorations to the shores of Lake Winnipeg and up the Red and the Assiniboine rivers until his eye roved a great expanse of undulating prairie, and his keen ear caught the thunder of buffalo herds moving across the plains. The plains with their buffalo and the great reaches of prairie and forest extending north to the Arctic were earmarked for future development. From Fort La Reine, which La Vérendrye established near the present site of Portage La Prairie in Manitoba, the *coureurs de bois* brought bales of buffalo hides in their frail birch-bark canoes down the Assiniboine and the Red and across Lake Winnipeg to its eastern shore, where the Winnipeg River discharges its flood from Lake of the Woods. The French had already found the Rainy River on the west and the chain of lakes which feed the Pigeon and Kaministiquia rivers on the east a ready route to span the highlands which separate Lake Superior from the waterways which flow into the icebound Arctic. Gamimetigoya where the Kaministiquia empties into Lake Superior was the eastern terminus of the route, and Du Lhut had established a post there as early as 1678.

But the French had merely scratched the surface. Up from Montreal came the advancing army of a new era. Manning the paddles of the great Ottawa canoes were the descendents of those same Gallic explorers of earlier decades—stout-hearted, carefree Canadians—who had inherited all the gayety and wiry strength of their French forebears as well as natural instincts for a life in the wilderness that came from their Indian ancestors. But a new element had been added—the hardy, truculent men of Scottish descent, thirsty for furs. This combination of Scotch ardor and French-Canadian sagacity was the foundation upon which a great enterprise of

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commercial adventurers was established. The North West Company had in its veins the blood of three nations.

The fur trader was by nature an individual. He relied upon his own keen sense of merchandise values. His instinct, sharpened by experience, made him a keen bargainer, and such was his self-reliance that he could satisfy a craving for diversion with a few drams from his well-filled keg in the lonely solitude of a crude hut of logs. Adventure seemed to compensate for lack of companionship. Still the fur trader realized the value of combining his effort with that of others — especially with those whose highly developed Scotch instincts deplored waste. Savings could be made if traders banded together to transport goods more cheaply from the markets, to do away with competition — one man against another — for the Indians' pelts, and to keep prices of furs sufficiently low to ensure handsome profits. It was easier to impress the tribes, too, if all white men spoke with one voice.

It was quite natural, therefore, that the traders should form loose associations, often partnerships, to enable them to enjoy the fruits of united effort without in any great measure hampering each individual's ability. The history of the great fur trading era from 1780 to 1820 was dominated by these associations, but throughout this whole period the lone trader, too, played his part, and there was constant shifting in and out of the great partnerships. Leaders fell and new ones arose to take their places in the conduct of the fur trade.

Greatest of the fur trading associations was the one which came to bear the name of the North West Company. Its emporium was located at Grand Portage on Lake Superior. Alexander Henry and Jean Baptiste Cadotte threw in their fortunes with this group, but the outstanding leaders among the sixteen shareholders were Benjamin and Joseph Frobisher, and their hard-bitten Scotch confrere, Simon McTavish. A list of the partners' names indicates that strange mixture of the Celtic and Gallic which gave the fur trading brotherhood on the Great Lakes its distinctive savor, for

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besides the men already mentioned there were Todd & McGill, George McBeath, Bannerman, McGill & Paterson, John and William Grant, Alex Shaw, James Finlay, Eleazer Solomon, Jobert & St. Germain, M. Cotts, Desriviers, Louis and Charles Chaboillez, and Perinault.

The North West Company opened its ledgers in 1779. Although the list of partners changed from year to year, the essential Franco-Scotch character of the institution prevailed, and the loose confederation which bound together the fortunes of the individual partners contrasted sharply with the orderly front presented by the North West's great rival, the Hudson's Bay Company. The sharp contrast between the rank and file of these two companies can best be attested by the names given them by the Indians with whom they traded. Though both swore allegiance to the Union Jack, the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company were called "the English," while the men of the North West Company whether born in the British Isles or on the banks of the St. Lawrence were always termed "the French."

Before the North West Company attained its pinnacle of power, one hundred and seventeen posts had been established over a country roughly half the present size of the United States. Scarcely a lake or stream in this great territory had not been stroked by the trader's paddle. The fabulous wealth of furs was to melt away before the onslaught of these avaricious men, and the Indians were to become a changed race, perverted by a new way of life that crushed their independent spirit and bequeathed habits of indolence and debauchery.

During this period the center of greatest activity was at Grand Portage, where traders from the interior country congregated every summer to exchange their furs for supplies brought up from Montreal. Subsidiary posts were established at which stores of supplies were also warehoused. Fond du Lac near the mouth of the St. Louis River was a rendezvous of trade to the south and west, where many a party bound for

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a winter among the Folle Avoine Chippewa stopped to pick up a keg of pork, an Indian guide, or an interpreter before heading on down the lake for the mouth of the Brule and the route to the south.

To understand the remarkable expansion of this fur trading enterprise, it is well to take a brief glance at the way the North West Company was organized and at the methods employed by this great syndicate. No commercial association could have been better patterned to take full advantage of the abilities of individual traders plying their trade in a rough and totally unorganized terrain. Ownership of the company was vested in its partners, who were of two classes — the agents who had charge of the general affairs of the organization which did not relate to the actual trading, and the bourgeois. Most of the agents lived in Montreal, from which point they imported the goods necessary to the Indian trade, stored these goods in their warehouses, and gathered supplies and equipment to outfit their far-flung parties. They kept the accounts of the syndicate and performed a sort of banking service, paying interest on capital deposited with them by the partners in the interior.

Each summer two of the agents came up to Grand Portage with the annual supply flotillas. There under the vaulted rafters of the main trading house, the Montrealers exchanged hearty greetings with the sun-tanned and weather-beaten confreres who had arrived from posts far in the interior. While the northern nights rang with shouting and song and strong liquor kindled effusive camaraderie and brought many a harrowing tale of the previous winter's exploits into sharp focus, the warm days were spent checking in the bundles of furs and alloting supplies to returning caravans.

For the bourgeois, or wintering partner, the brief weeks spent at Grand Portage were a bit of heaven in a long drab cycle of arduous days and lonely nights. For upon him fell all the responsibility of sustaining a little army in hostile territory far from its base of supplies. Each bourgeois as his own

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general planned the operations of his small force of perverse and tempermental men so that contacts with every near-by Indian band would yield its tribute of furs. He ceaselessly directed foraging parties to hunt and fish and obtain supplies from the Indians. He was also forced to play the part of ruler and diplomat, for orders must be well blended with cajolery to win the fullest measure of support from his ardent French-Canadian shock troops and to secure the friendship of roving Indian bands upon whose trapping efforts the success of his mission depended. All the qualities vital to a born leader were required as well as a good stout physique.

The bourgeois leaned heavily on his clerks. Largely recruited from the stout-hearted, enterprising youths who would become partners of the company in the following decade, the clerks were the bourgeois' adjutants and lieutenants. They commanded subsidiary posts, kept records of their dealings with Indians harvesting furs on liberal credits of guns, ammunition, strong drink, and trading goods, and performed the more responsible errands which the bourgeois could not find the time to attend to himself.

The rank and file of the fur trading army was composed of guides and voyageurs. Of utmost importance to the success of any venture was the presence of a small number of men who knew the territory intimately, who spoke the many dialects of the red men, who were acquainted with the customs and habits of the tribes, and who could perform the exacting requirements of interpreter when occasion demanded. Thus the guides were the noncommissioned officers of the party. In many cases they were drawn from the ranks of the voyageurs — those hardy men whose strong backs carried canoes and packs across the long portages, whose sinewy muscles plied the paddles as the little contingent moved to and from its bases of operation, and whose steady hands and keen eyes were relied upon to provision the table with a supply of venison and fish. The voyageur was expected to be

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a jack-of-all-trades; his stout axe hewed down timber for fuel and served as the only instrument of frontier carpentry.

Through the long northern winters from October's first snowfall until April's warming sun melted the ice in the streams and opened the highways of travel, each day was full of activity. Little groups of Indians visited the white man's store to secure — under the trader's appraising eye — a supply of balls and ammunition, a few pieces of bright cloth, a kettle for their squaws, tobacco for the council pipes, and liquor to bring dreams of visionary splendor. And they gave promises, promises to bring the trader a few sides of venison, the carcass of a buffalo, a mess of fish, and some bundles of beaver and otter skins from the winter's trapping. In the southern territories to the west and south of Lake Superior, a keg or so of maple sugar and a few fawnskins of wild rice were often pledged. If the trader knew the measure of the men with whom he dealt, he gave or withheld, stormed or cajoled, exacted firm oaths, rebuked for past failures, or smilingly repeated his assurances of faith — all as his ready brain and keen perception dictated. And the Indians would depart with words of resolve framed on their firm lips.

All too often, however, the trader would find it necessary to spur into action his laggard debtors. Then one of his trusted clerks or a guide and a couple of voyageurs would be dispatched to track down the dilatory red men and to bring back all the skins and supplies they could lay their hands on. *En deroine*, the fur traders termed these expeditions, and when competition between trading outfits became keener during those periods when disaffected partners of the great North West Company set up their own syndicates, a great part of the trading transactions were actually carried out by these parties *en deroine*. Long, heartbreaking trips on snowshoes were added to other hardships of the winter.

And always over the trading party hung the harrowing shadow of famine. For when the interior parties left Grand Portage for their posts, only about a third of their cargo was

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in provisions. Valuable space must be utilized to carry the trading goods. Outside of a sack or so of flour, occasionally a keg of salt (a rare luxury if we would believe Alexander Henry), a few bags of hulled corn, and a supply of bear grease or other animal tallow, no food stores were provided. A voyageur could subsist very nicely on a quart of corn and an ounce of tallow per day, and rations for the great canoe flotillas which transported goods from Montreal to the upper lakes were calculated on that basis. But at the interior posts, it was expected that the trading parties must forage for themselves to obtain a large part of their food supplies.

Jean Baptiste Perrault, who left a comfortable living as a country schoolteacher in Quebec to seek adventure on lake and stream in quest of a fortune in furs, tells us what an unrelenting enemy the wilderness could be when indolence and incompetence, rather than foresight and prudence characterized frontier leadership. Perrault, as far as we know, never dipped a paddle in the Brule, but his saga is the same story of hardship and privation that many a man who fought his way through the forests south of Lake Superior could have related.

In the summer of 1784 Perrault obtained an engagement as clerk to one Alexander Kay, who appears to have held a position in the Indian service as well as doing a bit of trading on his own. Kay was intemperate both in action and habit, and such a combination invariably courted disaster. Leech Lake, near the headwaters of the Mississippi, was their avowed destination. They left Mackinac on August 29th with no guide, and no one in the party knew the route. That did not seem to disconcert Kay. Down the shores of Lake Superior they paddled, taking the long way around Keweenaw Point because no one knew the portage route across the peninsula. They stopped briefly overnight at La Pointe on November 1st where they found three merry Canadian traders, the Messieurs Laviollet, Caillarge, and Graverott, in a besotted condition. Kay was in his element, and the fol-

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lowing morning the hotheaded Scot had a fine, old-fashioned hang-over which did not improve his temper as the canoes made for the western end of the lake.

The first stroke of ill fortune struck the party after they had passed "the river Brulee" where a heavy sea prevented them from beaching their canoes to make an overnight camp. Kay decided to push on to the protected bay behind the slim, sand points which form the present Duluth-Superior harbor. They made a run for the beach which was obscured by the high combers and the murky darkness of a stormy November night. Crashing head on, the slim barks struck the hard sand only to be overturned in the big rollers. Cold and now wet to the skin, the men pulled their battered craft to safety. But their precious packages of trading goods and provisions were scattered far and wide, liberally soaked by the running seas.

Anyone who has attempted to make camp under similar circumstances will realize that a combination of cold and darkness preceded by a thorough drenching is extremely disheartening. Some men react to this kind of adversity by plunging deep into despair; others make the best of misfortune by displaying a fortitude which gradually overcomes the obstacles which fate places in their path. Alexander Kay was just plain mad clean through. And the more he drank, the madder he got!

It boded ill for the little party to have their captain in the depths of a morose despondency the following morning. Help lay across the bay at the trading hut of the North West Company where the company's clerk, Dufaut, although eyeing their groggy leader quizzically, proffered to sell them provisions. But Kay would have none of it. His pride, steeped in alcohol, would not countenance the acceptance of aid. On to the portage, he demanded in a gruff voice!

"I took the liberty of telling him that his undertaking was ill-advised; that he had brought only enough provisions to reach this point; that they were exhausted," Perrault tells us.

But in the unwritten law of the fur trade, the word of the

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bourgeois was supreme. Kay had made up his mind and was in no mood to accept advice. "We started at all hazards to go into the interior with only what we had left, which consisted in all of a sack of flour, a keg of butter, and one of sugar. His party consisted of fourteen men, his sauvagesse [Indian wife], himself, and me — making seventeen persons — and nothing to eat!"

To crown the party's misfortunes, they shortly encountered the men whom Kay had sent out in advance from Mackinac with instructions to procure provisions from the Indians. Almost empty-handed — part of a keg of salt meat was all they had to offer — these four advance scouts were just four more mouths to feed. Again, Perrault sought to reason with his superior. "I advised him to remain at Fond du Lac [at the mouth of the river] and to go up to the savages at the first opening of navigation, when they would be rich [in furs]. But as this mister would take advice from no one, and wished to follow only his own whims, he determined to enter; and after he had become intoxicated, he threatened his men with the pistol if they should refuse."

We will not accompany the choleric Kay and his cohorts throughout the entire length of their adventures. That the members of the expedition did not perish from hunger and exposure can be attributed only to the tough fiber of the voyageurs. Kay went ahead with a small party of men to engage Indian hunters, while Perrault, later receiving orders to come up the St. Louis to the portage of the Savanne, relates to what privations the men of the forest were often reduced.

"It took us eleven days to go from there [*the present site of Fond du Lac within the city limits of Duluth*] to Portage de la Prairie amidst snow and ice, with nothing to eat. We lived on the seed-pods of the wild rose and the sap of trees. I placed the goods *en cache* with two small canoes of the country at the entrance to the Portage de la Prairie, and I made a lodge with an oilcloth near the small Lac de la Puise

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on the portage. There we lived several days on some small tolilies [*a small species of whitefish weighing from one to three pounds*], but they were soon exhausted. As the ice thickened, we were obliged to have recourse to the roots of the flag, which we boiled. It was necessary to search for it at the head of the little lake, in the mire of a swamp covered with snow. [When] this resource failed us, we were compelled to quit the place. It seemed that all the birds flew before us. Each one took his turn at hunting, but if he saw anything, he missed it."

Jean Baptiste Perrault lived to the ripe old age of eighty-three and spent thirty-eight of his years along the trade routes. He was still living at Sault Ste. Marie when Henry Schoolcraft got him to jot down his experiences in the year 1830. Out of the memories of his long and adventurous life he drew many a tale of hardship and suffering to parallel those of the young man of twenty-three who had accompanied Alexander Kay. Although Perrault's later years in the fur trade were spent on the Winnipeg, the Assiniboine, and the streams which flow into the Saskatchewan, he knew well much of the Lake Superior region. The reader who scans the story of his life finds frequent reference to John Sayer, Joseph Reaume, and the Cadotte brothers, all of whom frequented the pine-clad banks of the Brule River.

The great commerce of the North West Company was, as we have seen, carried on from Grand Portage where the annual supply flotillas from the St. Lawrence found their destination. In reaching the Folle Avoine country, consequently, the natural route lay southwest from Grand Portage to the end of the lake, or Fond du Lac as it was then called, and then eastward along the southern shore of Superior where several streams offered convenient water routes to the interior. The Brule, with its mouth lying only twenty miles east of Fond du Lac, and its source a scant league from the headwaters of the St. Croix corridor to the Mississippi, was the favorite pathway of the North West men. There were

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other routes—such as that ascending the Bad River east of Chequamegon Bay to the highlands which separate this watershed from that of the Chippewa, and the Montreal River which provided the easiest way to reach the Lac Vieux Desert country.

From humble beginnings in 1779, the North West Company had become by the turn of the century a vast enterprise, organized on a grand scale, controlling the destinies of hundreds of men. The little food convoys of the 1780's had grown into huge fleets of giant canoes each thirty-six feet in length, weighing five hundred pounds and carrying four to five tons. It took eight to ten men to paddle these big boats and there were four hundred men so employed in all. To augment its supply transport, the company had built sailing vessels on the lower lakes and considerable provender was carried by vessel from Kingston down Lake Ontario, overland on a route paralleling the Niagara River, and again by ship up Lake Erie to Sault Ste. Marie. The sloop "Otter" plied between the outlet of Lake Superior and Grand Portage on the last leg of the route.

John Macdonnell records in his memoirs that he found the company's capital on the upper lake a busy hive of activity when he arrived there during the summer of 1793. A great town of log houses had sprung up under the shadow of the sugar loaf hill which rises from the south side of the harbor, and hundreds of men pouring in from every post in the wild hinterland swelled the ranks of the Montreal voyageurs whose great canoes came streaming in through the portals of the landlocked bay.

Up and down the narrow lanes milled a motley crew, voyageurs with bright shirts or leather jerkins over their skin-sewn trousers or rough woolen pantaloons, the vivid colors of tasseled cloth caps of the boatmen contrasting with the furry headgear of the north-woods dwellers. All wore moccasins. Many a jesting remark, too, could be heard over the rum pots in the crowded grog shop. The *hibernants*, or

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winterers in the interior posts, considered themselves superior to the boatmen from the Ottawa and laughingly called them the *mangeurs de lard* or "pork-eaters," the inclusion of salt meat in their fare being looked upon with ridicule by the men who had to provide their own rations with gun and net.

The atmosphere of Grand Portage in the heyday of the latter nineties presented a gay and colorful scene. There was much laughing, singing, and bibulous conviviality. But in many a breast lurked dissatisfaction and resentment, for the rapid growth of the North West Company had not been accomplished without considerable internal friction. There was a tendency to extreme arbitrariness on the part of the men who had guided its destinies from the first and the more humble men in the organization, traders and fractional shareholders, clerks, guides, and the more articulate voyageurs, complained that they were wearing themselves out for the benefit of a few who did not share their privations. A strong liberal element under Alexander Mackenzie chafed under the arrogant rule of Simon McTavish and his henchmen. The North West Company seethed with dissension.

Matters came to a head with Mackenzie's resignation from the partnership in 1799. The man who had been the first to reach the Pacific by crossing the northern Rocky Mountains six years before could no longer bring himself to countenance the McTavish rule. Mackenzie left for Europe, but his friends and adherents in the company resolved to set up business on their own, and a new trading company which became familiarly known as the XY or "New Company," in contrast to the North West or "Old Company," came into being.

The XY organization quickly set up its lines of trade paralleling those of the North West Company. By 1805, 520 men were employed by the upstart syndicate to 1,095 by its rival. From the Mackenzie River watershed to Michilimackinac, the traders of the two companies vied with one

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another for the pelts gathered by the Indians. Men of the McTavish order watched from their stockaded posts for signs of activity among the opposing forces, who were just as warily keeping tally of every movement made by their rivals. Many old comrades of the canoe routes found themselves struggling against each other for even the smallest commercial advantage. The Indians, with two organizations bidding for every pelt, became increasingly difficult to handle.

When Mackenzie returned to Canada, he found the new rivalry in full bloom. Unable to conciliate the divergent forces, he joined in 1801 with two powerful commercial firms of the day, Richardson, Forsyth & Company of Montreal, and Phyn, Inglis, & Company of London in a new partnership including the XY forces. Competition between the two groups became even more vindictive. With each bidding high for the furs of the Indians, the importation of hard liquors jumped from an average of 9,700 gallons annually to 21,298 gallons (the 1803 estimate).

It was fortunate for all those interested in the trade that old Simon McTavish passed away in 1804. His death paved the way for a reconciliation, and the following year Alexander Mackenzie led his party back into the North West fold. But the ruinous competition of the preceding five years left devastation in its wake. It left animosities among the traders that were slow to heal; by its stimulation of liquor sales it brought the Indians to a new low level of debauchery and introduced an era of unrest among the redskins which brought many a bloodletting and led to constantly stricter supervision of Indian affairs by the national governments concerned.

The men of the North West Company and the XY composed their differences during the winter of 1804-05, and under rejuvenated leadership the great association of traders pressed on to achieve even greater wealth and power. The company expanded its trading grounds to the north of the Great Lakes, so that, from the Rocky Mountains in the West

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to the Laurentians in the East, their influence represented the only voice of authority. And there is no doubt that they abused their power. Jean Perrault testified to that. "It is necessary to remark that at that time the North West was legislator and king; it killed, hanged, stole, and violated, etc. The enormity of their crimes led to their fall," he said.

The Northwesters, however, soon came face to face with the rapidly expanding Hudson's Bay Company whose traders, from posts on the bay which gave the company its name, pushed west and south in quest of furs. Competition between the two organizations became so fierce, especially in the Lake Winnipeg area, that it closely resembled guerrilla warfare. In 1823, the stockholders in Prince Rupert's original band of gentlemen adventurers bought out the interests of the Montreal men who controlled the North West Company. Thus the curtain came down on a wild, but colorful, period in the history of the New World.

But the influence of the Northwesters within the limits of the United States had been on the wane for a number of years prior to that riotous decade in Canadian history. An organization wholly British in its makeup, the North West Company could hardly exist for any length of time side by side with the authority of the expanding republic. Great Britain had formally ceded the territory bounded by the Rainy and Pigeon rivers on the north and the Mississippi River on the west to the newborn United States, but the trading interests were loath to abandon the lucrative pursuit of furs in the ceded territory, and the infant nation had a multitude of other worries which kept its statesmen's thoughts concentrated elsewhere. It was not until 1796 that the British military posts at Detroit and Mackinac were garrisoned by American troops, but even then few attempts were made by the new authority to interfere with the British companies other than requiring licenses for the traders who actually worked on American soil.

The British fur traders, however, looked forward to the

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ultimate ascendancy of American interests in the trade on the southern side of the new international border. The boundary line drawn by the peace commissioners had placed the important port of Grand Portage on American soil, and although the British finally managed to have that point made a free port and secured the right to use the portage path to Fort Charlotte on the Pigeon, free of customs or other interference, they still felt uneasy about the situation. Consequently, efforts were made to find a new route west wholly on British soil. Roderick McKenzie succeeded in locating the old French route of a century earlier in 1798, and the Northwesters commenced work on the construction of a new post at the mouth of the Kaministiquia in 1801. The new terminus for the trade route was finished in 1804 and named Fort William in honor of William McGillivray, one of the important leaders in the company at the time. From that time on, the North West's ventures to the north were solely a matter of consideration to the Canadian authorities.

The Northwesters also made efforts to wind up their business on American soil. That enterprising German-born immigrant, John Jacob Astor, had been buying furs and reselling them on his own account as early as 1784. In 1795, the New Yorker arranged with the North West Company to supply him with a certain quantity of furs, and the shrewd little German had no difficulty in finding markets for his wares both in America and abroad. Rapidly acquiring a considerable amount of capital out of his operations as a middleman, he was ready for greater undertakings.

In 1807 Astor embarked on the harvesting of furs on his own account. Confining the efforts of his organization to the United States, he made little headway because of the competition given him by the more experienced British traders who headquartered on Mackinac Island and had pooled their interests in the Michimilimackinac Company as early as 1785. The Mackinac traders had dominated the trade along Lake Michigan and to the west and south of that body of

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water for several decades, and Astor realized he must have more capital to battle them on even terms. So in 1809 with additional capital he formed the American Fur Company, with himself as the sole stockholder of importance. And in 1811, he made a deal with some of the influential partners in the North West Company whereby the Michilimackinac Company was bought out and a new organization called the Southwest Company formed. Astor had a half-interest in the new organization, and an agreement was made between the owners that, at the end of a five year period, the other partners would turn their shares over to Astor in return for his promise to confine his activities solely to United States territory.

The ink on the new agreement forming the Southwest Company was hardly dry before events on the eastern seaboard rendered the document a useless scrap of paper. American seamen had wrongfully been impressed into British service and the new republic was thoroughly indignant. The War of 1812 followed and in its wake came a new era in the upper lake region.

Actual warfare did not visit the shores of Lake Superior. American authority had never really been established on that distant frontier. When a British detachment suddenly appeared on the heights above the small American fort on Mackinac Island and received its garrison's surrender, even the symbol of that authority vanished.

But several of the frontiersmen who made their living along the great northern lake saw service in the war. Jean Baptiste Cadotte, III, and his brother, Michel Cadotte, Jr., both sons of Michel and grandsons of the first Jean, fought with distinction under the British flag. Both brothers, as interpreters and lieutenants, commanded Indian auxiliary troops. Michel was cited by his superior officer after the capture of Mackinac. He later lost an arm in the Battle of the Thames when Tecumseh and his British allies were repulsed by the Americans under William Henry Harrison. Jean was

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also wounded during the encounter. Jean Baptiste Perrault turned his hand to building warships for Canada's Lake Ontario fleet. Most of those engaged in the Indian trade, however, stayed on in the West. The sound of cannon on Lake Erie was but a dim rumble lost in the pine tops long before it could reach the rapids of St. Mary's.

Since the days when the first white man had come to the Great Lakes region, trading with the Indians had formed practically the only means of support for those men who elected to remain in the region. Especially lucrative to the Europeans were the extensive operations conducted by early traders before the route to the western lake region became a traveled way for adventurers. The American Fur Company had not long taken over the suzerainty of the Lake Superior region from its British predecessors when it became quite apparent that fur trading with the Indians could no longer be considered the monopoly of one organization. Not only did groups of outsiders filter into the country and seek for themselves a share of the profits, but numerous were the defections in the ranks of the company itself. The officers of the company were especially distraught when such accomplished traders as William Aitkin and John Morrison deserted their ranks to go it on their own. These men knew all the tricks of the trade and the company's fortunes suffered accordingly.

Even before the growth of fierce competition among the traders brought the employment of sharp practices to the point of accepted custom, the Indians were decidedly on the short end of their partnership with the white men in the fur harvest. This, in spite of the fact that a prosperous and profitable fur trade depended almost entirely on the efforts expended by the Indians. The traders brought back little or nothing to their main posts during periods of Indian inactivity.

Bishop Henry B. Whipple, the noted Minnesota missionary, felt that the Indians were well-treated by the traders. He

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said that the latter were "devoted to the Indians and at all times gave me their hearty sympathy." William Johnston, a half-breed Indian himself, felt differently. He saw the Indians as the chief victims of a vicious system which exploited most of the men who were engaged in its operations. Since the account he gave his sister, Mrs. Jane Johnston Schoolcraft of the workings of the trade in 1833 is enlightening, we quote extensively from one of his letters.

"The first and source is this, eastern merchants, who have connected themselves with the fur trade; furnish goods or merchandise and all other necessary articles for the trade at a certain percentage, with the privilege of having the first refusal of the furs obtained. It has been customary for individuals and for companies connected with it to advance goods or merchandise at one year's credit; and they have charged seventy-five to eighty per cent on imported merchandise, and from twelve and one-half to fifteen per cent on home manufactures. These charges, they say, is to pay for transportation; and then for the risk and trouble thirty-three and one-third per cent on the whole. . . .

"On these conditions," relates Johnston, "the trader had all the profits he could make, but when the individuals or companies were interested with the trader, in place of thirty-three and one-third per cent, they then charged ten per cent and they had to receive half of the profits made on the outfits, and on the receipt of the furs they generally gave what they thought proper for them; this at the outfitting post, at which places they seldom have anyone to compete with on prices for the furs. . . . The consequence is that for them [the traders] to pay for the goods and barely to obtain a livelihood, they are in part compelled to use fraud and deceit towards the men they employ; but the whole weight of this extortion, fraud, and deceit falls on the poor Indians."

The increase in the number of trading firms—partly the result of the immigration of adventuresome souls from the East who had heard tales of riches to be gained, and partly

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the result of disaffection within the ranks of the American Fur Company as the natural outcome of the policies Johnston described — brought nothing but grief to all the parties concerned.

The competing trading outfits found it continually more difficult to obtain wholehearted support from the red men in vigorously trapping and hunting and bringing in their furs. The more lenient they were in the credits granted — advances of supplies and goods made against the returns of the annual fur harvest — the more the Indians held out for still better terms, and the more apathy they displayed on the trap lines. When the use of liquor as an inducing agent became commonplace, the health of the trade deteriorated even further.

The American Fur Company attempted to reverse this trend by insisting that the Indians barter their furs directly for the goods which the traders had for sale, abolishing completely the credit system. But their efforts were heartily resented. William Aitkin, at that time still with the company, wrote Ramsay Crooks in 1834 that "it is required for the present year that each post should be manned with a sufficient number of men to show the means of defending our property in case the Indians should attempt to take it from us by force under the new system of trade which we have adopted of giving out but very little credits and selling our goods one third higher than usual and giving no ammunition nor tobacco without having the pay in hand."

In many cases, the red men were moved more to despair over the new policy of the whites than to either thoughts of revenge or efforts to conform to the regulations. Reverend William T. Boutwell returned from a trip to Leech Lake in 1837, and described the disconsolate condition of the Indians of that region in a letter penned at Fond du Lac. "Never did I see the Pillagers so down spirited and humbled as this fall. Though the trading post is reoccupied, still it is more in name than otherwise. Till the 17th of October there was not an inch of cloth or a blanket in the fort. The first canoe that

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arrived brought a little ammunition and tobacco with two pieces of strouds and seven pairs of blankets. All were naked, but none could get a blanket unless he brought rice, corn, or furs to exchange."

Under circumstances marked by increasing hostility and apathy on the part of the Indians, and growing competition for existing markets from other trading outfits, the American Fur Company surveyed the scene for other sources of profits. It did not take long for these shrewd and practical men to start operations in another promising field of endeavor. Lake Superior was full of fish fit for the best American dinner table. The company would supply the market and make money doing it.

The opportunities for large-scale commercial fishing on Lake Superior must have occupied the minds of the men in charge of company's operations as early as 1834, for Lyman Warren wrote Ramsay Crooks from La Pointe on February 10, 1835 that he had received a letter from Crooks the previous September and that "I note the deep interest you manifest in our proposed fishing business." Warren reported that he had as yet little information on the resources they proposed to tap. He informed Crooks that whitefish and trout were the principal kinds caught in the vicinity, and that the inhabitants of the outposts felt that they could catch a lot of fish if they were supplied with nets, salt, barrels, and provisions.

William Aitkin had informed Crooks on the previous December 25, that the attention of the Fond du Lac department would be turned to the matter of developing fisheries. "I think next year that three of the clerks and about one-third of the men of this Department may be taken from it with safety and employed in the fisheries of Lake Superior to good advantage as there are a number of very good fishermen among them and [*sic*] who do not appear disinclined to undertake the business." Aitkin promised to build up a supply of barrel staves at Fond du Lac and, with the coming of

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spring, start out with a small expedition to explore the north shore of the lake as far as Grand Portage to determine the best fishing sites."

For the next several years, the correspondence of the company's factors on Lake Superior was full of their efforts in the fishing business. In December of 1837, Dr. Charles W. W. Borup reported that he had six men continuously employed at La Pointe getting out staves for barrels. Some extent of the size of the enterprise can be judged from his estimate that "I hope to have stuff for two or three thousand barrels in the rough and one thousand or fifteen hundred barrels dressed. This will not include the quantity which will be wanted for this place, which Henderson will get ready here at this establishment from the stuff on hand." Lucius Lyon, a special United States commissioner who spent six weeks at La Pointe in 1839, reported that the fish were sold for from \$9 to \$10 a barrel.

In the spring of 1839, there were twenty-three fisheries operating along the shores and islands of Lake Superior, including sites on Isle Royale as well as on the Apostle Islands. One fishing post was established at the mouth of the Brule River. We read in Borup's report to Ramsay Crooks dated May 14, 1839 that "on the 18th of April, Mr. Scott started through the ice with all our fishermen for Fond du Lac, and on the 20th, the Brewster and our None Such followed. The Brewster had barrels and salt which she unloaded at River Brule." That the Brule's mouth was the location of a small Indian settlement, at least during the fishing season, is borne out by mention of a cluster of Indian teepees there in the accounts of several visitors who came that way. James S. Ritchie, one of the early Superior land boosters, said of the mouth of the Brule as late as 1859: "I camped several days on this site . . . a few Indians had their fishing stations here and exported large quantities of white fish, siscowet, and Lake trout."

One of the factors in the success of the fisheries involved

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the transportation of the bulky barrels to the market and the distribution of supplies to the various fishing stations. The sailing sloop "J. J. Astor" was launched on Lake Superior in 1835; subsequently several other vessels entered the service. But navigation of these small ships on the temperamental waters of Lake Superior was exceedingly risky and the journals of the fur company tell many tales of shipwreck and disaster.

Added to the natural difficulties of carrying on the Lake Superior fisheries were the vagaries of the markets. In the spring of 1840, Borup asked Crooks if a market for lake fish could not be developed in St. Louis. "At present prices at Detroit, they are not worth having," he said. At least a part of the annual catch must have found a market outside the country as Borup added that "Henderson is well acquainted with the manner of salting for the West Indies, and will not hesitate to promise to secure the fish from spoiling for three or four years."

That same fall, Borup wrote that the difference between an apparent company profit of \$40,987 and the year's assets of \$39,662 could be accounted for by the decline in the fish market. Business conditions in the upper lake country were not improving, but the fur company's doughty traders on this front were not dismayed. "You will learn of the series of disappointments we have met . . . still I am not discouraged . . . the Fond du Lac is now, by the supplies we got, well supplied. If low water and severe cold does not kill our Rats, we shall make a good collection," Borup wrote in November of 1844.

However, the fortunes of the American Fur Company had deteriorated rapidly in other fields, and by the time the northern outposts began to view things from a less optimistic viewpoint, the concern was sinking rapidly. In fact, the Panic of 1837 which paralyzed a good portion of American business adversely effected Halsey & Company, one of the fur company's larger stockholders, and made it necessary for able

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field director Ramsay Crooks to spend almost all of his time in New York. After the panic, the company became more dependent on the foreign trade for business. This proved unfortunate, for in 1841 the annual fair at Leipzig was reported the worst in years; the following year the Chinese market was closed when war broke out between China and England.

The fur company met these reverses by selling its assets. Its Missouri river posts were sold to Pratt, Chouteau, & Company of St. Louis in 1842. But this afforded little relief and on September 10, 1842, the American Fur Company suspended payments with an indebtedness of some \$300,000 and then went into receivership. The business was continued, but its volume dropped off rapidly everywhere except in the Lake Superior region. Late in 1844, a fifty per cent dividend to creditors was paid, and with the gradual payment of its debts, the company passed out of existence.

Thus passed unobtrusively to its grave the last remaining colossus of the great fur trade which spurred adventurous men to explore the great heart of a continent. By the time its end had come, Astor's company had, however, blazed a trail for individual pioneers to follow. In its fast dissolving ranks were many men who remained in the West to take an active part in the era ahead—the era of the mine prospector, the logger, the builder of railroads, and he who cleared a little tract in the forest to establish thereon his homestead.

In the Year 1803

Fur traders on their way to the interior doubtless had used the Brule-St. Croix route from earliest times. Yet the first recorded passage of the Brule during the heyday of the fur trade occurred in 1803. The trip is recorded in a journal kept by youthful Michel Curot of the XY Company. His account gives a comprehensive picture of the Brule country and of the way men traveled in those days. It also sheds light on the hazardous and exhausting life of a fur trader.

In the year 1803, the struggle for supremacy on the trade routes of the West was at its height. Grand Portage was the scene of bustling activity for summer was waning, and already the chill of approaching fall was in the air. Parties for distant interior posts were busy making their final preparations. Those whose destinations were forts beyond Rainy Lake had already departed from Fort Charlotte at the far end of the ten-mile Grand Portage that leads from Lake Superior to Pigeon River. But the big North canoes of the men who would winter to the west and south were drawn up on the sandy beach ready for loading.

One could not help but admire such shapely craft. These North canoes were the greyhounds of the trade routes, and although almost equal in length to the big Montreal canoes

were of much less beam, their slim lines giving them greater maneuverability, and permitting the voyageurs to negotiate the sharp bends of the smaller streams. A typical North canoe according to Colonel Landmann, a traveler in those parts, was thirty-two-and-a-half feet long with a breadth of four feet ten inches. It had a depth of a foot, eleven and a quarter inches, and it weighed three hundred pounds. The bowman and steersman carried the boat over the portages and two or three additional voyageurs would aid them in paddling the craft. Seventy-one hoops of thin cedar crossed by slender lathes of the same wood distributed the cargo's weight and protected the frail bark shell. These canoes were capable of carrying twenty-five pieces of goods, each weighing ninety pounds, together with a crew of four or five, their baggage, and provisions.

On the morning of the 28th of July, one of these slim craft shot around the bold headland that separates Grand Portage from the open lake and slipped southward along the rock-ribbed shore. Five days with fair weather would bring them to Fond du Lac where youthful Michel Curot hoped to pick up another canoe and recruit his expedition to full strength. The North West Company men would probably do their best to interfere with his plans, but Charles Grignon, the XY Company's clerk, had a good head on his shoulders and his assistance would be invaluable.

Well might young Curot face the future with foreboding. His age and experience were against him. He knew that the XY had been short of seasoned men, or he would never have been assigned to lead a trading party to the Yellow River. Certainly the opposition was nothing for even an old hand at the game to scoff at. John Sayer, one of the North West's veteran partners, had been in charge of the rival organization's forces at the head of the lakes ever since he had moved into the quarters that Perrault, at his insistence, had completed in the fall of 1893. And from his base post a mile south of the spot where the St. Louis River empties into the great

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bay stretching behind the thin sand strips now known as Minnesota and Wisconsin points, Sayer could direct such veterans as Joseph Reaume, Jean Cadotte's well-trying companion, La Prairie, Tom Connor and many another veteran versed in gathering the annual harvest of furs. These men would be hard competitors!

Curot's party proceeded down the lake, the gay chant of the voyageurs echoing against the somber battlements ashore, as their paddles flashed in time. Except for a brief pause every couple of hours for the men to rest their arms and relight their pipes, they pushed on steadily to the west. Reaching the western end of the lake, Michel Curot spent two weeks at Fond du Lac making his final preparations for the journey to Yellow River. His course lay down the lake to the Brule and up that stream to its source. Then he would portage his canoes, men, and supplies over the hill to Lake St. Croix. From the southern end of this narrow sheet, the St. Croix River would lead southward past the mouth of the Namakagon, until he reached the spot where the winding Yellow emptied its waters into the larger stream. Up the Yellow a few miles he would find the twin lakes that bear the same name and, near the fort which the Northwesters had already established there, he would build his post. The country was rich in game, furs, and wild rice. If fortune favored his enterprise, he could expect to return to Grand Portage in the spring with a good cargo of pelts for which he would receive the plaudits of his superiors.

The prospects would have been more pleasant, he thought, if Gardant Smith had not been assigned to his party. Smith had been in charge of the Yellow River expedition for the XY Company during the previous year and had been demoted for inefficiency. It wouldn't be easy for a mere stripping to handle such a fellow, a man who knew more about the trade than he did, and who would have no interest in his success. Grudges were hard to cope with even under the most favorable circumstances. Curot, mindful of possible North-

wester intrigue, viewed Smith's presence in his party with distrust. He needed loyal support from his men to carry out his mission. One can hardly blame him for being apprehensive. Curot and his party departed from Fond du Lac on August 17th. Since he kept a daily record of his entire trip and of his sojourn in the interior—a procedure which the companies then demanded—let us follow his account.

“Wednesday, Thursday, 17th, 18th: After gumming the canoes yesterday, I left today. I was obliged to buy another little canoe off a woman whom I have begged Mr. Grignon to pay for it two little capots [*a small blanket coat with hood attached*] and one 2½ point blanket. I gave her two pots of mixed rum. Smith's canoe was no good, taking in much water. I went to the entrance of the river, where I was detained by the wind until—

“Sunday, 21st: When I departed and camped three and one-half leagues from the Brulée River, being obliged to use too much force on account of the wind in the open lake, which came up all at once and lasted until the next day morning. When it lessened, I set out and arrived towards eleven o'clock [*at the mouth of the Brule*] and there found Mr. Reaume. The men had cooked their corn. I camped a little higher up the river until Tuesday, the 23rd, when I set out. Smith and David went in the little canoe with the following luggage: seven kegs of H. W. [high wines] and one roll of tobacco. I told Smith to cache five kegs and to make haste.

“I left this camp five hours afterwards, Savoiard and I in the biggest canoe, Boisvert and Connor [Jean] in the other, and slept at the farthest end of the first decharge. [*Decharge specified a point at which it was necessary to remove the cargo, but unnecessary to portage. The first decharge is thought to be at Gregory's Falls, some three miles above the lake, where the river flows over a granite outcropping.*] The portage must be about two arpents. A little rain fell during the night.

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"Wednesday, 24th: I left this place at mid-day and kept on until four o'clock when we camped. Thursday, 25th, at eight o'clock, we embarked, and camped at four o'clock.

"Friday, 26th: we had a little rain this morning. The weather having cleared, we proceeded and passed the night at the first of the three decharges, having broken my canoe twice. [*The Brule River breaks over a series of flat, sandstone ledges about seven miles north of the present site of the town of Brule. This section of the stream is very rapid and hard to navigate even with an unloaded canoe.*]

"Saturday, 27th: Late this morning we passed the packages across the portage of that decharge, and then that of the second, camping at the foot of the third, which we have to surmount tomorrow.

"Sunday, 28th: Had Savoyard and Boisvert take up the canoes and Connor the loading. This portage is much longer and harder than the other two. Connor was ill and could not keep on carrying. I had him take a little sugar and water, which somewhat revived him. I camped at the other end of the portage as the rain began to fall and lasted until the next day.

"Monday, the 29th: The rain continued all the morning. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, three savages arrived at this encampment, namely Le Grand Razeur, the son of La Male, and Le petit Male [*these savages were probably Chipewewa of the Snake River tribe, who came upon Curot near where the more recent La Pointe-Superior road crossed the river*]. Le Grand Razeur gave me twenty deer skins in the red. I gave him some rum, and he and the other two drank all night. I gave them a credit, they promising me to go immediately into the interior to make the plus and that I should see them in the course of the next winter.

"I was a long time making up my mind, telling them that last year they had not paid Smith, and that I feared they would do the same this year. Le Grand Razeur said that it was Smith's fault that they had not paid him last year; that he went out too soon; that he himself, had the means to pay, but that not having found Smith, he had traded his plus partly with La-

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Prairie, and had brought the rest to Mr. Cadotte. The son of Le Male showed me a letter signed by Lacroix for LaPrairie dated the twentieth of this month addressed to Mr. Reaume. That letter, having an open seal, I read there is no wild rice this year and he was obliged to go to the river au Serpent [*the Snake River, a tributary of the St. Croix.*] to trade. The savages said the same thing; and that they had met Smith, to whom they had told the same.

"Tuesday, 30th: I slept this day at la petite prairie, [*Joe Lucius Solon Springs boat builder who has spent the greater part of his long life in the woods of northwestern Wisconsin, thinks this is where the present Cooperative Park is located*] having left the savages at the encampment before going to find Mr. Reaume, who had slept at the other end of the portage. Le petit Male came one hour after us and camped. In the night his dogs and perhaps that of Boisvert and those of Savoyard ate two deer skins, although the baggage had been well covered and the skins were in the middle. The pieces that they left were no bigger than the palm of the hand.

"Wednesday, 31st: I slept a little higher up than the encampment of la Grande Prairie [*thought to be at the confluence of the Little Brule with the river*], having camped early.

"September 1st, Thursday: Le Grand Razeur came to camp with us yesterday evening. I gave him some rum for the twenty deer skins. I was obliged to give to him as well as to le Petit Male a little keg of mixed [*rum*]. The savages have set their traps for beaver but taken nothing. I passed the night.

"Friday, 2nd: At a place a half mile above the rapids of L'eau qui Dort. [*Possibly the rapids commonly known as the Nebagamon.*] We mounted all the rapids yesterday.

"Saturday, 3rd: The last which is the shortest but the strongest of the River Brulee, they call the rapids a Vassal, so named because that gentleman when he entered this country, could not mount it without making the portage, which is very short [*undoubtedly the Falls, a short but abrupt*

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drop]. I slept at le petit Pakouijawin, having encamped early.

"Sunday, 4th: I had Savoyard and Boisvert make up each a bed with a piece of cloth for each and blankets and I encamped at a league and a half this side of the St. Croix portage, where I arrived not without difficulty in passing the canoes along the little channel that leads to the portage.

"Monday, 5th: About midday, David came to meet us. Thinking he had returned from la Folle Avoine I asked him how many fawnskins [*a bag made of skins containing about two bushels of wild rice*] they had got. What was my surprise when he told me that they had not been any further than the other end of the portage, where they had been waiting for me for six or seven days to get some gum and provisions. That they had to fast, and could not procure any gum to mend their canoes which they had broken. I gave him some pork and flour that he took to the other end of the portage to Smith. Savoyard and Boisvert were obliged to make two trips after unloading the canoes in order to pass them along the channel without any damage, and Connor carried all the packages to the top of the bluff."

Curot had now arrived at the end of his excursion up the swift waters of the Brule. There at the base of a range of sandy hills crested with pine lay the spruce and balsam swamp which feeds both the Brule and the small creek debouching into Lake St. Croix.

In sharp contrast to the Brule with its narrow valley and absence of sizable tributary streams, the St. Croix River, flowing out of upper St. Croix Lake drains an area roughly 120 miles long by 50 miles wide. There are countless lakes, and hundreds of fast flowing brooks which carry their clear cold waters to the larger streams cutting the broad valley perpendicularly to its general pitch to the south. From earliest recorded time, travelers have commented on the beauty of this rolling country, the quantity and variety of the game which found refuge there, and the abundance of fish in the rivers and lakes.

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During the early part of the nineteenth century, the upper part of the St. Croix Valley lay tributary to Fond du Lac, and the traders from Grand Portage were the only whites to roam its forests. The lower part of the St. Croix below Taylor's Falls was more accessible from the Mississippi and the trade in that section was ordinarily routed by way of Prairie du Chien, at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi, and Green Bay at the other end of the well-traveled Wisconsin-Fox waterway.

The French had recognized the potentialities of the upper St. Croix region and Du Lhut appears to have established a post at the lower end of Lake St. Croix. His successor Le Sueur likewise maintained a fort, probably on the same site. In the days of the North West Company and its competitors, the chief posts were on the Yellow River some fifty miles to the south, but it was found profitable to maintain a trader on the Snake River which flows into the St. Croix from the west about thirty miles below the mouth of the Yellow. Tom Connor, who gave his name to the point of land which separates St. Louis Bay from the Duluth-Superior harbor on the Wisconsin side, built a fort for the North West Company on the Snake River just west of what is now Pine City in Minnesota. He traversed the Brule-St. Croix canoe route just one year after Curot made the trip which we have been describing.

In the winter of 1803-04, Joseph Reaume had charge of the Northwesters operations on the Snake River. He had been engaged in the fur trade out of Lake Superior for at least nineteen years at the time, for Perrault mentions meeting him on the St. Louis portage in the spring of 1785 when Reaume was returning from wintering on Red Lake. Four years later he was reported in partnership with Perrault, Jean Cadotte, John Sayer, Laviolette (in 1803 Sayer's deputy at Fond du Lac) and a number of other traders. Reaume at that time had drawn Leech Lake as his post.

Joseph Reaume was a veteran of trade and Michel Curot was an obvious novice. The younger man, racked with fits

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of indecision, his natural irresolution enhanced by inexperience, found the proximity of the older man a comfort. Reaume, it was true, was employed by the rival Northwesters, but he must have been an understanding sort. The two parties found it convenient to keep in touch with each other during the passage down the St. Croix.

Curot tells us in his journal of Wednesday, September 7, that his men had completed the portage into Lake St. Croix and that he encamped on the island, set out his nets, and was awaiting the arrival of Mr. Reaume. The days ahead were to prove the youthful XY trader extremely inept at handling his Indian clientele. His timidity and vacillation are portrayed in the following entries.

"Sunday, 11th: Not getting any fish, Smith told me that there was another place at the entrance of the river au Boeuf where there would be perhaps a better chance. I did not have the nets set for scarcely had the men unloaded the canoes when three savages put in an appearance; Ouaisza, Messeganne, and the son of le Brochet. Ouaisza gave me a wild goose and some fish, asking me at the same time for credit. He said he had paid Smith well the last year and that he would pay me well. I gave him what he needed, and the other two also, as Smith knew them to be good hunters. They asked some rum of me. I gave them a pint which they drank that night.

"Monday, 12th: Between 11 o'clock and noon, we left the savages at the encampment to go on to L'Eau Claire where Smith had set our nets. Afterwards, having raised them twice, we took 32 fish. When we left the encampment, Smith told me that one of the savages threatened to plunder us; that we ought to be on our guard in going down, for it might easily happen that they would waylay us at some point. Indeed, we had scarcely gone one-half a league when Ouaisza rejoined us in a canoe with his wife, and said if I did not give him some rum, something bad would happen to someone. Fearing that the threat would be followed by the deed, I gave him some rum, and he went off to find Messeganne who had threatened to plunder.

"Right after dinner they came up and camped with us and drank the rum I had given them. Mr. Reaume, an instant later, also arrived, and camped near us.

"The savages teased me a great deal to let them have silver-wear on credit, especially Messeganne, who insisted on seeing what was in the chest in my tent. I told him I had papers in it. No, he said, I know better. The traders always put silver in such places. I wish to see if I am right and if you have not lied. I held out for a long time and finally gained my point and did not open it. Not succeeding in that way, he demanded of me some rum to carry away, saying to me that he was going off, and that I should not see him until the winter. Fearing that he still had some evil design, I gave him a small keg, and he went away content."

On Friday, the 16th, Curot had more Indian visitors. He says, "Le Grand Male and le Petit Loup came to camp opposite us. I gave them credit. I got from Le Petit Loup two fawn-skins of wild rice and one avola [*probably one of the weasel family*] and a sack full of rice, for this I paid a small calico shirt and gave him a small keg of diluted rum. From Le Grand Male [I got] a beaver for eight strings of beads. The latter being a chief, he ought, according to Smith's report, to have a coat. I had no rest until after I had promised to give him a keg of mixed rum, which I did the next morning. Le Petit Loup went with Savoiard deer hunting but they killed nothing. I stayed at the encampment until

"Monday, 19th: when I camped on an island [*about five miles above the present site of Danbury, Wisconsin*], four savages came to me again to ask credit. When I had given this, I bought a fawn-skin of wild rice for three pints of mixed rum. Hail fell today as large as a bullet with very heavy thunder and lightning. The brother-in-law of Smith came to camp at the end of the island and asked me to his lodge where I went with Smith. He asked me for some ointment to put on his wound, having been stabbed with a knife by Payedigique when he wished to avenge the death of his brother that had been slain

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three or four days ago by Le Razour's band, close to the camp of La Prairie. He also asked for a little rum in order to go off to his father's at the river au Serpent to weep for his son and brother. I gave him some ointment and rum, and he delivered to me a brasse of scarlet cloth, telling me not to be uneasy with regard to the rest of his credit; that the blow he received was not mortal (it was a little below the left shoulder) that he had nothing from Mr. Reaume and that as soon as he was better he would hunt in order to pay me. He had solemnly promised Smith to go to the river au Serpent to get wild rice, saying that the savages had cached a great deal."

Curot's last entry in September tells of his arrival near the house of La Prairie, who represented the North West Company on the Yellow River. He notes the departure of Reaume for his wintering post on the Snake, and again he displays inability to command the savages' respect.

"Tuesday, 20th: Mr. Reaume have passed this morning. I left the island and went into camp near the house of La Prairie. I saw Le Grand Razeur, who gave me three fawn-skins of wild rice. I did all that I could to hinder him from carrying off a half-keg of mixed rum, that he took in spite of me, saying that it was none too much for three fawn-skins of rice. Savoyard had four chopines of mixed rum that he gave his mother-in-law. I traded for the rum, four fawn-skins of wild rice. I bought two lynx and one deerskin for a little sugar and a few beads. I traded for one otter and a large beaver."

Curot spent a distracting winter on the banks of Yellow Lake. As if dealing with the unreliable Chippewa of the area were not enough to keep him in a continuous state of nervous tension, there were frequent rumors that the Sioux had taken the warpath. The savages who frequented the post told of seeing the prints of strange moccasins in the vicinity. John Sayer, who came south to relieve La Prairie at the North West post a short time after Curot's arrival, put his stockade in order to resist attack. He sent a messenger to Reaume, whose camp on the Snake was even closer to hostile Sioux territory, sug-

gesting that the veteran seek refuge with him. Reaume sent back word that he could take care of himself. But Michel Curot did not hesitate when an invitation came to him. He packed up his belongings and moved bag and baggage from his own ill-protected log cabin into the stockaded post of the Northwesters. There for the remainder of the season, he attempted to repair his lines of commerce, but his talents were not equal to the task and his lieutenant, Smith, proved more of a hindrance than an aid. Consequently, the Northwesters under Sayer's direction had collected twenty-one packs of pelts at winter's end, whereas Curot had but nine.

Michel Curot's connection with the fur trade was short lived. The paths of commerce in that era were fraught with many dangers, and an increasing menace was the growing arrogance of the Indians, who, nurtured on the white man's rum, grew more insolent and quarrelsome from year to year. Curot was killed by the Sioux, a scant year after making the trip recounted in his journals.

Schoolcraft in Brule Land

The period following the second war with Great Britain in 1812 was one of great expansion for the young United States. America turned her back on European affairs and concentrated her gaze on the lands west of the Appalachians. Officials at Washington began to take notice of that immense stretch of territory which lies between the outstretched fingers of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior. Their knowledge of this region was very scanty. They decided that the nation needed to take an inventory of the resources of this expanse. After the usual delays Lewis Cass, who had just been appointed governor of the Northwest Territory comprising the domain bounded by the upper lakes, was ordered to form an expedition to chart the geographical features and estimate the wealth of his western mandate.

Stated more definitely objectives of Cass's expedition of 1820 were to ascertain the state of the Indians, collect material for an accurate map, make treaties with the Indians to acquire sites for army posts at the falls of St. Mary's, Green Bay, and Prairie du Chien, and to investigate the extent and nature of copper deposits along the upper lakes. John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War and Cass's immediate superior, also suggested: "Should your reconnaissance extend to the western extremity

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of Lake Superior, you will ascertain the practicability of a communication between the Bad or Burntwood river, which empties into the lake, and the Copper or St. Croix, which empties into the Mississippi, and the facilities they present for a communication with our post on the St. Peter's." Authorities at Washington, it seems, were not entirely ignorant of the natural waterways that traversed the wilderness between the two primary drainage systems of the continent.

The expedition of the territorial governor was more than just another voyage of discovery. From the time Champlain sallied forth from Quebec to the journey of Carver, white men had been only casually interested in the territory through which they traveled. Fur traders, pressing into the more remote regions, had viewed their surroundings solely from the standpoint of developing the fur trade. Cass's expedition, however, was the first of a number of excursions conducted on a scientific and fact-finding basis. Its members, if we exempt the voyageurs, guides, and soldiers necessary to any party traversing the western wilds, were trained men who viewed the rocks, streams, and trees as something more than interesting scenery. They sought to probe the secrets hidden in the heart of the continent and by their studies to enrich the knowledge of their fellow countrymen.

The staff which Governor Cass gathered about him gave emphasis to the intellectual character of the party's pursuit. The leader himself was just on the threshold of a long and honorable public career which would find its ultimate expression as Andrew Jackson's Secretary of War and James Buchanan's Secretary of State. At his elbow was Captain D. B. Douglass, professor of engineering at West Point, Dr. Alexander Wolcot, one of the best medical men of his day, young James D. Doty, the expedition's secretary and the future governor of Wisconsin Territory, Charles C. Trowbridge, one of Michigan's pioneer citizens, and Henry R. Schoolcraft, brilliant young mineralogist and naturalist, whose discerning eye and roving mind caught not only the salient physical

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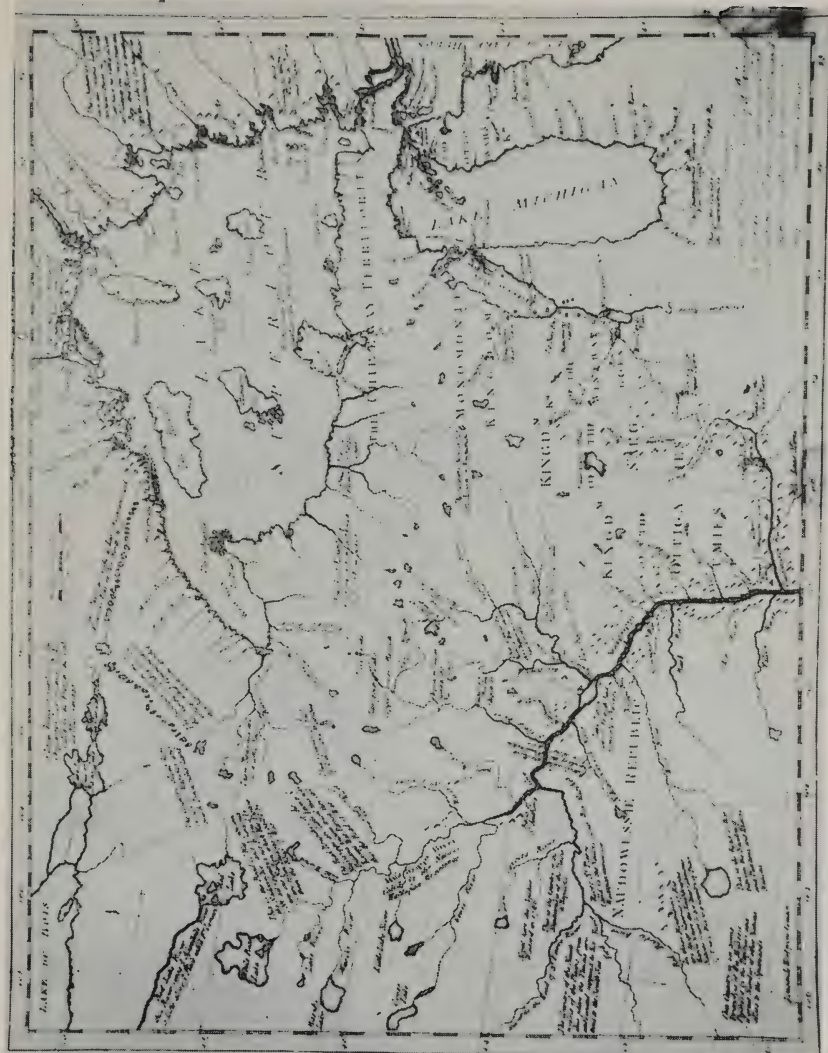
features of the region but also noted the philosophy and traditions of its Indian inhabitants.

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft was twenty-seven years of age when he accompanied General Cass in 1820. By nature an inquisitive fellow, he was possessed of a mind which rapidly digested facts, some literary talents, and the urge to make a name for himself in the world. Early in life, he displayed far more than the ordinary interests of the schoolboy. The son of Colonel Lawrence Schoolcraft, a Revolutionary War veteran who became a glass manufacturer in New York state, young Henry soon exhausted the resources of his father's ample library and neighboring squires grew acquainted with this friendly but restive young fellow who came to borrow books from them. At the age of fifteen, young Henry was one of the principal contributors to the journals of the county. A few years later he graduated from Union College with a thorough mastery of the Hebrew, German, and French languages and a well-developed inquisitiveness for scientific subjects, which were barely touched upon in the college curriculums of the day.

Schoolcraft, the graduate, was particularly fascinated with the study of geology — then in its infancy. He found a job in his father's factory, but any holiday found him prowling about the countryside, picking up samples of rock, and noting any unusual formations. At night one could have found him, with a kerosene lamp at his elbow, buried in some scientific treatise.

It soon became apparent to Colonel Schoolcraft that his son was fitted for something other than the life of a manufacturer. He apparently encouraged his spare-time studies, and could hardly have been surprised when Henry decided to quit the business in 1817 to head for the lead mines of Missouri, then just beginning to attract national notice.

Henry Schoolcraft with his education and the knowledge he had acquired in geology by study, observation, and discussion with others interested in the subject, found scope for his talents in the crude mining towns which were then springing up in the hills of the Ozark. He traveled from place to place,



WISCONSIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

JONATHAN CARVER MAP

This map of the country lying between Lakes Superior and Michigan was drawn by Jonathan Carver and published in England in 1769, just two years after his trip as a member of the Rogers' expedition. The Brule river is shown on this map as Goddard River, named in honor of a member of the party.



MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

GATHERING WILD RICE

Wild rice, fish and game were staple items of Indian diet in the period before the arrival of the white man. The lake region of north-western Wisconsin, the Folle Avoine country, was coveted by Chippewa and Sioux tribesmen because of its wild rice beds.



MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

CHIPPEWA LODGE

The Chippewa Indians and their customs were carefully observed by Henry Schoolcraft, and his observations inspired Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's famous poem, "Hiawatha." The Chippewa ranged from the Sault Ste. Marie to the upper reaches of the Mississippi in Schoolcraft's day.



MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OTTAWA CANOE

The Frenchmen who sallied forth from Montreal and Quebec to extend the frontiers of their empire travelled by canoe. The Ottawa Indians who inhabited the region to the north of Lake Ontario supplied most of the guides for their first exploring expeditions.



MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

INDIANS IN COUNCIL

Council meetings were frequently held by the Chippewa Indians at which their affairs were discussed. Schoolcraft tells us that the government small-pox inoculation program was explained to the red men at one of these council meetings.



MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

LA POINTE

La Pointe, on the western tip of Madeline island, a member of the Apostle group, was an important outpost for French, British, and American fur traders of the 18th and 19th centuries. It was also headquarters for the Congregational missionaries who followed in their footsteps.



MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MICHILIMACKINACK

Rising steeply from the waters of the Straits of St. Ignace which join Lakes Huron and Michigan stands Mackinac Island. The French and their successors, the British, and Americans, maintained a fortified post on the island and expeditions to the west and southwest were organized and outfitted there.

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going down in the mines, observing, talking to miners and bosses alike. As a result he wrote an article on the mines which appeared in several leading scientific periodicals of the day. Schoolcraft also submitted some original ideas on the management of the mines to government officials at Washington, for the mining operations were being conducted on land acquired from the Indians which had not as yet been thrown open to private acquisition. President Monroe, John C. Calhoun, his Secretary of War, and William C. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury, received the Schoolcraft report which established the young man's reputation in influential circles.

It was, therefore, quite natural that when opportunities for scientific research in another field were offered by the Cass expedition, Schoolcraft should sit up and take notice. He immediately applied to Calhoun for a part in the undertaking and his previous experience in Missouri, coupled with the support of DeWitt Clinton, New York's governor and a good friend of the young scientist, assured him consideration. Calhoun was not slow in confirming the appointment, and thus there came to the upper lake region this young man whose scholarly researches were to provide Americans of his day with a large share of their knowledge of the Lake Superior region and its inhabitants.

The very atmosphere which enveloped the expedition during its travels was distinctive. Relieved of the physical labor of propelling their canoes by ten husky voyageurs of Canadian extraction, and absolved of the responsibility of guarding themselves by the small detachment of ten soldiers, the members were free to observe and record. They moved in an atmosphere of stimulating conviviality. Keen perception and deep understanding were continually excited as the wonders of nature unfolded.

Trowbridge tells us of the intellectual aura which enveloped the party. "General Cass always carried a well-selected though necessarily a small library, and in his own canoe when the weather permitted, some young member of the party was

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called upon to read aloud during a part of the forenoon. At the evening camp-fire of the General, it was always enlivened by some literary or scientific discussion, generally started by the General and carried on by some of the savants of his suite."

This was the expedition which set out from the small frontier settlement at Detroit, which at that time numbered 1,400 souls exclusive of its garrison. On May 26, in three giant Ottawa canoes, they embarked from Gros Pointe on Lake St. Clair, catching a freshening breeze with their white lug sails.

The arrival of General Cass and the members of his expedition at Sault Ste. Marie gave its Indian and French-Canadian half-breed inhabitants their first intimate glimpse of the "Long Knives." It is highly probable that most of the dusky warriors at the settlement had heard tales of the Americans' limited successes during the War of 1812. A few, of course, had had the opportunity to fire a fusil in the direction of Britain's upstart enemies, and there might have been one or two of the savages who had lifted a scalp. The whole lot of them, however, had in common an attachment for their old friends and erstwhile masters, the British, and a corresponding disdain and dislike for things American.

The general and his party found at the St. Mary's trading post, however, a man and his family who were quite the anti-thesis of the ignorant and unfriendly redskins. John Johnston had spent, at that time, thirty years of his life in the western wilderness, including a winter on the Bayfield peninsula opposite Madeline Island. But his experiences far from the civilized world had not in the least affected his appetite for intellectual attainments. A father who was the civil engineer responsible for the planning and construction of the water-works at Belfast, and a mother whose sisters married respectively Bishop Saurin of Dromore, and the attorney general of Ireland, had bequeathed him a quick and appraising intellect and a keen appreciation of the company of other cultured folk.

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Greatly surprised was Governor Cass to find such a well-educated and kindly host far in the interior. He later wrote of Johnston: "He was no common man. To preserve the manners of a perfect gentleman and the intelligence of a well educated man in the dreary wastes around him, and his seclusion from all society but that of his own family, required a vigour and elasticity of mind rarely to be found."

The Johnston household was unusual, not only because the paternal head of the family combined in one personality the cultured European and the bluff frontiersman, but because the woman who presided over the board was an extraordinary person. Mrs. Johnston was the daughter of an Indian chief. Oshawguscodaywayqua was her maiden name and her father was Wabojeeg, "the White Fisher," chief of the Chippewa who pitched their tepees on the banks of Chequamegon Bay. Three sons and three daughters were born to the white trader and his dark-hued princess and the young people were brought up with proper respect for the traditions of their Indian ancestors. In addition, they had been instructed in the fundamentals of a European education. Henry Schoolcraft was particularly taken with dark-eyed Jane, the eldest daughter and her father's bosom companion, a talented girl whose natural intelligence had been sharpened by schooling down east. His attraction for this Chippewa lass was to have a profound influence on the life of the young mineralogist, and through him she was to make a valuable contribution to American literature. As for the success of Cass's mission at the Sault, the presence of Wabojeeg's daughter and her friendly interest in the Americans contributed directly to the establishment of American prestige on a firmer basis.

One of Governor Cass's first acts on his arrival at the foot of Lake Superior had been to call a council with the Indian chiefs. The pipe of peace had been smoked but no great cordiality was exhibited by the Indian leaders; in fact, one or two of the red men were almost insolent in their attitude towards the representatives of the government at Washington.

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Cass determined to overlook the hostile glances of these few chieftains but when, as he strode down the narrow path between the Indian tepees, he discerned the British Union Jack fluttering in the breeze, he quickly stepped up to the flagpole and, ripping the bunting from its staff, he trod it underfoot. Cass turned to face a circle of astonished savages, not a few of whose faces betrayed extreme anger. Unarmed and practically alone in the midst of the encampment, the territorial governor had, by this action, thrown down the gauge to the tribesmen. Was it to be peace and friendship under the American standard, or war?

The North American Indian has always admired boldness in a man, whether friend or adversary, and the Chippewa of the Sault were quick to recognize the mettle of the governor. Mrs. Johnston added the weight of her influence by giving the hostile minority a stiff piece of her mind. Within the space of a few hours there was a marked difference in the attitude of the Indians. The American delegation had won their absolute respect, and when the small party sallied forth again in their canoes, there was genuine admiration displayed by the uplifted arms of the redskinned warriors as they bade their white brothers a safe journey.

The trip down Lake Superior was uneventful. The members of the expedition devoted themselves to studying their surroundings. Douglass was busy with his compass, taking the bearings of the coast, and making his estimates of mileage, watch in hand. Schoolcraft studied the rock formations, wandered up and down the shore whenever the party halted taking specimens for his collection, and marveled at the works nature had wrought in such stone fantasies as the Pictured Rocks. Doty scribbled endlessly in his journal. The general cast his keen eye along the rock-bound coast with apparent satisfaction. Thus the little party swung down the lake and arrived at the sheltered strand on the western point of Madeline Island where Michel Cadotte's post stood.

At Cadotte's they learned that the water in the Brule and

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the St. Croix was so low as to rule out a successful passage in the big Northern canoes the party was employing. The governor decided to head straight west for the end of the lake and then make his way up the St. Louis River, past the newly established post of the American Fur Company at the foot of the dalles of the river, to the Savanne Portage. From there the route lay west along the West Savanne to Sandy Lake and the Mississippi.

Lewis Cass's expedition was, therefore, one of the first official American visits to the upper Mississippi. Zebulon Pike had preceded the governor in 1805, penetrating to Cass and Leech lakes on foot. Cass and his party followed the windings of the river up as far as the lake which now bears his name. Schoolcraft was entranced with the upper Mississippi's maze of lakes and vowed he would return some day to make further explorations to find if possible, its true source.

The Cass expedition returned to Detroit by way of the Falls of St. Anthony where the big flour mills of Minneapolis now stand. There the party split, Cass returning by way of the Mississippi as far as the Illinois and thence overland to his headquarters, while Schoolcraft took the well-traveled Wisconsin-Fox route to Mackinac.

After a visit to his home, family, and friends, Schoolcraft again returned to the West. His natural curiosity had been whetted by the things that he had seen when accompanying Cass, and his interest in the Indians, stimulated during his youth by frequent contacts with the Iroquois who inhabited the section of New York in which he lived, was kindled by the opportunities that residence in the West would afford him in making more searching inquiries into the history, traditions, and nature of America's first citizens. Perhaps the vision of dark-eyed Jane Johnston lured him also.

Schoolcraft returned to the little settlement of Sault Ste. Marie following his appointment as Indian agent for the Lake Superior region in 1822. He found the atmosphere of the frontier post congenial and the hospitality of the Johnston

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household delightful. He began to take an interest in the future development of his adopted home, and in spite of his duties at the agency and necessary excursions to the Indian villages embraced by his authority, he found time to represent that undeveloped region in the Michigan territorial legislature from 1828 to 1832. Papers written by this young New Yorker relating to the life of this new American community began to find their way into many of the country's leading magazines, and men of letters found the descriptive phrases penned by the Indian agent a valuable addition to the writings of other contemporary authors.

The prospect of another expedition to the headwaters of the Mississippi filled the young man's mind. Somewhere amidst the countless lakes west of Superior must be the true source of the continent's greatest river. Schoolcraft could not rest until he had traced that mighty stream back to the first trickle of water that gave it birth.

The Indian agent had added to his knowledge of the Superior region by extensive travels in 1830 which carried him west as far as the mouth of the Bad River, near Chequamegon Bay, and thence up that river and down the Chippewa, returning directly to Mackinac over the southern canoe route. But his opportunity for more extensive observations came two years later, and it was not until the late summer of 1832 that the scientist and scholar caught his first glimpse of the Brule River and set down his impressions of its tumultuous journey to the lake. His report was accompanied by the account of his collaborator on the expedition, Lieutenant James Allen.

These two men, Schoolcraft in command and Allen in charge of the military detachment with the additional duties of map maker, left Mackinac Island in the spring of 1832. They were accompanied by Dr. Douglas Houghton, brilliant young physician and surgeon who was the party's acting botanist and geologist, and the Reverend William T. Boutwell, eager young Protestant missionary who was one of a number of teachers and preachers who were to bring the gospel to the red men of

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the Lake region. The party followed Cass's route to the upper Mississippi. Then, with infinite labor they traced the windings of the river towards its source. Up past the Pokegama, through the rice-filled channels of the Winnipeg to the broad reaches of Leech Lake, they pushed on. Finally, their canoes entered the narrow waters which the French had called Lac La Biche. A few small creeks fed this limpid lake. The Mississippi had been tracked to its lair. Here was its true source. Schoolcraft had the stars and stripes hoisted on the little island that has since borne his name. Then he sought a name, something distinctive, to fasten the significance of this small body of water in the minds of future generations. Boutwell and he fashioned it from the Latin. *Veritas caput*, the true head, lost its first and last syllables to become *Itasca*. Rome had thus added its tithe to a nomenclature rich in the languages of her barbaric successors.

Having attained one of the objects of the expedition, Schoolcraft and his men now headed down the Mississippi as far as Leech Lake, and then overland to the source of the Crow Wing. They descended the Crow Wing to the Mississippi and went down that river to the Falls of St. Anthony. There the Indian agent held council with the Indians of the Sioux federation whose favorite meeting place in those days was at the confluence of the St. Peter's (now called the Minnesota) River and the Mississippi. On the spot near where Fort Snelling was erected, the pipe of peace was smoked, and the red men heard the voice of the white man who represented their Great Father at Washington.

At all such meetings with the red men, Dr. Douglas Houghton had his duties to perform. The young physician inoculated 2,070 Indians against smallpox on this journey. The national government was determined to stamp out the dreadful scourge which had first appeared about 1750 among the western Indians. Frequent outbreaks had occurred since that time, the disease seemingly having spread from trading goods which had become infected at Mackinac and other distribution points. The pox caused terrible suffering among the tribesmen, who,

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before their contact with the whites had been entirely free of the disease.

Having performed its duties, Schoolcraft's expedition was ready to make the return journey to Mackinac. The Indian agent decided to divide the company. Boutwell, Houghton, and he, accompanied by their voyageurs, would lead the way. Lieutenant Allen and his soldiers would follow as fast as they were able. Both parties would proceed up the St. Croix, across the height of land to the Brule, and then down that stream to Lake Superior. Schoolcraft's action in splitting up the expedition at this point may have been caused by his impatience with the slow progress which characterized the military detachment during these travels. Later, in answering Allen's charges of leaving the lieutenant in the lurch, Schoolcraft claimed that his funds and provisions were running low, and for this reason it was imperative that he get at least a part of his party back to Mackinac as soon as possible.

At least we know he had a very poor opinion of his soldiers as traveling companions, for he wrote: "U. S. soldiers are not adapted to traveling in Indian canoes. Comparatively clumsy, formal, and used to the comforts of good quarters and shelter, they flinch under the activities of fatigue and forest life. No amount of energy is sufficient on the part of the officers to make them keep up, on these trips, with the gay, light, and athletic voyageur, who unites the activity and expertness of the Indian, with the power of endurance of the white man."

Schoolcraft pressed on ahead with his experienced canoe-men, while Allen and his inept boatmen wallowed along in their wake. To the Indian agent, the trip home was an enjoyable outing. To Allen and his soldiers, tenderfeet in the ways of the wilderness, the journey was long and insufferable. It took Schoolcraft and his friends a scant two days to make the passage of the Brule, and he describes the stream he was viewing for the first time in a poetic vein. The officer and his soldiers on the other hand, saw the Brule River the hard way. Five days it took them to reach the lake, and Allen speaks not

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of the beauties of nature, but of the many obstacles with which the wilderness sought to repel his party's advances. The two parties had embarked from the Falls of St. Anthony on the 26th of July. By the time the Indian agent and his voyageurs ascended the St. Croix and reached the portage to the Brule, however, the military were several days behind them.

Schoolcraft got his first glimpse of the stream his Indian guides termed the Wisacoda (or Misacoda) on the afternoon of a warm summer day — perhaps one of those sultry days typical of the northern Wisconsin summer, when nature seems almost to cease breathing, when the drowsy chirp of the cricket fails to rouse response in the brooding green-thatched pines, and great cloud masses, white and fluffy as drifts of new-fallen snow, float motionless overhead as if suspended in eternity.

The Indian agent slowly ascended the sandy ridge which rises sharply from the shores of the St. Croix and overlooks a dense tangle of stunted spruce and tamarack. There, cribbed in by wooded hills to the north, a green morass of varying hues gives birth to the cool springs whose gushing waters unite to form the Brule. Schoolcraft surveyed the scene from "an elevated sandy plain which has been covered at former times with a heavy forest of the *pinus resinosa*; that having been consumed, there is left here and there a dry trunk or *auk*, as the Indians call it.

"The length of the portage path is 3,350 yards," continued the observer. "At this distance, we reach a small, sandy-bottomed brook of four feet wide and a foot deep, of the most clear, crystalline, cold water, winding its way in a most serpentine manner through a boggy tract, and overhung with dense alder bushes. It is a good place to slake one's thirst, but appears anything else than a stream to embark on, with canoes and baggage. Nobody but an Indian would have dreamed of it."

The agent's voyageurs, however, knew how to negotiate even such an uninviting waterway. "It was now six o'clock in the evening. By going a distance below, and damming up the stream, a sufficient depth of water was got to float the canoes.

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The axe was used to cut away the alders. The men walked, guiding the canoes, and carrying some of the baggage.

"In this way, we moved slowly about a mile, when it became quite dark and threatened rain. The voyageurs then searched about for a place in the bog dry enough to sleep on, and came with joy, and told me they had found a kind of bog with bunches of grassy tufts, which are called by them *tete de femme*. The very poetry of the idea was something, and I was really happy amid the intense gloom, to rest my head for the night on these fair tufts."

The following day, the party pushed on. Its leader describes the growing river, swelling almost imperceptibly from the spring waters it gathers to its bosom at every crook and turn. "The next morning, we were astir as soon as there was light enough to direct our steps. After a few miles of these intricacies, we found a brisk and full tributary below which the descent is at once free, and on crossing the first narrow, geologic plateau, the rapids begin; the stream being constantly and often suddenly enlarged by springs and tributaries from right and left."

Schoolcraft was evidently overcome by the lush beauty that he saw as his canoe followed the windings of the swiftly flowing Brule. "To describe the descent of this stream in detail would require graphic powers to which I do not aspire," he said.

The party negotiated the rushing waters of the river as it swoops down over the sandstone ledges and the long series of almost continuous rapids below. The second day was well nigh spent when suddenly the stream eased its pace for its rendezvous was close at hand. Schoolcraft wrote: "It was after darkness had cast her pall over us on the evening of the 4th of August before we reached still water. The river is then a deep and broad mass of water into which coasting vessels from the lake might enter . . . Some time before reaching this point, we had been apprised of our contiguity to it, from hearing the monotonous thump of the Indian drum; and we were glad on our arrival, to find the chief Mongazid of Fond du Lac, with

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the military barge of Lieut. Allen, which he had promised to bring down to this point."

Unlike Schoolcraft, Lieutenant James Allen was in no mood to appreciate the beauties of the north woods in late summer on that evening of August fourth. Hot and tired, his men weary and footsore, the lieutenant had pitched his camp on the portage trail where it winds over the hillocks behind Lake St. Croix. Probably, he cursed the impatience of the Indian agent, who had left his soldiery to get on as best they could over the difficult canoe route. He must have looked off in the darkness towards the black sea of dense foliage below with foreboding. The long journey up the St. Croix, its brown current cleft by sharp boulders, its waters eddying over flat rocks, had been extremely painful. All his men were nursing cut and swollen feet and bruises. And now ahead lay a river that he knew from accounts was far swifter and more dangerous than the St. Croix. His long thirty-six-foot canoes had already proved disgustingly unruly. What would happen to them in the days ahead?

Lieutenant Allen attributed a good share of his difficulties in negotiating the Brule to ignorance when he later wrote, "I might have avoided many of the difficulties of this route if I had previously known its character; for with a small supply of Indian goods, I might have purchased several small Indian canoes on the St. Croix river, where the river became too small for my larger ones. Two men only can work in a canoe to advantage in ascending rapids and consequently the smaller the canoe is, the more effectual will be their exertion."

The officer had already learned his ABC's. Perhaps if his equipment had been better — but then good tools without good workmen are of little use. His opinion of the ability of his men to master the arts of the voyageur was far from optimistic, for he wrote that "the management of bark canoes of any size in rapid rivers is an art which it takes years to acquire; and in this country it is only possessed by Canadians and Indians, whose habits of life have taught them but little else. The common soldiers of the army have no experience of this kind,

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and consequently, are not generally competent to transport themselves this way."

In spite of the hardships of his trip up the St. Croix, Allen had had time to make a number of observations on the country and its inhabitants. His remarks upon the Chippewa nation as a whole are interesting. "Their vast country, though generally poor," he commented, "has land enough of the richest quality to afford a subsistence by cultivation for ten times their present population. But they have not anywhere sought a living from agriculture, and in parts where the soil is the richest, the Indians most in need, they have been the least attentive to this means of supplying their wants."

Of the Chippewa residing in the St. Croix Valley, he says, "I could not ascertain the number of Indians in this country, but they are not numerous. They subsist on wild rice, fish, and game, of which they have abundance and to spare their traders, who depend on these Indians for their meat. They furnish annually about \$5,000 worth of furs, composed of otter, martins, rats, bears, raccoons, and deer-skins, with some beavers and foxes. They looked meaner, and more thieving than any of the Chippewas I had met with."

On the morning of August 5, Allen and his men prepared to embark in the shallow upper Brule, limbs aching from their encounter with the St. Croix. "The men's feet and legs were so very sore from the effects of their previous wading in the rapids of the St. Croix," Allen recounted in his journal, "that the carrying on this portage distressed them much; and although the baggage was now comparatively light, it occupied them till 12 o'clock to get over what had been left the previous evening."

Finally, the last pack was placed in the boats and the party shoved off. "We embarked, and descended the river eighteen miles to encamp," Allen continued. "At first, the stream was very narrow and shoal, barely floating the canoes without the men. . . . Its shores were very much clustered with a species of alder which in narrow parts interlocked over the stream so thick and close that it was hard to force the canoes through it."

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The next morning the party came to the first plunge which the Brule takes on its descent to Lake Superior. From there on the river quickens its pace and makes navigation doubly difficult. Allen's inexperienced canoemen faced a grueling ordeal.

"August 6 — Two or three miles from our encampment brought us to the "Little Falls", where the river, from being thirty yards broad above, is contracted to fifteen feet, and falls through a rocky channel, fifteen feet in fifty yards. It may be passed in light canoes skillfully managed, but I had mine carried over the portage 150 yards on the west side. Below the falls, the river was mostly rapids, which were of so bad a character, from the shallowness of the water, the strength of the current, and the rocks with which they were filled, that to pass them with any degree of safety, we were obliged again to wade by the side of the canoes, and to conduct them down; and even by this means we could not save the canoes from great injury. We had to stop frequently to repair, and before night had exhausted all our gum, after which it required one man to bail constantly in each canoe to keep her free, and when we stopped at night, they were all in a sinking condition. The muskets, boxes, all our baggage, excepting the flour, which was piled above everything else to save it, was wet thoroughly."

In these days of stout wooden boats, it is hard to comprehend in full measure all the discouragements suffered by men who attempted to negotiate the narrow rocky channels of the Brule in birch-bark canoes. The Indian canoe was well adapted for use on lakes or deep rivers, but the frail shell could not withstand the buffeting it got from the rocks and sandy reefs of shallow streams. Invariably, if the bark itself was not punctured, the resinous gum which held the birch strips together would jar loose, and the craft would start to leak badly. The Brule, because its rushing waters carry the traveler down its stony channel at great speed, is particularly hard on canoes. And the stream with its sharp bends demands the greatest degree of maneuverability. Succeeding generations of river boatmen who followed in Allen's wake developed the pirogue

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hollowed from the trunks of pines, the sharp-prowed bateau, and the square-ended flatboat. But it was not until the end of the century that Joe Lucius launched the first of a new type of cedar-planked canoe especially adapted to waters like the Brule. This craft combines a tough hide to withstand the abrasive action of the river's rocky bottom, a stout frame to defend itself against the sharp boulders which raise their angry heads above its foaming rapids, and a shallow draft to negotiate its many sand bars. This canoe is also extremely responsive to the steersman's touch, enabling him to veer the direction of his craft with the agility of a darting trout.

Lieutenant Allen became increasingly aware that his battle with the Brule was becoming a struggle of endurance. His gaze sought the heavily wooded shores of the stream, seeking to penetrate the gloom of the forest wall, to ascertain if perhaps there he might find a way out of his misery. On August 6 he wrote, "I made an attempt to walk down the shore with three of my men, but from the numerous ridges, ravines, and swamps, we found it much easier to wade in the bed of the river." Repulsed by the wilderness, the leader ordered his water-soaked battalion to push on down the river.

"August 7th — This has been a most disastrous day. For the whole distance that we have come, which is about twelve miles, there is scarcely a part of the river that is not rapid, and much of it of the worst character that is practicable to descend. On starting this morning, I required all the men, but one disabled, to wade and lead the canoes with the utmost care; but the rapids were so strong and the rocks so slippery that it was not possible for them to keep their feet, or to save the canoes from striking often; and before eight o'clock in the morning, all my canoes were leaking badly. They had been so often repaired, that their bottoms were nearly gummed over, and every touch on a stone knocked some of it off."

At that juncture, Allen was happily surprised to meet a party which Schoolcraft had sent back to render him aid. Had his men been more expert in the management of their canoes, his

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major troubles might have been over, as the Indians whom the agent had dispatched knew the Brule's channel well.

"At eight o'clock, however, I met two Indians in a very little canoe, whom Mr. Schoolcraft had sent from the mouth of the river to bring me gum, and to pilot me down. The gum was of great service in enabling me to proceed with my canoes; but their little canoe was too small to carry anything of consequence and neither of the Indians would consent to leave it to take charge of mine; and their piloting was of no use, for my men had not the skill to follow them, or to steer a canoe as they did, by means of poles."

By afternoon the soldiers, having exhausted their new supply of gum, were again in desperate straits. Soon the largest canoe had its bottom literally torn off in a rapid, and Allen was obliged to transfer its cargo to the other already overladen boats. Sighting more Indians, he took renewed hope.

"A little after, I met two canoes, with two Indian families, going up, and after failing in an endeavor to purchase one of them with anything I could offer, I hired two men to leave their families here, and with one of their canoes to take a portion of my baggage down to the lake, for which I gave them two soldier's blankets, provisions, and some other articles. But they refused for additional compensation, to allow a soldier to take the place of either in their canoes that the other might steer one of mine, fearful, no doubt, from observing the condition of my canoes, that the skill of a soldier was not a good guaranty for the safety of theirs. After this arrangement, we reached the first portage below the falls, where the baggage was carried over a very ugly road one mile, and the canoes, lighted, passed by the river, and I encamped at the lower end of it."

Allen and his party had now passed Mackaskill's Falls, as the lower of the series of sandstone drops is called, and had reached a point roughly nine miles from Lake Superior as the crow flies, and probably double that distance by water. An inspection of his canoes revealed that one of them was so badly

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damaged as to be of no further use, leaving the party dependent on "one small Indian canoe of my own, and two still smaller ones of the Indians."

"These were insufficient to transport my baggage and men and there was no resource left but to walk, which from the nature of the country seemed to be impractical without a guide who could lead by some route over the hills and far back from the river. One of the Indians whom I had hired above, seemed to know the country, and by offer of liberal compensation, I induced him, though not without difficulty, to consent to allow a soldier to take his place in the canoe, while he would guide us through the country to the lake, a distance, as I understood him, of one day's journey. I made my arrangements accordingly; seven of the men and myself, with the guide, and the remainder, including him who was lame, to go with the canoes."

When the exhausted soldiers woke the next morning, however, their guide had disappeared. The Indians had stolen off taking with them one of the canoes, all the articles included in their hire, and a batch of bread which had been baking before the fire. The party was again left to its own devices.

Allen, nevertheless, stuck to his original plan. He set forth into the forest with seven of his men, leaving the rest of his command to find their way down the river as best they could. "I attempted first to follow the valley of the river, but it was so thickly grown over with brushwood and cedar, and presented so much swamp, as to be utterly impracticable, and I was forced to leave it, and take to the hills, which presented difficulties but little less forbidding — their ascent being six or seven hundred feet steep, and covered all the way up with a growth of tamarack, cedar, and thick undergrowth, which appeared to be impenetrable. Their summits were generally covered with pine, but were irregular, and made a very bad route, which was often, too, intersected by deep ravines running to the river, and presenting sides as steep and as closely covered with cedar, etc., as the valley itself. Swamps also occurred in the depths of the ravines, and had to be crossed.

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"By means of a compass, I kept, as well as I could judge of it, the general direction of the river, and during the day descended quite to the river several times to be sure of not getting lost. The men followed me very badly, their feet and legs being bruised and cut, and much swollen from the effects of the rapids. Most of them found it troublesome to walk at all, and one was so far overcome by sprained and bruised ankles, as to ask to be left in the woods. But as I had only two days' provisions, and knew neither the distance nor difficulty between me and the lake, I felt a strong necessity to urge them on as fast as they could bear. Towards sunset, however, after we had come about thirty miles, we ascended a high peak of a pine hill, where one of the men ascended a tree and got a view of the lake before us; and descending then to the valley of the river, a few miles more brought us to its mouth and an Indian village."

By his own calculations, Lieutenant Allen and his men had traveled on foot about forty miles that day. They had reached their goal, but their labors were not yet over. The two canoes which had left by river at the same time that they had started overland were still to be heard from. One hour after the arrival of the soldiers on the shore of the lake, the small canoe paddled by the two Indians Schoolcraft had sent back with the injured soldier as their passenger arrived at the mouth of the river. When the second craft had not put in its appearance by eight the next morning, Allen feared an accident had befallen it.

The lieutenant then set off up the river by canoe with one of his men and a supply of gum. Eighteen miles from the lake, according to Allen, they found the missing boat, its crew being unable to proceed further.

Allen completed the necessary repairs, using half of his supply of gum. Part of the broken canoe's cargo was transferred to the other craft, and the four men set off downstream. The battered boat, however, gave continuous trouble. Its bottom had become so loose that every rock it touched knocked off part of the gum which held it together. The lieutenant was, therefore, compelled to cudgel his brain to find some ex-

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pedient to get him out of his difficulty. His eye caught the bright red clay banks through which the lower Brule has cut its channel. If only this greasy gumbo would adhere to a surface!

"I took the canoe out," he related, "and had its bottom rubbed all over with it, till it was forced into the seams and leaks, so as to stop them completely. I then embarked the canoe, and urged her on as fast as possible, till the clay dissolved out, and the leaks again opened, when a similar process, hastily repeated, was alike effectual. In this way, applying the clay about every half-hour, I reached the mouth of the river with both canoes, and all the baggage about ten o'clock at night." The Brule, exacting every ounce of energy from these trespassers, had finally in a moment of pity supplied the wayfarers with the means to complete their journey.

James Allen has given us a vivid picture of the troubles and trials of his travels. The contents of his journal exaggerated distances and difficulties and dwelled overlong, it seems, on the vagaries of journeying through the wilderness. Other men of his day took such hardships for granted. But the soldier was observant. One of the entries alone is worth perusal of his journal. For Allen was the first of all the men who traversed the stream to record the presence of brook trout. He was the first to publicize the source of the river's subsequent fame as an angler's paradise. In his journal of August 6 he wrote, "The river is exceedingly cold and clear, and is filled with thousands of the real mountain brook trout."

Thus for the first time we hear of the river as a haven for speckled trout. It was perhaps because the frequent travels of the fur trader had brought the destruction of the hundreds of beaver dams which Du Lhut noted in his memoirs that the trout, free to swim to suitable breeding grounds, found its cold waters ideal for propagation. Certain it is that the Brule's fame as a trout stream dates from the year 1832.

The Chippewa

Of the four principals in the expedition of 1832, Henry Schoolcraft has left the greatest impress upon posterity. But his fame does not rest solely on the fact that he discovered the true source of the mighty Mississippi. As an indefatigable collector of Indian traditions, lore, and history, Schoolcraft bequeathed to America a store of valuable information concerning this country's original inhabitants. But for him much of the rich story of the Indians might have passed into oblivion.

Schoolcraft had married the beautiful Jane Johnston in 1823. She was possessed of considerable talent for composition and her constant companionship with her intellectual father and frequent trips to Europe in his company, made her an inspiring partner for the youthful Indian agent who aspired to be the chief chronicler of his wife's people.

Schoolcraft's work in collecting Indian lore took a period of years. It was necessary for him to gather his materials laboriously by ear for none of the North American Indians had a written language, and all traditions were thus passed along by word of mouth. The study of the Chippewa language he found a necessary adjunct to his inquiries into other subjects. Slowly, step by step, he built up a comprehensive catalog of the characteristics of this primitive people.

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But for another man, however, Schoolcraft's studies might have passed into the obscurity of dusty library shelves. The interesting Indian traditions which he heard of from the lips of the old men in their wigwams might well have become buried like the bones of their ancestors. Happily the ponderous and formidable tomes produced by the Indian agent provided the poet with a song — a song, plaintive yet clear, melancholy, yet melodious. It breathed the pine-scented air of the north woods, and reading its lines one sees the sunlight flashing on clear blue waters. In grand simplicity, this man portrayed the Indian spirit. His name was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; his song was "Hiawatha."

Longfellow had evinced interest in Indians prior to his reading Schoolcraft's works. He had read Heckewelder's "Indian Nations" while in college, and the young poet had become acquainted with a few of the Algonquin tribesmen still remaining in Maine. But no word of his interest is betrayed until 1854. Then in his diary, dated June 22, he wrote, "I have, at length, hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians, which seems to me the right one, and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole."

In the notes, appended to his finished poem, the author gives us the basis for the epic: "This Indian Edda — if I may call it so — is founded on a tradition, prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace . . . Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in 'Algic Researches'. . . . into this old tradition, I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft."

On June 25, 1854, Longfellow noted in his diary, "I could not help this evening making a beginning of 'Manabozho', or whatever the poem is to be called. His adventures will form the theme, at all events."

But for lack of euphony, Longfellow's great poem might

THE CHIPPEWA

have borne the Chippewa name for the superhuman and universal uncle of the Indians. He might have called it the "Song of Manabozho" (or of Manabasho, Menniboujou, or Winneboujou, all variations in spelling by which the white man has assayed to set down in his own letters the enunciation of the red man). The Iroquois term "Hiawatha," however, better suited the poet's purposes.

In spite of the Iroquois designation given to Longfellow's great Indian saga, the *Song of Hiawatha* is essentially Chippewa. Its setting on the picturesque southern shore of Lake Superior unfolds the beauties of the winding Taquamenon River, the chiseled caverns of the Pictured Rocks, the bold, bare outlines of the Grand Sables. Through its pages, the author calls the birds and the beasts, wind, cloud, and spirit by the names by which the Chippewas had learned to revere them. Longfellow caught the inspiration through the clear but dispassionate lenses of Schoolcraft's observations.

Ever since white men came to Lake Superior, the Chippewa Indians have been identified with the region. William Whipple Warren, himself of Chippewa blood, said, however, that the tribe's traditions record that they originally came from the East, probably from the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. He estimated that his nation migrated to the upper lakes and settled in the region about Chequamegon Bay about the time that Columbus sighted America. In those early days, however, the tribes followed a very nomadic existence, wandering hither and thither wherever game was the most plentiful. Today's encampment might take on the appearance of a metropolis of pointed tepees with the air of a busy and thriving community. Tomorrow the Indians might pack up and move on, the site of their little city gradually disappearing before the wary advance of the forest. Last year's encampment a grassy glade, while that of a past decade was already covered with a growth of young pines and saplings.

When recorded history first raised its curtain on the Lake Superior scene, the main body of the Chippewa lived on the

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banks of the St. Mary's River where the waters of the great lake fall rapidly to union with those of Lake Huron. The first French called the spot Sault Ste. Marie in honor of the Virgin Mary, and they named the Indians who lived thereabouts the Saulteurs. Henceforth, in the chronicles of New France, the Chippewa tribes, wherever their abode, were known by that name.

To the east of their hunting lands at the outlet of Lake Superior stretched the vast territories around Georgian Bay and the upper Ottawa, a region dominated by the Huron, Ottawa, and Potawatami nations, all branches of that greater race of Algonquin peoples of whom the Chippewa were the boldest and most warlike. It was quite natural, therefore, that as the Saulteurs became more powerful and looked to new lands for hunting and fishing, and as the urge to harvest furs to sell to their white-faced friends from the lower St. Lawrence grew upon them, that they should look westward. For between themselves and the great nations of the Dakotah or Sioux stock, whose eastern outposts touched only the western edge of the great inland sea, lay a great expanse of well-watered forest only occasionally visited by adventurous hunting parties of the two nations who held the ends of the lake, or by an occasional expedition of Foxes from their ancestral haunts on the Wisconsin River. The century following the coming of the French, consequently, saw the gradual expansion of Chippewa territory both along the northern and southern margins of Lake Superior.

When Father Claude Allouez established the first mission on Chequamegon Bay in 1665, he ministered to a conglomerate group of Ottawas and Potawatami, who seemed to have pushed on westward with their French friends. Some Chippewa tribesmen drifted in later, but the Sioux, jealous of this encroachment, made continuous occupation of the mission by the French and their Indian allies untenable. Marquette, succeeding Allouez, moved his mission to the more salubrious atmosphere of St. Ignace on the Straits of Mackinac in 1671.

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Daniel Greysolon, *Sieur de Du Lhut*, pursued a policy of making friends with both Chippewa and Dakotah. He wintered with the former near the Sault in 1778 and then the following spring, traveled the length of Lake Superior to smoke the pipe of peace with their rivals at Fond du Lac. He and subsequent Frenchmen were to discover the difficulties of keeping the peace between the two great and warlike tribes whose ambitions so frequently conflicted.

The *Saulteurs*, during their brief sallies west of the Keweenaw Peninsula, had found the country to their liking. They found the broad bay of Chequamegon with its fringe of protecting islands particularly inviting, especially since their medicine men told them that the bones of their ancestors were buried along its shores. A considerable number of them settled on what is now known as Madeline Island, a people living mainly by fishing, but gradually developing the arts of agriculture, raising each year more extensive crops of maize and pumpkins, according to Warren.

But the Chippewas' presence in the West did not go unchallenged. The unwritten history of the tribe discloses at least two important encounters with hostile redskins which gave the men from the Sault a firmer hold on their new abode.

The first battle occurred when a war party of Dakotahs surprised two Chippewa youths on the long, sandy strip of land which is now called Chequamegon Point. The youngsters were immediately strung up to be tortured, but their shouts of anguish carried over the water to near-by Madeline Island, and their brethren were quick to respond to the call for help. Two separate parties set out to the rescue, the first heading directly for the tip of the peninsula, where amid the ring of the war whoop and the crash of the tomahawk, they were soon engaged in hand-to-hand conflict with their foes. The second party landed at the base of the promontory and assailed the enemy from the rear. The Dakotah warriors surrounded on all sides by the Chippewa waged an unequal fight, and only a few of that war party escaped the scalping knife by plunging into

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the waters of the bay and eventually reaching the safety of the farther shore. The Dakotah tribesmen had an increased degree of respect for the inhabitants of the island after that encounter.

Shortly after their affray with the Sioux marauders, the Chippewa received an unexpected call from the hostile Outagamie or Fox tribesmen. A raiding party of their southern neighbors swept in off the lake one night and made away with a number of prisoners. Under cover of darkness, the raiders were away before the islanders comprehended the nature of the attack. But if the Outagamies expected their sudden sally to go unavenged they were mistaken. The Chippewa were not the kind to take such insults meekly. The Fox warriors were nearing the mouth of the Montreal River, when out of the murky darkness a flotilla of Chippewa canoes closed in upon them. Now the tables were turned. The cold waters of the lake were reddened with the blood of the Outagamies. Daylight saw the Saulteurs on the return trip to their water-encircled abode. Scalps of the enemy dangled from their belts; the captives had been freed; the enemy chastised.

The Chippewa of the Chequamegon had repulsed hostile warriors on their thresholds. Now, with increasing boldness, their hunters ranged the wilderness far from the smoke of their teepees. They found the pursuit of the moose, bear, and elk on the mainland more to their liking than the more humdrum occupation of netting fish. Sometimes, their hunting parties brought in the butchered carcass of the buffalo, for in those early days, it is said, occasionally a herd of bison found its way east of the Mississippi and ranged the grass-covered and sweet-fern scented barrens to the southwest of Chequamegon.

One of the favorite Chippewa tales of that period in their history is the story of Biauswah's sacrifice. A few leagues west of Madeline Island lies the small crescent-shaped bay of Karpukwiekah, now known as Siskiwit. Behind its narrow sandy strand lay the lodges of a considerable number of Chippewa hunters, braves under the leadership of Biauswah. The chief's

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little boy was one of the party. He was learning the crafts of his elders at an early age.

Biauswah was many miles away, tracking down a buck, when the blow fell. Like a bolt from the blue heavens above, the shrill war cry of the Foxes echoed along the shores of the smiling, little cove. The bodies of their ancient enemies, daubed in black paint, hurtled upon the unsuspecting Chippewa before they could grasp weapons to defend themselves. Only one old man and the little son of Biauswah escaped death.

But the old warrior and the youngster did not make good their escape. The relentless enemy, leaving the lodges along the lake in flames, tracked the two fugitives to where they lay hidden in a swamp. Heavy hands were laid on them, and they were taken captive. Then began the long march back to the Fox village some one hundred and fifty miles away, and for the Chippewa prisoners, certain death.

Biauswah returned to the little encampment that evening to find the smoking ruins and the mangled corpses of his hunters. He did not find the body of his little boy. A careful inspection of the terrain showed him how the lad had escaped and then been taken prisoner. The boy's footprints along the trail of the returning Foxes showed plainly that he was being taken back to the village of the enemy for the inevitable death by torture.

The bold Biauswah decided to pursue the party of Foxes. He did not have time to organize a war party of his people. That would have meant returning to Chequamegon Bay, the loss of hours of valuable time, and the certainty that his little son would have been done to death long before the arrival of the avenging Chippewa. No, he had to go alone.

Biauswah struck out across the hills to the south, he struggled through the heavy brush of the lowlands, he swam many streams, and finally he approached the village of the Foxes. A red glare thrust an ominous finger into the black night and as the Chippewa chief crept close to the edge of the

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encampment, he could easily perceive the nature of the spectacle.

The Foxes were celebrating the victory over their foes. The warriors danced in a swaying circle of grimacing men, shouting their defiance, and waving on high the bloody scalps which they had taken but a few hours before. The sharp staccato yelp of the drums added frenzy to the wild scene.

Then Biauswah's attention became riveted on the center of this circle of yelling savages. There he saw the old Chippewa warrior being wrapped in birchbark. He saw the gleeful Foxes touch a torch to the tindery feters. The old man in his blazing bonds was now being pushed towards the rapidly forming gauntlet. Down the line between the rows of Foxes he tottered. Now the clubs of the red men crashed against the flaming form, adding paralyzing blows to the searing agony of a fiery furnace. Human endurance broke before the fury. Down went the veteran, dead.

The Chippewa's eye caught another figure. The supple, slender form of his son stood quietly by. Unflinchingly, his hands bound behind him, the lad awaited his doom. The camp of the Foxes was suddenly rent with the shrill war cry of the Chippewa. As the astonished celebrants stopped fast in their tracks and turned towards the source of this unexpected interruption, the bold Biauswah strode into the circle.

The wild savages in their hideous war paint stood in rapt attention as the Chippewa chief, erect and defiant, his arms calmly folded, addressed them. There was no note of pleading in his words. His message was worthy of a courageous and resolute foe. "My little son, whom you are about to burn with fire," came the slow measured phrases of Biauswah, "has seen but a few winters; his tender feet have never trodden the warpath. He has never injured you! But the hairs of my head are white with many winters," went on the chief, his voice rising with his ardor, "and over the graves of my relatives, I have hung many scalps which I have taken from the heads of the Foxes." The chief paused, waiting before delivering his chal-

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lenge. "My death is worth something to you! Let me, therefore, take the place of my child that he may return to his people."

Silence fell over the grim company. Then there were grunts of acquiescence from the warriors. The personal bravery of an enemy always struck responsive chords in the heart of the Indian. The youngster should go free. Biauswah's bold request would be honored!

Perhaps many of the Foxes who accepted the father in place of the son as an object of their vengeance lived to regret the exchange. If the elder Biauswah was a valiant foe, the younger Biauswah was an even more unrelenting enemy. For the younger of the two who bore that honored name lived to take ample revenge for the death of his father. Grown to manhood, it was he, as chief of the Chequamegon Chippewa, who led the war parties of his people against the Foxes of the Folle Avoine country. Six of their villages fell before the avenger, and before he felt his mission complete, he and his warriors had driven their enemies forever out of that rich country, and established the supremacy of the Chippewa as far west as the St. Croix.

Biauswah the younger earned even wider respect among his people than that to which his victory over the Foxes entitled him. Warren is authority for the assertion that this chieftain was the leader of his people in their successful penetration of the lands west of Lake Superior. It is said that Biauswah gathered warriors from such far off points as Grand Portage, Sault Ste. Marie, and La Pointe to meet him at Fond du Lac for a mighty thrust at the Dakotahs. A sizeable army, the bold Indians of the lake region sallied forth, and attacked the Sioux stronghold on Kahmetahwungaguma (Sandy Lake). The Indians of the plains gave way after a spirited engagement. And from then on, the Chippewa nation sank its roots deep into the sandy soils of the region where the Mississippi rises. Warren says that in 1730 they established a village on Sandy Lake opposite the mouth of the Savannah.

The pressure of the Chippewa peoples on their neighbors to

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the south and west never seemed to lessen. The ambitious Saulteurs, good fighters to begin with, through their friendship with the French, were being supplied with firearms. By the time their enemies, too, had acquired this instrument of death, the Chippewa warriors had become adapt marksmen, a margin of advantage which they held for many decades.

The bold men from the Lake Superior region had gradually ousted the Foxes from the headwaters of the Chippewa and Wisconsin rivers. The hostile Indians to the south rarely harrassed the villages of those who had driven them out. But this was not true of the Chippewa neighbors to the west. The Dakotahs gave ground, it is true, but they never relinquished hope of winning it back. Time after time, their warriors sallied forth to swoop down on some unsuspecting encampment of their foes. The forays would be returned by the Chippewa until many a spot along the St. Croix, the lower Chippewa, or the upper stretches of the Mississippi had been the scene of some bloody encounter between the two nations.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century, the great Indian nation of the plains had become the hereditary enemy of the Saulteurs. Before the Chippewa nation started on its great westward trek, its hunters and warriors had been in closer contact with the eastern tribes. Like their cousins, the Ottawa and the Hurons, they looked upon the predatory Iroquois nations as hereditary enemies. "Naudowaig" or "adders," they called them. But in later years, as the nation pressed westward the Dakotah people became their natural foes. The Chippewa found a counterpart to the ferocity of the Iroquois in the ruthlessness of the western tribes. "Naudowasewug," "like unto the adders" became their name for the Dakotahs. The early Frenchmen who came into contact with the Chippewa before they visited the nations farther west, quite naturally used this term for the fierce Dakotahs. It became Naudouesieux in their vernacular, and by the time the British took over, Naudouesieux had been foreshortened to Sioux.

Warren tells us that by the middle of the eighteenth cen-

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ture, the Chippewa had spread over a vast shield with Lake Superior as its center. There were tribes that roved its southern and northern shores; bands which called the Folle Avoine lakes their homeland, and others roaming the headwaters of the Mississippi, the highlands where the Wisconsin and Chippewa rivers rise, and the lands which lie just west of Lake Superior. In spite of the tremendous area embraced in the hunting and fishing grounds of these Chippewa tribes, the actual number of tribesmen appears to have been unbelievably small. According to a rough census report submitted to Sir John Johnson, the British Indian superintendent, by eleven Montreal fur trading firms in 1786, the total number of Chippewa men of mature age in the region did not exceed eight hundred.

The Chippewa Indians, like most of the other North American aborigines, had no highly developed social or community life. It required no great degree of organization to carry on the activities of hunting, fishing, and harvesting the annual crops of maize, wild rice, and maple sugar. The vast wilderness at their elbows offered escape from those close contacts with their fellows which have necessitated the complex organizations of more civilized peoples. Only in war was the need for unity self evident.

But in spite of the fact that most of the Indian councils dealt with problems of war, the chief magistrate of each of the seven tribes was more of a civil ruler. The members of the tribe relied on the judgment of a mature man for the enunciation of their general policies, and the administration of justice among themselves. To lead them on the war path, however, they were wont to select a more ardent spirit whose prowess with the tomahawk and bow or rifle was combined with the clear, cool, calculating faculties of a leader in battle. A third functionary of every tribe was the Oshkabawis, or pipe bearer. He was the official bureaucrat of his day, a man who presided at public councils, enunciated and explained the wishes of his chief, and effected the distribution of presents and the like.

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Besides the three headmen of each tribe, every village also had its chief. These men, too, gave sage advice to the general council of the tribe. One of the great Chippewa tribal chiefs deserves a niche in history for two unrelated reasons. The greatest warrior of his day, he led the Chippewa to many a victory in their long series of frontier battles with the Sioux. And he sired the beautiful Oshawguscodaywayqua, who subsequently became the wife of John Johnston and the mother of Jane Schoolcraft. This was the renowned Wabojeeg.

Wabojeeg, "the White Fisher," was born about 1747, the son of the mighty Mamongazida ("Big Foot"). He it was who led his warriors, in support of their allies the French, on the Plains of Abraham, that fateful day when Montcalm's forces gave way before the assaults of Wolfe, and British mastery of Canada was assured. Wabojeeg was just a lad of twelve at the time, but even at that tender age he had gained a reputation.

Hereditary enemies that they were, the Chippewa and the Sioux, nevertheless had been persuaded by their mutual friends the French to lay aside their weapons and live in peace. Mutual distrust could hardly be completely overcome by a mere smoking of the pipe of peace, so the wise French suggested to both nations that each confine their settlements to the territory then occupied — the Sioux to their villages along the Mississippi and to the west of that river, and the Chippewa to their haunts along the shores of Lake Superior. The great middle ground along the St. Croix and Chippewa rivers was to be a neutral territory where neither party would pitch its wigwams, but where the hunters of both nations might pursue the abundant game.

During the years when Du Lhut and Le Sueur used their beneficent influences to keep peace, the rolling hills and plains of this neutral ground separated the two foes. For a period a sort of era of good feeling existed between the nations. To quite an extent, intermarriage between the two nations occurred, and so it happened that many of the prominent chieftains who were later to lead their respective legions in mortal

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combat were close kin. The Chippewa Mamongazida was thus a half brother of Wabasha, the noted Sioux chieftain. He often led hunting parties into the great neutral ground.

On one of these occasions, his little son Wabojeeg went along. Schoolcraft told the story many years later. The Chippewa hunters had scarcely established their camp and started out in pursuit of game, when shots rang out and bullets whistled over their heads. It was apparent that Sioux hunters were also in the vicinity, and hostile trigger fingers were itching to break the truce. But Mamongazida was loath to begin another battle with the enemy. The doughty chief raised his voice in the ensuing silence and calling to the hidden Dakotah tribesmen, he asked if his brother, Wabasha, was among them. He was, and soon the Sioux bounded into view. The two chiefs walked off amicably towards Mamongazida's lodge to smoke the pipe of peace.

Little Wabojeeg had, meanwhile, taken in the situation. He knew that the ancient enemies of his father lurked near by, and so infant that he was, he grabbed a war club in his small fists and stood by to defend the wigwam. The Chippewa chieftain ushered his Sioux brother into his lodge and as the tall and handsome Wabasha stooped to make his way within, he suddenly received a blow upon his feathered foretop. To his little nephew, all members of the Dakotah nation were to be repelled.

Mamongazida may have regretted the breach of hospitality accorded his guest, but Wabasha was greatly amused. Schoolcraft tells us how he took the robust little Wabojeeg upon his knee and praised his warlike behavior. He would be a brave man, said the great Dakotah chieftain, and prove himself a mighty enemy to the Sioux. Wabojeeg amply fulfilled his uncle's prediction. When he reached manhood, he led many expeditions against the hereditary enemy. Seven times, it is said, his warriors cut to pieces their enemies, and once, with several hundred fighting men under his command, he smashed the combined forces of the Sioux and Fox at the falls of the St. Croix.

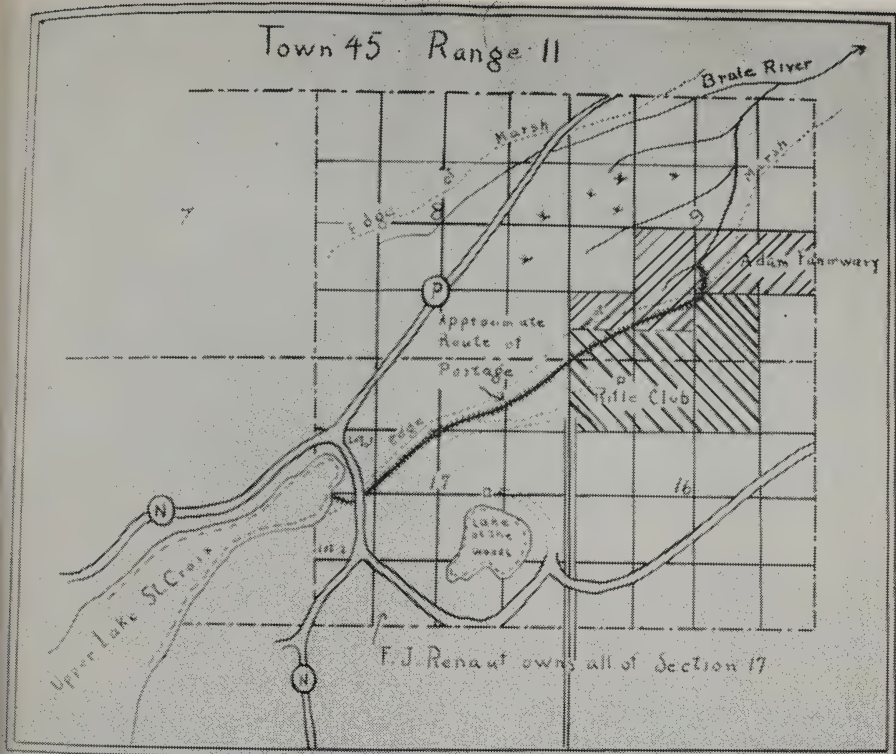
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When John Johnston set up his trading establishment on the shores of Chequamegon Bay in 1792, his admiration went out to the manly Chippewa chief. For Wabojeeg was physically and mentally an imposing figure. Six feet six inches tall, he was of slender build and as erect as a stately pine. He possessed a commanding countenance, as well as an easy and dignified manner. A ready and fluent speaker, his words were always treated with the respect they deserved. Johnston told his son-in-law, the Indian agent, that Wabojeeg was a ceaseless hunter. The great stretch of land between the Brule and the Montreal rivers was his favorite hunting ground; his usual practice was to ascend one of the two streams, and cutting a wide circuit, descend to the lake by the other.

The peacemakers had their hands full with the Sioux-Chippewa enmities. Early relations between these two nations had been steeped in blood, and the Indian, with his tenacious memory, was always bringing old grievances back to life. Hunters of the two nations often mixed under seemingly friendly circumstances along their neutral game preserves, but mutual trust was never more than skin deep, and the men of both nations were quick to take offense at some ill-timed jibe or slur.

The white man soon learned that the best way to keep peace between the nations was to keep them apart. Too many powwows begun in apparent cordiality by men of both groups had been broken up by war club and tomahawk. Any self-respecting Sioux could hardly be expected to sit by with equanimity and hear a Chippewa brave recount the number of Dakotah scalps he had collected. The Indians might pay lip service to the idea of peace among the tribes, but the glory of the war-path was too deeply ingrained in their traditions to be uprooted. They felt no compunctions about renewing hostilities, even under the most treacherous circumstances if the occasion warranted.

Pugonaghwzhisk, the renowned "Hole-in-the-Day," leading Chippewa chief of the early eighteenth century, pretended



Lake St Croix Brule Portage

This map of the old portage route joining the headwaters of the Brule and those of the St. Croix was prepared by the Douglas County (Wis.) Historical Society after extensive study of early explorers' journals and a careful inspection of the terrain.



MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ANNUITY PAYMENT

One of the provisions of a treaty signed by Chippewa Indians of the Lake Superior region and officials of the U. S. Government called for annual payments to be made to the red men at La Pointe for the lands they had ceded. White traders were present to collect sums they had advanced to the Indians.



MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BATTLE OF THE BRULE

According to Benjamin Armstrong, a memorable battle between Chippewa and Sioux tribesmen occurred on the banks of the Brule in the early years of the 19th century. This is an artist's conception of the fray. However, there is no evidence that such an encounter ever took place.



MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FOND DU LAC POST

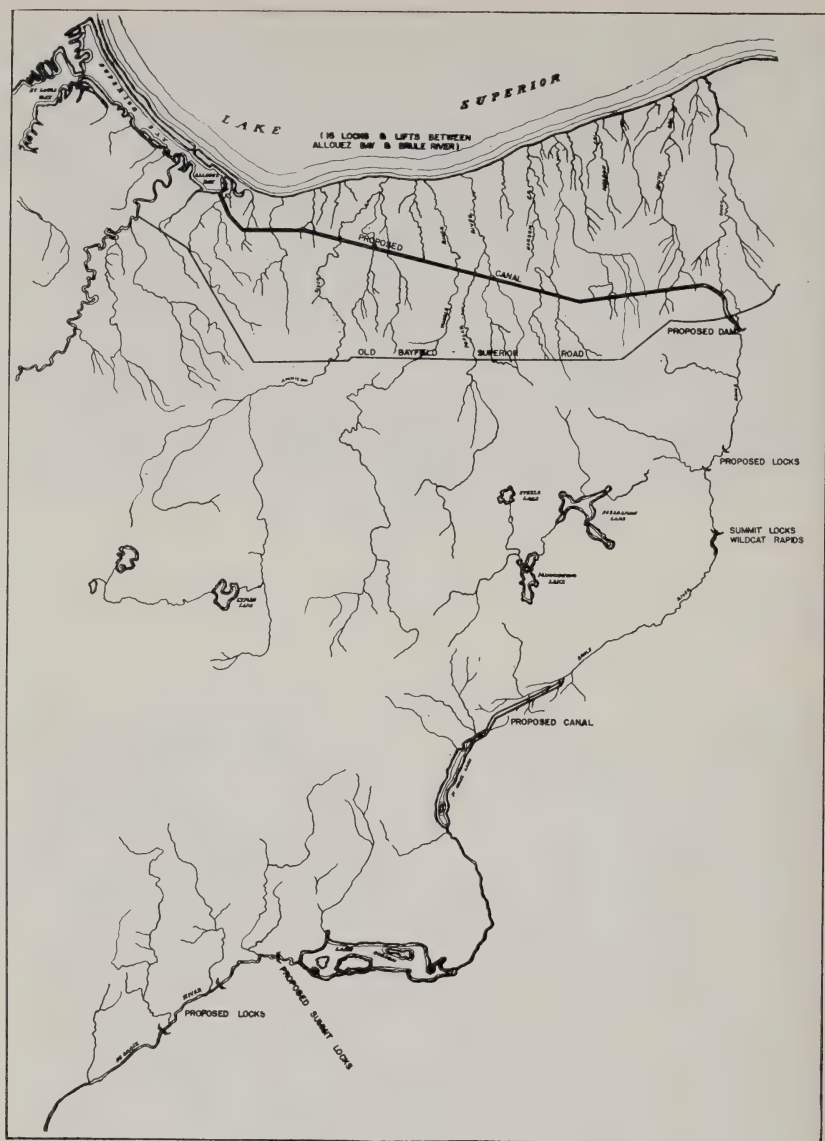
Sketch of the American Fur Company's post at Fond du Lac on the St. Louis River as it appeared about 1824. Here, within the present limits of the city of Duluth, Edmund Ely conducted a school for Indian children.



SUPERIOR-TELEGRAM

CEDAR ISLAND LODGE

This octagonal lodge built by Henry Clay Pierce, St. Louis oil man, housed President Calvin Coolidge and his family during the summer of 1928. From his summer "White House," the President frequently emerged in his fishing togs to deploy his talents as a trout fisherman.



MAP OF PROPOSED CANAL ROUTE

U. S. Engineers prepared this map of a proposed canal to connect Lake Superior with the Mississippi river after a survey had been made in 1895. The canal would have traversed the old canoe trail up the Brule River, across the portage at its source, and down the St. Croix. The project never got beyond the planning stage.

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friendship with the Sioux. A sober, thoughtful man who had risen to the highest place in the councils of the nation by reason of his intelligence, his behavior is indicative of the attitude displayed by leaders in both camps. Just nine months after signing a peace treaty with the Sioux, Hole-in-the-Day led seven of his braves on a hunting expedition. On the shores of Lac qui Parle in central western Minnesota, the Chippewa came across a lodge of about eleven Sioux. On apparently the friendliest of terms, the men led by Hole-in-the-Day accepted the hospitality of their neighbors. Food and drink was given them and readily accepted. The pipe passed freely among them, and the men of the two nations lay down side by side to slumber without fear or trepidation.

But Hole-in-the-Day had planned a big surprise for his unsuspecting hosts. Each Chippewa hunter had been instructed to lay himself down beside a Sioux. Feigning sleep, the visitors waited. Soon the deep breathing of the recumbent Sioux proclaimed the hour of vengeance at hand. At a signal from their chief, the Chippewa arose and slew the sleepers. Only one woman escaped to bring news of the outrage to her relatives.

Hole-in-the-Day's treacherous slaughter took place in April of 1839, and soon the whole Midwest burst into flames. Sporadic killings took place all along the frontier. The Sioux retaliated in July by surprising a band of Chippewa returning from a conclave at the Indian office at Fort Snelling. In a ravine near the present city of Stillwater, the howling Dakotahs fell upon their enemies, and twenty-one of them were dispatched before the Chippewa were able to beat off their assailants.

Life along the Brule and St. Croix waters was frequently interrupted by raiding parties. The Indian mission at Pockagama on the Snake was attacked by the Sioux on May 24, 1841. Two Chippewa were killed, and the remaining Indians were so filled with foreboding that they packed up overnight and removed to find a safer refuge in the woods to the north.

That same summer, according to an account given fifty

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years later by Benjamin Armstrong, a trader, the Chippewa under Kechewaishke ("Buffalo"), who made La Pointe his headquarters, defeated an invading band of Sioux under Old Crow on the banks of the Brule. Whether an engagement actually took place along the river is hard to say. No mention of it is given in the annals of the government Indian offices or in the accounts of those contemporaries who, it might be supposed, would be familiar with any such large scale encounter. Nor has any evidence of the fray as yet been discovered in the vicinity of the spot depicted by Armstrong. Since Armstrong was often a source of unreliable information his story of the Battle of the Brule, in the light of a complete lack of corroborating evidence, may be labeled "fiction."

Even as late as 1896, the Chippewa and Sioux were still signing peace treaties. That event amounted to little more than a dramatization of the past to create interest in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Sioux chiefs enrolled in Cody's circus met with Chippewa representatives from four reservations on the grassy banks overlooking Chequamegon Bay, a stone's throw from downtown Ashland's hustle and bustle. But sixty years earlier the power and prestige of the two mighty nations had already been on the wane. The country was filling up with white men. The Indians, debauched by the trader's liquor, wheedled into a parasitic existence by the economics of the fur trade, and subjected to the sharp practices of the Indian agents who were supposed to guard them against exploitation, were a poor match for new and overwhelming forces.

During the era of French supremacy, the red men had found unselfish protectors in the persons of the Jesuit fathers. More than a century and a half after Pere Marquette had withdrawn his little mission from the shores of the Chequamegon, another little group of men who professed the service of God again established on the shores of this historic bay a place of worship and a citadel from which brave and self-denying men might venture forth to uphold the rights of the downtrodden.

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The missionaries came to Lake Superior too late to alter the fate which greater forces had in store for the red men of the forests. They did succeed, however, in ameliorating, to some extent, the harshness of the restrictions placed upon the savages. In the van of the advancing civilization, they partook of the hardships of the centuries past while they built for the years ahead.

Missionaries in Brule Country

During the period of French missionary activity on Lake Superior, Claude Allouez established the mission of St. Esprit on the shores of Chequamegon Bay. From that time until the emergence of the North West Company as the controlling influence in the West the settlement there remained an important outpost of western civilization. Following the severing of the American fur territories after the War of 1812, Chequamegon Bay came back into its own, and La Pointe, the picturesque little settlement on the western end of Madeline Island, had its brief fling as the metropolis of the western seas.

To this bustling settlement in 1818 came Lyman and Truman Warren, who had been born in the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. They were descendants of a Richard Warren who is said to have been a member of the Mayflower company. The two Yankees found employment with the American Fur Company under Michel Cadotte, and in 1821 the brothers married Cadotte's daughters, Mary and Charlotte. William Whipple Warren, the noted Indian historian from whose writings we have quoted a number of times, was born to Lyman and Mary Warren in 1825.

In 1823, the Warren brothers bought out the interests of their father-in-law, and, the following year, Lyman became

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the general agent for the American Fur Company in charge of the Lac Flambeau, Lac Court Oreilles, and St. Croix departments. His brother Truman met an untimely death by drowning the following year, but Lyman Warren continued on at his post at La Pointe for the next thirteen years. Under his management, the American Fur Company embarked into the fishing business on a commercial scale so that Lake Superior ciscoes, herring, and trout at \$9 to \$10 a barrel were counted as one of the great resources of the upper lake country.

During Lyman Warren's stewardship at La Pointe that now sleepy little fishing and resort town became a colorful settlement of Indians and white men. Besides a permanent population numbering almost two thousand souls, the town brimmed to overflowing once each year when the Chippewa tribes from the whole lake area flocked there to procure the limited largess which the federal government doled out to them in return for the rights to their tribal hunting grounds.

Yankee instincts were whetted by the opportunities of the fur trade, but Lyman Warren's Yankee conscience gave him compensating troubles. A descendant of Puritans, he was disturbed by the complete lack of religious facilities in his new abode. His predecessors were content to pay occasional heed to the church on rare visits to the lower St. Lawrence or Detroit. Warren felt the need of regular services.

In 1829, accompanied by Massachusetts born Daniel Dingley, his lieutenant on the Yellow River, Warren journeyed to Mackinac in search of a teacher or preacher of the Protestant faith. The two had spent a Sunday fasting together and had drawn up a written self-dedication to God. At Mackinac, the nearest center of Christian education, they undoubtedly visited the mission school conducted by the Reverend William Ferry.

While the two traders were at Mackinac they may have made arrangements for the following year. For when 1830 rolled around, young Frederick Ayer, the twenty-seven-year-old son of a Presbyterian minister and a native of Stockbridge,

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Massachusetts, accompanied Warren back to La Pointe. Ayer had taught at the Ferry mission and his work in the Northwest was to be devoted almost exclusively to the educational and religious instruction of the Indian children and the few white youngsters or those of mixed blood in the frontier posts.

The American Board of Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church had become aware of the need for missionaries on Lake Superior and in the summer of 1831 there arrived at La Pointe, via boat from Mackinac, the Reverend Sherman Hall, his wife, and Mrs. John Campbell, an interpreter. Hall then took charge of the religious services which Ayer, as yet unordained, had been conducting, leaving the young man in full charge of the mission school.

We have seen William T. Boutwell, another young New Englander, accompanying Henry Schoolcraft on the latter's expedition to locate the headwaters of the Mississippi. This young minister had spent the previous year at Mackinac, studying the Chippewa language. His trip with the Indian agent had given him a glimpse of the great uncivilized expanses of the western forests and when the main party reached La Pointe on the return trip, Boutwell bade his companions adieu. Then he took up his abode for the winter with the Halls and Ayer preparatory to fresh exploits of his own among the untutored redskins.

Another native of Massachusetts who was to leave his impress upon the northern frontiers arrived about the same time. Edmund Franklin Ely was twenty-three years of age when he first set foot upon the shores of Lake Superior. The Board of Foreign Missions had commissioned him as "teacher and catechist." His education at Oneida Institute in New York qualified him among other things as an instructor in "vocal music." Short and rugged, the ubiquitous Ely was to bequeath to posterity a long and detailed account of life in those early days as seen through the notes in his diary.

For twenty-three years Sherman Hall taught the gospel at his little post on Madeline Island. The rough stone building,

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a few paces from the lapping waters of Chequamegon Bay which housed his mission, has since been reconstructed as a summer hotel. An aura of almost forgotten times still, however, clings to its gnarled walls.

Hall's associates were to scatter the seeds of Christian teaching over a vast area reaching two hundred miles west and southwest of La Pointe. It was uphill work, for the field was utterly undeveloped, and the Indians looked upon any fresh incursion of white men on their ancient hunting grounds with foreboding. They had gained only new, distracting habits of debauchery from the white traders with whom they had come in contact. What had these solemn-faced gospel preachers to offer?

The red men were frankly suspicious of the missionary activities. Feeling that some ulterior purpose lay beneath the avowed interest in their affairs one old Indian thus voiced his uneasiness to Ely. "The Indians are foolish. You have not come to take our land, but you were sent here and you have come ahead to prepare the way. Where do you get your money? It is sent by those who sent you here. You are paid — your food and clothing is your pay. The ministers sent you here — but your coming but prepares the way for others to follow. When I was a boy, I heard how it would be — and it is now being fulfilled — others are following you!"

William Johnston, seeing his mother's people pressed into the ways of dissipation and lethargy by the exigencies of the fur trade, looked with some scepticism upon the new arrivals. He doubtless knew that Lyman Warren, the trader, had been influential in securing the services of these gospel preachers and he could not help but feel that the fur traders hoped to use the newcomers as tools to secure even greater mastery over the destinies of the Indians.

It was with deep misgivings that the son of stout old John Johnston and the grandson of the mighty Wabojeeg pushed off in his canoe to appraise at firsthand the sincerity of these teachers. Boutwell had located himself on Leech Lake that

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year (1833), and William Johnston paddled across its waters to hear what the missionary had to offer his pitifully small congregation.

"Mr. Boutwell gave a very good discourse," Johnston relates. "There were only three or four persons present. He looks as if he was what he professes to be. Something mild and pleasant, mingled with kindness, could be seen in his countenance; and the feelings of his heart seemed to flow for the welfare of the Indians. His benevolence and meekness attached me to him."

But Johnston was still only partially convinced. He voiced his distrust of the trader's influence. "He will no doubt after a few years be of some good to the Indians, but not till he has learned their language fluently, and also not till he lives separate from the Indian traders—for the Indians even now look on him with suspicion."

Perhaps Johnston did not realize that even the hard-boiled traders were beginning to understand that the white men had some obligations towards the red men. He could not foresee that Hester Crooks, the daughter of old Ramsay Crooks, John Jacob Astor's partner in the trade, would devote her life to work among the tribes. Even as Boutwell spoke that day on the banks of Leech Lake that personable young woman, partly Indian herself, was working with Frederic Ayer at his newly established mission school at Yellow Lake. The following year she was to become Mrs. Boutwell.

Through the activity of these Protestant missionaries we can learn a great deal about the vast wilderness country of that era, the life on the frontier along the inland lakes, the habits and customs of the Indians, and details of their relationship with trader and preacher. All of these missionaries wrote letters to their relatives back East, and Ely, Boutwell, and Hall jotted down the daily occurrences of their lives in diaries which have been preserved. From the accounts of William Boutwell and Edmund Ely we get a vivid picture of the Brule River country during the period 1832 to 1846.

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The main missionary establishment was, of course, at La Pointe, which was the principal supply depot for the trading fraternity in the Lake Superior region. But the men of the gospel followed the traders to their far-flung outposts and we find them maintaining, for the most part semipermanent locations at Leech Lake, Sandy Lake, Fond du Lac, and Pokegama. The last mentioned mission was the only one set apart from the posts of the American Fur Company. Frederick Ayer and his wife, who accompanied Dr. Charles William Wulff Borup to the Yellow Lake post of the fur company in 1835, received an invitation from the chief of the Snake River Chipewewa tribe to settle among them. Consequently, the following year Mr. Ayer built a small cabin on an island in the middle of Lake Pokegama about eighteen miles from the confluence of the Snake and St. Croix rivers. The Pokegama post was considered of prime importance by Brother Hall and his confreres, and all of these missionaries visited the place a good many times during their sojourn in the country.

During this period two routes were employed by the mission people in their travels between La Pointe and Pokegama. In the winter time when the rivers and lakes were frozen the men struck across the barren upland country from the base of Chequamegon Bay to an Indian village on the St. Croix at approximately the present location of the town of Gordon. This village consisted, in the words of Ely, of "but three houses built of bark and this lodge." The lodge he mentions was that of the son of Kabomob or Kabimobi, chief of the village. There on June 28, 1834, Ely relates "we have been served to a good supper of fish in Indian style viz (boiled) served up in a large dish leaving us to pick it out with our fingers without seasoning." This first route continued down the St. Croix from Kabimobi's village until the mouth of the Snake was reached. Then the wayfarers struck up the Snake to Lake Pokegama.

The alternate route employed canoes the whole length of the journey. The travelers paddled along Lake Superior from

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Madeline Island, then up the Brule to its source, and from there after portaging, down the St. Croix. Reverend William Boutwell was the first Protestant clergyman to view the Brule. He had accompanied Schoolcraft on his explorations in 1832 and caught his first glimpse of the stream on August 2 as the party was on its way back from the Mississippi Valley.

Boutwell wrote: "From Kabimobi's village to the portage [the St. Croix-Brule portage] thirty to thirty-five miles. The portage is 1850 yards or about two miles over a pitch pine ridge, which the fire has almost levelled of all its growth.

"Embarked near the head of the Brule, which rises near the foot of the pine ridge in a boiling spring, whose waters divide, a part entering the St. Croix lake, and the other forming this stream.* The water is as fine as any well water I ever drank."

Boutwell recounts his difficulties in navigating the narrow upper reaches of the river. "Embarked at half past six and at eight found ourselves half a mile or so. The water was so low, we formed a dam with our oilcloth, which was of much service. I wandered down the savannah nearly a mile and a half, and waited until nearly nine for the canoes, when the signal was given for me to return. The musketoes were not a little annoying in the high grass, weeds, and bushes. Our march today may be estimated at thirty-five miles."

The following day the men were still battering their way through the alder-choked waters. Mr. Boutwell reflects, "Never was I in a much worse hole than here . . . the alders on each bank met interlocked in the middle of the stream, through which we were obliged to force our way. But what is a matter of no little surprise to me is that this is the highway to two or three posts, and yet you would hardly suppose a rat even could pass. It must have been much better than now when Carver passed, if not, I trust he has a faint recollection of it. Our canoe was well filled with sticks, leaves, bugs, worms, and spiders of every kind . . . Of all the streams I have seen,

* Boutwell was mistaken. The source of the St. Croix and the Brule is in the same muskeg swamp, but there is no common spring.

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this is the most dismal for ten to fifteen miles from its head."

The missionary was more enthusiastic about the river after passing out of the alder country, which because of its sluggish current is now commonly termed "dead water." "The timber improves as we descend," he says. "Elms prevail; here and there is a pine ridge. The stream abounds with trout."

That section which lies between the present village of Brule and the lower series of rapids which start near the present Cooperative Park he finds most interesting. "Two-thirds the length of this river is a continual series of rapids, some of which are very formidable. Between the two series, there is a tract of land that is very interesting, and highly susceptible of cultivation. But at the head of the second series, there is an instantaneous change in the growth, leaving beautiful elms, pines, spruces, cedar, linn, and aspen occupy their places."

The next glimpse we have of the river is through the eyes of Edmund Franklin Ely. A small party including his wife and Dr. Borup were making their way along the lake from La Pointe to Fond du Lac. One of those formidable fall storms was whipping itself into a fury out of the northeast. The party found a haven at the Brule's mouth that 20th of October, 1835.

"Made a safe entry into the Riviere Brule about four o'clock. Evening rainy. Catherine [*his wife*] quite unwell from sea sickness," Ely writes.

"October 21st — Gale arose during the night. Rain turned into snow. The piercing cold drove us to take refuge in Ojani-maavu's bark house on the high bank of the river, but here we were followed by another not less troublesome attendant — smoke. I have wept abundantly, but not from sorrow or joy. My eyes cannot endure smoke without complaining."

The following day the party put out to sea, but wind and high waves forced them to return, and on the next day the lake was still in an angry mood. The party stayed on at the Brule although they no longer favored the Indian's smoky hut, but made their own camp a short way up the river. About sunset on the 24th they again "took to the lake and were en-

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abled to pursue our voyage. The doctor [*Borup*] is near-sighted so I had to pilot, as none of the crew knew much of the river or entry [*at Fond du Lac*].

Ojanimaavu, whose hut afforded a refuge for the canoes on that dismal October evening, was probably one of the La Pointe tribe of Chippewa whom the American Fur Company was encouraging to turn its talents to fishing. For 1835 marked the beginning of extensive fishing efforts on the part of the company, as reported by Lyman Warren in a letter to Ramsay Crooks. And one of the points along the lake shore which was to be the seat of a fishery was the Brule's mouth. In 1839 James P. Scott of the American Fur Company reported twenty-three fishing stations on the south shore of the lake from La Pointe to Fond du Lac, and the same summer the schooner Brewster unloaded a large supply of empty barrels and salt at the Brule's mouth.

The year 1835 also saw the arrival upon the shores of Lake Superior the last of the great Catholic missionaries of the lake region, Father Frederick Baraga, for whom his rival soul-savers of the Protestant faith had only the kindest words. Reverend Boutwell describes the arrival of this learned zealot at La Pointe. "[He] gave us a call this morning in his usual costume, a long black gown, boots, cane, and a silver cross with a gold image of our Saviour on it. He was civil and grave, and knows what comports with decency and propriety."

Father Baraga, who later became the first bishop of the Lake Superior country, seems to have concerned himself with working among the Indians who dwelled along the lake shore, and we never hear of his penetrating south into the land of Folle Avoine. His thrilling trip across Lake Superior in 1845 from Sand Island of the Apostle group to the north shore, in a fifteen-foot keelless boat accompanied only by his guide, Louis Gaudin, will always stand as a monument to his courage. A rude cross erected by Baraga at the mouth of the Cross River marked the spot where the pair eluded the heavy breakers to

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make a safe landing after that stormy seventy-five mile crossing — the longest such traverse on record.

We shall concern ourselves with the less spectacular journeys of Edmund Ely on the Brule River, because they afford a good picture of the difficulties of canoe travel on the Brule in those days. His accounts also mention the camping sites which were then in use and which present-day Brule campers may, with proper perspicacity, be able to identify. In Ely's diaries, he tells of five separate journeys on the river. We will endeavor to recount in his words the high lights of these voyages.

Ely's first passage of the Brule, so far as we know, occurred in April of 1839. He had helped Mr. Ayer drive some cattle overland from Fond du Lac to Pokegama and was returning to Fond du Lac via the water route accompanied by his wife and John Aitkin (son of William Aitkin, the Sandy Lake trader) and a half-breed by the name of Buanens. The trip as described in his diary tells of the usual difficulties in negotiating the narrow windings of the upper Brule. The three men had a tough time of it portaging their heavy (4 fathom) canoe over the portage, and John Aitkin was suffering from a strained shoulder. He mentions camping "some distance below *Nibegomouin Sibi*." The following day he met Osaji at the lower end of the first small portage. There they fraternized with the Indians before continuing to the lake, where they "found Misho Petit encamped and one Frenchman, ready for the Ciscouot [Ciscoe] fishing. Mr. Scott had arrived. The Brewster schooner also had discharged the freight and left a day or two before."

The weary travelers undoubtedly enjoyed lounging a bit at the mouth of the river with the fishermen. After the harrowing struggle with rocks and rapids, it was exhilarating to sit on the sandy shores of Gitche Gumees and watch "the Madeline bound for the entry of the River St. Louis . . . endeavoring to lay in the gale, but being unable, she put about and stood for the entry."

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That same fall Ely retraced his steps—this time up the turbulent river. It was an odd company — Ely, still somewhat of a tenderfoot in the wilds, Mishele, a young half-breed lad, and a young Indian, Pirmose, Mary, Ely's two-year-old daughter, and Lion, Brother Boutwell's dog. The company had twelve or thirteen pieces of baggage. The young missionary may have looked after the souls of the company in a thorough manner, but they were improvidently short of gum for mending their canoe. It was indeed fortunate for them that Fred Connor, American Fur Company trader of the Yellow Lake post, was also on his way up the river. The missionary's party camped every night as close to him as possible, and he tolerantly provided them with tallow, watap and bark to mend the canoe. Heavy rain showers sent them wet to bed at night, and long hours wading in the Brule while they pushed their frail bark up the river did not improve either their spirits or their bodily comfort.

Ely, little Mary, and the two striplings started up the river on the morning of October 7th. They reached *Nebivgomouni Sibi* (Nebagamon Creek) near noon on October 12th, having experienced five days of constant toil and privation. On the eleventh Mr. Ely reported that they had lost seventy-five pounds of flour, twenty-five pounds of pork, and three-quarters of a bushel of potatoes on the trip. He cooked up the last of his flour for supper that night. Happily, Mr. Connor's camp was near at hand and he could borrow a bag of flour to keep them going.

During the afternoon of Saturday, October 12th, Ely and his party arrived at a familiar camping ground. His diary for that day reads "came up several strong rapids. Passed *Nebivgomouini Sibi* about 11 o'clock. Canoe leaks badly. Hit very many more stones than we should if my bowsman Mishele had been watchful and experienced. Came on to the upper *Pokueauna* * to Mr. Connor's camp. The boys tumbled the

* E. T. Sweet, in his report on the "*Geology of the Western Lake Superior District*," published in 1880, describing a trip on the Brule used the somewhat similar term "*Pucwagawong*" to identify what we now call Sucker, Big and

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baggage ashore without any care and went to bed leaving it uncovered. Got Mishele up to hold the light, and covered it up myself."

The following day was Sunday and Protestant clergymen of that day were adamant in their strict observance of the Sabbath. According to their belief it was uncompromisingly wicked to travel on Sunday. In the journals of Ely and other missionaries we are constantly confronted with the impasse created by the unswerving determination of the men of the cloth to observe this propriety, and the equally strong convictions expressed by the lay members of these frontier parties that no time should be lost in reaching their destination. Experienced voyageurs knew that safety in the wilderness lay in making full use of favorable weather, and they fumed and fussed when forced to lay over in camp on a pleasant Sabbath to satisfy the religious convictions of men for whose opinions on things they were familiar with — Indians, trading, liquor, and the lore of forest and stream — they had little regard. The clergymen might have won more converts to Christianity if they had given a little ground and recognized the expediences of frontier travel.

Mr. Ely underwent mental and spiritual torture that sunny Sabbath as he laid out the wet packs to dry in the warm fall sun. Mr. Connor had broken camp in the morning and had pushed on. Mishele and the Indian boy were all for following on his heels. Considering that Connor had been the means of saving them from privation and shipwreck on several occasions during their journey, they can hardly be blamed.

Lucius lakes. He says the word "Pucwagawong" in Chippewa means a "place where reeds or flags grow." Sweet's "third Pucwagawong . . . 250 yards in length and perhaps 150 in width" is recognizable as Sucker Lake since he recounts "from the foot of the third to the head of the second Flag lake there are rapids of not more than a hundred yards in length." Big Lake answers the description of his second Flag lake — "a mile in length and from two to four hundred yards in width, with depth of three to four feet. The bottom is very muddy, and it is said that during the summer, reeds, grasses, and moss form an almost complete mat over the surface of the water." The reader can logically assume that Curot's term "Pakouijawin" and Ely's "Pokueaua" are corruptions or variations of the Indian word which Sweet identifies as "Pucwagawong."

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"They, after breakfast, mentioned to me that they were ready to go," Ely wrote. "I laid the command of God before them. They decided that they were willing to risk all consequences of God's wrath, etc. I told them I would not consent. They proceeded to load and had put aboard about half the load. I had sought my duty in prayer and went to them and remonstrated. They had insisted that they would leave me. I determined to remonstrate and leave it all to God, and if they did embark, to embark also. My remonstrances in God's Hands was effectual to turn them. They said they would wait till noon."

That afternoon the boys again prepared to break camp, but Ely called down divine vengeance on their heads, and being a bit slothful anyway, they found it not unpleasant to take advantage of this enforced leisure. The following morning, Monday, Ely and his party gummed their leaky canoe and set off up the stream. They reached the north end of the St. Croix Portage at four in the afternoon.

Ely's next account of traversing the Brule tells in a few brief sentences of a swift passage down the stream in April of 1842. Frederick Ayer accompanied him, and the two men sojourned over the Sabbath at Pokueana. It took them three days of actual travel.

During the fall of 1846, Edmund Ely negotiated the Brule twice. He accompanied Caleb Cushing (Franklin Pierce's attorney-general, who was appointed in 1853), a Mr. George of New York, a Mr. Pumiton, and their guides, from La Pointe to the falls of the St. Croix. Then a few days later Ely retraced his steps carrying the La Pointe mail and some baggage which he had picked up at Pokegama. He hired Francois Belanger and Peter Lombard at \$1 per day and gave them a \$5 allowance to return to La Pointe with him, picked up the mail at St. Croix Falls and met the two at the junction of the Snake and the St. Croix. Ely reached La Pointe after an absence of thirty-eight days.

The missionary's account of his trip up the Brule with the

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Eastern dignitaries is chiefly of interest because during their progress, Ely and Mr. Pumiton became separated from the party and wandered about considerably before meeting their traveling companions. Ely's description of this episode serves to bring home to the reader the character of the territory surrounding an area where a number of cottages and camping grounds may now be found.

After three days exertion the party had camped "in the elms." They remained there over Sunday, and then the following morning (Mr. Ely says about one o'clock) they sallied forth again.

"Mr. Pumiton and myself walked to the encampment of the lower *Pokueana*, it being understood with the men that we should embark at that place; we waited three-quarters of an hour; no canoes. I set a mark pointing up stream and went on to the rapids, waited again, set a mark and passed on. We heard guns up stream at different times; concluded they were Indians, or else Charles and Joseph [two of their guides] hunting.

"We finally concluded we would cross the river and go to the encampment of the Great *Pokueana* beyond which we could not go on the shore and also beyond which we could not embark. Here we waited an hour. Then I started down the shore determined to know whether the canoe had passed us or not. I travelled through cedar swamps and windfalls back to near where we were to embark — but no canoe.

"It was not clear to me that we were left; I struck back across the plains and in about an hour's smart marching reached *Pokueana* and found Mr. Pumiton awaiting me. We must now start for the St. Croix portage some twelve miles off. We went down to the narrows, stripped and forded the stream. Travelled a mile or two and camped. Picked up what wood we could find, spread a bed of boughs, drank some water, and lay down to sleep. No blankets, not cold, for we camped in the swamp."

The next morning the two men were up at the break of dawn and after a modest breakfast, struggled on. "Started at

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five o'clock a.m. after having eaten a small trout which Mr. Pumiton took in my absence yesterday, roasted on a stick before the fire in the Indian manner. Travel excessively rough from fallen timber and brush, ravines, bluffs 200 feet high. We followed the direction of the valley of the river. Sun came out in the morning, but clouds from the south obscured it. We could only travel a short distance in an hour, about a mile.

"Passed a new town line recently run; about a mile beyond we fell into an extensive cedar swamp. Sun obscured; could not see the river, and could only tell the points of the compass by the flying clouds. While here we heard a shout and we instantly replied with the whole power of our lungs which was answered, and we were thus led out and to our joy our two voyageurs were in search of us, and with some hard bread for us." Ely and Pumiton found that they were about four miles below the St. Croix Portage to which their guides then conducted them.

On Saturday, October 10, Ely, Belanger, and Peter Lombard arrived at the St. Croix-Brule Portage on their return trip. They camped on the portage over the Sabbath and made extensive repairs to their canoes, readying them for a quick run down the river. On Monday they left at two in the afternoon and "below the cedar encampment found Mr. Connor's camp." Evidently they spent the night with the fur trader but no mention is made of him personally. Ely's entries for Tuesday continue "started at seven; at the foot of Cedar shoot struck with full headway the nose of the canoe on a stone; split the bark about eight inches; put ashore and repaired. Nothing is wet. Started again at eleven o'clock."

"Wednesday, October 14th — Camped near the foot of the elms. In twenty minutes after starting broke a hole in canoe which took till eleven to repair. Put on a large patch, gummed over. Camped at the foot of second portage, shivering from wet and cold."

Mr. Ely's record for Thursday is illegible, but for Friday he notes the arrival of rain and snow and a shift of wind to the

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north. Cold and wet, the party reached Lake Superior at two that afternoon. They completed their trip to La Pointe overland after a heavy sea had forced them to take cover at Flag River.

Ely's journals vividly portray the hazards of transporting men and luggage down the rapids of the Brule in a frail Indian birch-bark canoe. Navigation on the river could never be considered a pleasure excursion until the advent of stout wooden canoes designed along the lines of their birch-bark predecessors but built of stout cedar planks to withstand the bruising contact with shoal and rock.

It is from Ely, too, that we learn the names of certain places familiar to travelers of that day — the lower and upper Pokue-anas, the Elms, the Cedar shoot, etc. Brule dwellers of the twentieth century can find no more entertaining pastime than speculating on the location of these campsites which once welcomed the weary trader with his heavy packs, the missionary with his frock coat and Bible, and the Indians who brought their deerskins full of rice to sell to the white men of La Pointe. Incidentally Lucius and others have identified "the Cedar shoots" as the rapids commonly called "the Falls," and the camping spot "in the Elms" is thought to be in the neighborhood of the present site of the village of Brule.

Much of the time of these early missionaries was consumed in traveling, for Indian converts were reluctant visitors to mission posts. The preachers and teachers had to shift their bases of operation as the red men moved their lodges in search of game and fur. Often those working in the more isolated regions had to receive supplies and encouragement from La Pointe or travel thither to prepare themselves to endure the rigors of another long winter season in the wilderness.

Canoe routes were used in the summertime. But when the waterways froze up, it was only possible to arrive at one's destination by foot overland through the trackless forest. Sherman Hall described one of these trips in a letter to his sister, Lydia Burbank, written in 1843.

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"In February and March, I made a visit to Pekeguma, where Mr. Boutwell resides. The distance from this place [La Pointe] is about two hundred miles. In going out only one man accompanied me. We traveled five days through the solitary wilderness without seeing the habitation of a human being, lying down at night in the open air before a log heap fire, and having the heavens for our covering. We were obliged to use snow shoes most of the way, the snow being too deep to do without them."

Hall said that in spite of the rigors of the journey he never suffered so much as a serious cold. Back at his headquarters on Madeline Island, things were a good deal more comfortable in comparison. But it was a crude little settlement, at that.

What was the post at La Pointe like in this era of the Protestant missionaries? Six years before the coming of the American Board men of God, Thomas L. McKenney, an Indian agent, was happily surprised one July morning when his canoe rounded that end of the island. "A beautiful morning," he exclaimed in his memoirs. "This together with the green slopes of the island, and its fences and fields — some twenty acres of it being cleared — its comfortable houses, its picketed garden, where cabbages, and potatoes, and onions are growing — and where a few peas are just beginning to blossom; and where I see horses and cows, and chickens, and hear the cock's shrill clarion, and the songs of the birds . . . makes me grateful, for indeed I do not wish yet awhile to leave this place." McKenney noted that no fruit grew in this region, except the wild strawberry, the sand berry, and the blueberry, and but little grain, except oats.

Eight years after the coming of Hall and his companions, Bela Hubbard visited La Pointe with Douglas Houghton and a small group of geologists. Writing at a later date (1840) he recalled this visit. "La Pointe at that period was one of those peculiar growths known only to an era which has long passed away, or been banished to regions still more remote. What is called the company's 'fort' consisted of two large stores painted

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red, a long storehouse for fish at the wharf, and a row of neat frame buildings painted white. The latter were occupied by the half dozen white families in the company's employ. These dwellings, with the two stores, formed opposite sides of a broad street in the center of which was planted a large flag pole. Upon this street were also clustered sundry smaller and unpainted log tenements of the French and half-breeds. Half a mile from the fort were the Protestant and Catholic missions. The former boasted a good frame mansion of two stories, attached to which were a school, numbering thirty scholars . . . In all, the settlement contained about fifty permanent tenements. Besides these there were perhaps an equal number of Indian lodges, irregularly disposed in vacant spaces, and adding to the size and picturesque character of the village."

Mr. Hall had little time, however, to admire the natural beauties of his surroundings or to dwell on the quaint cluster of habitations that he could view from his doorstep. The mission folk had a busy time of it, not only teaching and conducting religious services and ministering to the spiritual needs of their neighbors, but doing the many chores required of civilized men and women attempting to keep up accustomed standards of living in an uncivilized corner of the land.

In one letter to David Greene of the Foreign Missions Board he lamented that so much of his time and that of his co-workers was consumed in manual labor. He hoped the Board would send them money so that they could hire Indians or half-breeds and allow the missionaries to spend more time on the mission that had brought them there. Speaking of one of his many burdens, he declared, "I have done the washing of my family for months because my wife was unable to do it, and the price demanded for washing was more than our means would enable us to pay."

Cutting and hauling firewood in the winter, tending their little gardens and fields of corn in summer, and caring for their animals all during the year kept them from giving proper time to their Bibles and to the conversion of the heathen. Hall

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quite rightly felt that the missionaries lost stature in the eyes of the Indians by reason of their physical exertions in the despised arts of the household, which the red men considered within the province of their women folk. He hoped that the preachers could be freed from their humdrum chores so that they could cultivate the arts of fishing and hunting and thus win respect in the backwoods community, enabling them to speak with more authority on religious matters.

In one line of endeavor, which may have won a grudging interest from the inhabitants of the post, he learned to excel. He became under duress, a capable carpenter and builder. Writing to his sister, Lydia Burbank, in 1838 he declared, "I find full employment here for that practical knowledge of common business which I obtained in the early years of my life. . . . You recollect probably that formerly I had some taste for the use of edge tools and used to whittle out sleds and rude tables and homely book-cases. This taste . . . has since ripened into wonderful skill. Nearly all the nice work in our house, such as windows, doors, partitions, etc. are the result of my mechanical skill. Of our household furniture, I recollect scarcely an article which did not derive its existence from the same source. My first essay of this kind was a study table, the timber for which I found growing in the woods, and hewed and planed with a few old tools which I found here till it became a table. I am writing on it now. My next attempt was to make my wife a rocking chair. The bottom I split from the trunk of a Norway pine . . . So successively came into existence our beaureaus [*sic*] and sideboards, and chairs, and table, and bedsteads."

Hard manual labor in the outdoors whetted the appetites of these pioneers and they had no reason to complain of the provender at hand. The food in such a settlement was far different from the stark daily ration of one quart of lyed corn and one ounce of tallow which the preceding voyageurs had received.

"When you think of us in respect to privation, I suppose you

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always think our privation consists principally in a want of good things to eat and drink," Mr. Hall noted in a letter to his sister. He went on to assure her that such was not the case. "In regard to drink, we have all Lake Superior to drink out of, and no well in Vermont is equal to it for purity and sweetness. We have also tea and coffee as you do. . . . As to eating, it is true we have not as great a variety as many, yet we do pretty well. . . . We have got our garden so subdued, that we are able to raise pretty good vegetables. This year we have . . . beets, carrots, rutabagas, English turnips, a few cabbages, a few onions only (they did not come up well), squashes, pumpkins, etc. We have had during the summer a plenty of green peas, beans, and green corn. Our beans, the seed of which came from Vermont, ripened well this season, and we have an abundance of seed for the next year. We have got currant bushes growing which will probably bear some next year. We have pumpkin pies occasionally, which reminds us of old times. Mr. Sproat's family and ours have each a cow from which we derive a fund of happiness in milk and butter. Some good friends from somewhere sent us some cheese this summer. And last, though not least important, we have an abundance of excellent potatoes. To these add bread, salt pork, and fish, and who would have occasion to complain?"

Food for the missionary stomach appeared to be no great problem, but clothes for his body were more difficult to provide. The white men of this era were not content to adopt the leather garments of the native population, and on the other hand they had no female contingent to address themselves to the spinning wheel. They resorted to doing business by mail order with tailoring establishments in their beloved New England, without, however, the benefit of the practical methods of measurement and helpful illustrations which ingenious Yankees of a far later era were to devise.

Since Mr. Boutwell had been fitted out in the East prior to his trip west, the men resorted to a simple expedient. They compared their physical measurements with Boutwell's and

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informed his tailoring establishment of the variations required. In 1939 Sherman Hall wrote to David Greene of the mission board ordering a black silk vest, black cloth coat, three pairs of pantaloons (one of black cloth, one of stout cassimere, and one of blue broadcloth), a double-breasted cloth vest, and a summer jacket, all to be made to Mr. Boutwell's measure.

Three months later, he felt a little insecure about the specifications for his order, and wrote Mr. Greene, "As to measure for my clothes, I had depended on Mr. Boutwell's being taken. But it will probably be too late when this arrives. Should he have a measure in Boston, let the clothes be made by it, only a trifle larger. If he has none, they must be made by guess. Perhaps your own will do."

Boutwell's figure was still evidently used as the standard two years later when Hall wrote Greene in behalf of Edmund Ely, requesting that a pilot cloth topcoat be made up for him, and specified that it be made "one size smaller than Mr. Boutwell's measure."

Food staples like salt pork and flour were secured through the American Fur Company which at this time had a schooner plying between the Sault and its Lake Superior posts. The fur traders gave the missionaries a discount of twenty-five per cent below retail. At this rate flour cost the mission \$14.66 a barrel, pork \$33 a barrel, plus a \$3.00 charge for freightage. Books and periodicals to provide mental nourishment for well-educated exiles from civilization and to help them in their teaching duties were ordered through the mission board. One list forwarded by Mr. Hall in behalf of Dr. Borup, headman at the post, contained seventeen items.*

* Letter of Sherman Hall to David Greene, Jan. 1, 1841 listed the following items: "Since this letter was closed, Dr. Borup has requested me to send for the following books for him. Please put them up separate from the other things: 1 Truth Made Simple by Todd. 1 Sabbath School Teacher. 1 Student's Manual. 1 Heber's Life — 2 vls. 8v. 1 Gutzlaff's Travels in China. 1 Bush's Commentary on the Psalms. 1 Hallam's Middle Ages. 1 Works of T. Smollett — 2 volls. 1 Prescott's Isabella & Ferdinand. 1 Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1841. 1 Gil Blas in French. 1 The Pathfinder of the Inland Sea.

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Living on the frontier had other handicaps. If a man was taken sick, he got along as best he could with such remedies as were to be found in the handy manuals of that day and manufactured from the common herb and drug items that nature provided in the North Woods. The La Pointe settlement was lucky to have Dr. Charles W. W. Borup, a Dane with a competent medical education, who came up to Lake Superior in 1835 as a young man of twenty-seven and stayed to become with his partner, Charles Oakes, the resident director of the American Fur Company's enterprises in that country.

One had to go some distance to find a preacher, too, in spite of the hard-working missionaries, whose services were necessarily spread pretty thin. Not all of them were ordained ministers. When William Boutwell and Hester Crooks decided to marry, the wedding was performed under circumstances which amply insured the sincerity of the participants.

Writing of that event which took place on Sept. 11, 1834, Boutwell stated, "At the time I was married a man was subjected to great inconveniences to procure a person who was legally authorized to perform the ceremony. There was but one individual, The Rev. Sherman Hall, of La Pointe, this side of Sault St. Mary. . . . I made arrangements with him to paddle his canoe 120 miles and meet me at a certain date at Fond du Lac, and perform the service. Before me there was a journey of 150 miles by land and water to Yellow lake where Miss Crooks was teaching, and thence 175 miles to the point at which we were to meet."

It seems certain that Boutwell and his fiancée traversed the Brule on their journey from Yellow Lake to Fond du Lac for the ceremony. However, no account of that trip is found in Boutwell's writings. The wedding was no doubt a simple religious service attended perhaps by Mr. Ely and the few residents of the Fond du Lac post. For a honeymoon trip, the

1 The Great Metropolis. 1 Handy Andy. 2 Gallaudett's Bible Stories. Of Harpers' Family Library, the following numbers — 71, 82, 86, 87, 88, 90, 91, 92, 93, 75, 76. Also a number of Sunday School publications."

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couple paddled and portaged their way to Boutwell's newly founded mission on Leech Lake.

In all likelihood, the wedding was performed in Ely's mission house which he described in 1835 as being partly covered with bark and thatched with wild grass. This may, or may not be, the habitation which about a year later he mentioned as "a house fourteen by sixteen inside—and this divided into two rooms. Our cooking room was eight by ten in front of the chimney. This was also our school room. Here our visitors were received and most of our missionary labour performed."

And as to the home to which the newly married couple repaired, it perhaps resembled the crude residence of William Johnston, who was Boutwell's neighbor on the shores of Leech Lake. Johnston has left us a good description of his hut and its furnishings which were, probably, typical of the times. "The building is thirty feet by twenty, built of hewed logs—and middling well finished outside. It is divided into two apartments, one of which serves as our Store House, and the other we occupy which is small being twenty feet each way.

"On opening the door, the first thing that attracts the eye is the chimnie; on each side of which are beds. The front and gable ends of the house have each a window. Leather serving in place of glass. Fawn skins are used, which are put up when wet; when dry and oiled, give very good light. And they answered the purpose also of a drum. Under one of the windows is a Coffee Mill; and in line, there is a drawing knife, Tobacco pouch, a dirty candlestick which has not enjoyed the friction of a cloth since we left the Sault. Further on in the corner is a Cupboard formed by two boards roughly hewed—in which is contained all our articles of cooking utensils, etc. added to which are many other articles such as Augers, crooked knives, candle Molds, etc.

"A little further on, near the other window between which and the cup board hangs a Coffee Pot, Table Cloth, etc. Under the window are the water buckets, kettles, wash bowl—and upon the window is a piece of soap, two or three

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nails — a pair of creepers, a dirty shaving brush. And in addition to the above ornaments is a dirty fine tooth comb, which from appearance must have performed many a labourious task in its day, and is now cast aside as useless for any future adventure in trapping such animals as will now bring no price in market; either body or pelt as our oppositions tell the Indians.

"Now comes the Door; next to which and hanging up is a frock Coat, Then comes other articles in regular rotation, a portage collar, one or two pairs mockesins, an old straw hat, a violin with all its appendages; a small shelf upon which are the few books we possess; one or two cossetts [casket or small box], an ax, a spade, Tobacco pouch, etc., etc.

"I have now got to the bed, which is on a bed sted, of good workmanship, above the head is a fowling piece, a brace of Pistols and a dirk . . ."

From the accounts of the hardy missionaries it is possible to learn a great deal about the life of that period — a period in which many things were happening. For in a sense these men were a bridge, a transition connecting the dying domination of the Indian with the rising star of the pioneer settler.

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Although the missionaries who labored among the Indians had no thought of earthly possessions, the adventurers who found their way into the lake region in continually growing numbers were of a more acquisitive nature. To their eyes the vast hunting lands over which the Indians roamed appeared an idle and unproductive oasis to be exploited. The red men, even as their lives were transformed by the influence of traders and men of the Gospel, became the prey of a civilization on the march.

The encroachments of a nation rapidly growing westward were legitimatized in a series of treaties between the Indians and the representatives of the United States government. Using legal forms, but employing methods utterly devoid of ethics, white men encouraged the Indians to barter away their lands and their freedoms, and shrewd and greedy individuals — rather than the people whose government officially entered into the transactions — were the gainers. Starting with the treaty of 1820 in which the Chippewa Indians agreed to turn over a piece of land of sixteen square miles in extent where the Sault locks now stand, by 1857 thirteen treaties in all were negotiated with the Indian tribes. By the time the final treaty of 1857 had been signed, the whole Lake Superior and upper

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Mississippi Valley regions, with the exception of isolated tracts set aside as reservations, had been torn from the redskins, and the Indians had been transformed from self-reliant hunters and fishermen to sedentary dependents on charity and a rude agriculture unsuited to their temperaments.

At St. Peter's, near the site of Fort Snelling, the Chippewa on July 29, 1837 signed away all their lands south of a line joining the junction of the Crow Wing and Mississippi rivers and upper Lake St. Croix; and five years later at La Pointe, the lands along Lake Superior, including the Brule River Valley passed into the hands of the white men. It might appear at first glance that the Indians were liberally rewarded by the terms of these treaties, for while they relinquished practically all of their lands, the thirteen treaties taken together provided them with \$1,466,313 in cash (conservatively estimated) plus \$1,189,237 in goods; \$122,500 in provisions; \$351,500 in equipment and allocations for schools; \$319,500 for agricultural equipment; \$238,500 to hire blacksmiths, carpenters, and other skilled white artisans; \$20,000 to build roads; \$12,500 for tobacco; and \$7,300 for buildings. Had the Indians been accorded wise and sympathetic counsel in handling the receipts of these sales, they might have fared better. Unfortunately, the recipients were often quickly parted from the cash payments they obtained by unprincipled white men.

The atmosphere in which the treaties were conceived was hardly conducive to fair dealings, according to Bishop Henry B. Whipple. He was not deluded by the presence of legal formalities in the proceedings. Said Bishop Whipple, "Our first dealing with these savages is one of those blunders that is worse than a crime. We treat as an independent nation a people whom we will not permit to exercise one single element of that sovereign power which is necessary to a nation's existence. The treaty is usually conceived and executed in fraud. The ostensible parties to the treaty are the government of the United States and the Indians. The real parties are the

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Indian agents, traders, and politicians. The avowed purpose of the treaty is for a Christian nation to acquire certain lands at a fair price, and make provisions that the purchase money shall be wisely expended, so as to secure the civilization of the Indians. The real design is to pay certain worthless debts of the Indian traders, to satisfy such claims, good or bad, against the Indians, as have been or may be made, and to create places where political favorites may receive their reward for political service. . . ."

That the treaty making had a generally demoralizing influence is attested to by remarks attributed to Whipple in 1901 when he said, "In my first visits to the Indian country, I found a few of the voyageurs and employees of the Northwest Fur Co. [the American Fur Co.]. They were devoted to the Indians and at all times gave me their hearty sympathy. Borup, Oakes, and others of this class of early traders were men of integrity and generous of their substance. Before the Indians came into treaty relations with the government, the relation between the trader and Indian was one of mutual good will." The treaties unfortunately debauched the red men and encouraged white men in the practice of deceit and corruption.

Benjamin G. Armstrong, a half-breed himself and a bitter critic of the treaty makers, said very explicitly that the Indians had no real idea what they were giving up. In childish faith they signed documents they did not understand while they accepted at face value the verbal explanation given them. They were given to understand that they were merely agreeing to allow mining and logging operations on a very limited scale. They had no idea that they were ceding away their lands and that one day the Great White Father who talked so benevolently would evict them from their beloved forests and streams.

Armstrong quotes these words as spoken by the United States commissioner in his appeal to the Indians at the signing of the 1837 treaty, "The timber you make but little use of is

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the pine your great father wants to build many steamboats to bring your goods to you and to take you to Washington bye-and-bye to see your great father and meet him face to face. He does not want your lands, it is too cold up here for farming. He wants just enough of it to build little towns where soldiers stop, mining camps for miners, saw mill sites and logging camps. The timber that is best for you the great father does not care about. The maple tree that you make your sugar from, the birch tree that you get bark from for your canoes and from which you make pails for your sugar sap, the cedar from which you get materials for making canoes, oars, paddles, your great father cares nothing for. It is the pine and minerals he wants, and he has sent us here to make a bargain with you for it."

The traders profited by the treaties in two ways. In almost every case the government recognized debts owed by the Indians to the trading establishments as legitimate charges against the sums to be paid by the government for the lands and other concessions wrung from the Indians. Few of the treaty commissioners bothered to check details of the bills the traders presented. They, more often, without quibbling paid over to the men of commerce a good-sized chunk of the funds due to the Indians in full settlement of the accounts. The traders not only gathered in, in this fashion, a very handsome return on the goods they had previously sold to the tribesmen, they also managed to cash in on subsequent annual payments arranged for in the treaties. These annual payments were made to individual members of the Indian tribes at points designated by government officials. They were almost always at the site of a trading post and, as the money was turned over to the natives, the traders were quick to seize the opportunity of exchanging the coins for blankets, guns, knives, and knickknacks which appealed to the tribesmen. This they did at a good profit, tin kettles costing the merchants \$2.50 at St. Louis being sold for \$12, and guns that could be bought on the market for \$6.50 being turned over to the redskinned

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purchasers for \$20. Edward D. Neill, one of Minnesota's great historians, attested to these figures.

Sometimes, the Indians had even less to show for their trip to the pay-off spot. Henry M. Rice, Minnesota's first United States Senator and one of the state's pioneers of commerce, accused the American Fur Company of fleecing the Indians in another manner. Indians arriving at Fond du Lac from the interior — most of them without canoes — were ferried over to La Pointe for the annual payment at a round trip charge of \$4. The transportation charge, he declared, ate up the entire cash sum received from the government in many cases.

The trading fraternity also benefited by the government policy towards half-breeds. These children of mixed parentage were also parties to the proceedings, receiving in most cases grants of land out of the territories taken over from their thoroughbred cousins. Since a large proportion of the men in the trading establishments were married to Indian squaws, their families, by this means, came into the possession of many valuable land tracts. Among those listed as benefiting in this fashion from terms of the treaty signed at Fond du Lac in 1826 were relatives of many prominent entrepreneurs of the border region, the wives and children of John Johnston, Jean B., Michel and Michel, Jr., of the Cadottes, Charles Oakes, Daniel Dingley, Truman and William Warren, William Aitkin, Henry Sayer, and Thomas Connor. Tracts totaling 640 acres along the St. Mary's River and on islands in the river were parceled out among these people. An attempt to restrain speculation in the lands provided that persons receiving this land could not convey it without permission of the President. But it was almost impossible to keep the owners from making extra-legal sales, and it was politically inexpedient to eject from the lands so acquired the purchasers who had settled on them.

Land speculators, taking advantage of the breaking up of the Indians' realms, flocked in to profit from the situation.

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"The day after the Indians gave up their country [at the 1837 St. Peter's treaty], some dozens of speculators rushed into the country as I came through this place I found one here who had taken possession of a mill seat and another there who had selected a pinery. There they are in the neighborhood of Pokeguma making preparations for speculation before the treaty is ratified." So wrote Reverend Boutwell from La Pointe to David Greene of the American Board for Foreign Missions on August 17, 1837.

Under these new pressures and influences, the Indians were displaced from the sites of many of their old hunting and fishing haunts and moved to places less coveted by the white population. The selection of land suitable to agricultural pursuits into which it was hoped the tribesmen would enter with enthusiasm also was a factor in relocating the Indians.

In 1845, for instance, most of the Indian population of Madeline Island moved up the near-by Bad River where they established the village of Odanah. Reverend Leonard Wheeler and his wife accompanied the parishioners of their La Pointe mission. Some years later (in 1856) D. Iranaeus Miner and Mrs. Miner came to Odanah to take charge of a newly established mission school. The Indians there as elsewhere were living a new (to them) sedentary life. Dispossessed of their lands, they were no longer a matter of concern in the further development of the lake region. They continued to constitute one of the white man's problems, but were considered a minor one. The new rulers were ready for a vast, new undertaking — the conversion of a wilderness with great natural resources into a homeland capable of comfortably supporting four million people.

The opportunity to make a tidy fortune in furs was fast fading as the nineteenth century neared the halfway mark, but the wealth of the regions bordering the upper lakes had scarcely been tapped. Minerals lay waiting for the prospector; and the vast forests of pine, maple, and birch stood silent,

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straining to catch the ring of the lumberjack's axe. A new army of adventurers streamed into the territory, catching up in their ranks the discouraged remnants of the fur trading brotherhood which had preceded them.

That there were valuable copper deposits in the Lake Superior area was known to almost the first white men who ventured there. The Indians told the strangers of the red metal and showed them many samples of the native copper that aroused their curiosity. Henry Gillman of Detroit, tramping the woods of Isle Royale in 1872, found evidences that the Indians or their predecessors had mined copper there perhaps seven or eight hundred years before.

At any rate, we have seen in a preceding chapter, the attempt of De la Ronde, an early Frenchman, to conduct in 1734 a thorough exploration to determine the extent of this mineral wealth and to find a favorable location for mining operations. The Indian warfare which jeopardized the safety of this adventure and caused its abandonment postponed the development of copper mining for over a century.

The man who reawakened interest in the mining of copper was a young graduate of Rensselaer College who came west to Detroit at the age of twenty-one to deliver a course of public lectures on chemistry and geology. Dr. Douglas Houghton, whose name embellishes a lively little city in the heart of upper Michigan's famed "Copper Country," was also a practicing physician, surgeon, and dentist. Henry Schoolcraft enlisted him as a member of his exploring expedition of 1832. Houghton acted as geologist and botanist and the observations and notes he took on the canoe trip along Lake Superior's south shore were published and created widespread interest. Houghton was made Michigan state geologist, and launched a geological survey of that state in 1837. His untimely death by drowning in 1845 at the age of thirty-six cut short a useful career, but he had already blazed a trail for others to follow.

The news that copper existed in merchantable quantities

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along Superior's south shore sent scores of young men hustling toward that distant frontier. The influx of prospectors caused the government to establish a military post at Copper Harbor in 1844. That little hamlet on the tip of the Keweenaw Peninsula was the jumping-off place for other promising sites along the shore or in the interior. John Harris Forster, arriving there in 1846, found the place seething with excitement as men rushed forth to stake their claims. Eagle Harbor and Eagle River were already bustling settlements, and the more distant Ontonagon was growing rapidly. Then came the finding of copper in stamp lodes—the size of buckshot—along Portage Lake and the subsequent blooming of the communities in that locality—Hancock, Houghton, and fabulous Calumet.

The sudden burgeoning of copper mining activity had its effect on all the lake settlements. Even La Pointe, capital of a dwindling fur empire, took on new signs of life. The frontier was being pushed back by newcomers, who saw opportunities for the whole area in the establishment of a prosperous mining industry. Hester Crooks, the young lady missionary who later married Boutwell, told of the new look at La Pointe in a letter written in March of 1849: "Great changes have taken place in the general aspect of things since you were here; the arrival of a brigade of inland traders is an event much less noticed than formerly. Strangers frequently appear among us, coming in vessels and sailing boats; parties of geologists, naturalists, geological and linear surveyors, merchants, and travellers, and even the sly whiskey smuggler."

At this same period there was a great flurry of mine prospecting in southern Wisconsin. Lead had been found in the region and the near-by little town of Galena, Illinois, was a booming place. Galena, which later numbered General Ulysses S. Grant among its residents, saw the daily arrival of small parties of adventurous young men. Many of them stayed and worked laboriously at the mines. But many of

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them heard tales of greater gains to be made elsewhere and set forth again on the trail of riches. News of the copper strikes on Lake Superior had reached Galena, and a young lead miner, William Witter Spalding, persuaded some of his cronies to accompany him to what appeared a more promising field. The party traversed the St. Croix-Brule water route on their way north. Spalding later became one of Duluth's pioneer settlers, a man of property and business acumen, and the builder of a famous old hostelry which bears his name.

Spalding and his three companions, including his uncle Daniel S. Cash, and their dog "Clear the Way," left Galena on May 3, 1845 by steamer for Prairie du Chien. There at the mouth of the Wisconsin they camped for a few days and fitted themselves out for the trip. They bought a big pine canoe forty-two feet long and three feet wide and a sail to propel it up the broad Mississippi. The canoe, although large and roomy, proved extremely cumbersome once the party left the Mississippi behind and started up the narrower reaches of the St. Croix.

At Stillwater Mills, Spalding found "a few log buildings and a saloon kept by an Irishman we had known in the mines." They had easy going until they arrived at St. Croix Falls on the afternoon of May 23rd. There they encountered the first portage, a difficult one over which they had to literally drag their heavy wooden canoe all the way. Above the falls, they passed a sawmill owned by a Mr. Parrington.

They encountered some difficulties in getting their boat up several rapids even with the aid of what Spalding termed "setting poles," but a still greater annoyance was the presence of clouds of mosquitoes which, said Spalding, "proved our worst foes on the trip, in spite of prophecies that we should meet worse." At noon on May 27th after passing the mouths of Wolf Creek and the Sunrise River, they arrived at Tom Connor's place. Connor, sixty-four years old at the time, was

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a veteran of the wilderness with forty-three years of experience on the forest trails behind him.

Spalding described the old fur trader after whom Connor's Point on St. Louis Bay was named as "a genial, kind, old man." (Connor's Point is the southern terminus of the Minnesota-Wisconsin interstate bridge between Duluth and Superior.) Connor was about to leave for La Pointe and volunteered to show them the way, although he warned the adventurers that they would never get to Lake Superior with their big canoe. The party managed, however, to keep up with Connor and his lighter canoes with little difficulty until it reached the St. Croix-Brule Portage. There, according to the account, Connor and his crew left them, "Mr. Connor saying that he should never see us again, as it was impossible for us to get over the portage or down the Brule."

"But we had our nerve with us," Spalding said, "and as Hannibal had crossed the Alps, we felt sure we could win out if no bad accident overtook us." On the 8th of June with the help of two Indians and their squaws, the party packed its provisions and took them across the portage. The following day they set their heavy canoe on runners fashioned from trees, sled fashion, but could hardly budge the cumbersome load.

"We then began to cut down a large oak from which to saw wheels but before we got it down we were visited by several loads of Indians and squaws from the village on the lake. They thought we were traders and had whisky — soota-wa-bo — but they were disappointed in this hope of getting fire-water to quench their thirst. We hired them, however, with pork and flour, to help us cross the portage. Driving large spikes on each side of the canoe, we hitched them to it with their pack straps, nineteen of them, and, cutting some small poles three or four feet long, we used them as rollers. The captain [Cash] gave the word and away we went over the hill and to the head of the Brule without a stop."

This rather novel method of effecting a portage brought

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the Spalding party to the Brule waters where they confronted another major difficulty—one which canoemen find almost equally exasperating today—there wasn't enough water in the tiny stream to float their ponderous craft. "Where we struck the river it was about four feet wide . . . we loaded up to start about eleven o'clock, but found we had squeezed all the water out of the river and were hard aground."

However, men who had shown enough ingenuity to conquer the long portage would hardly be held back by less troublesome obstructions. "We went down about a mile and built a dam, which raised the water so that we flowed down, broke our way through the dam, and on we went. In a short distance we struck a bend that was too sharp for the canoe to turn. With spades and axes, we cut off the point of land and went on again. After two or three more such obstructions we found fair water and sped swiftly on. About sundown we overtook Connor and his party who were much surprised but glad to see us."

The wooden canoe, a poor craft with which to traverse the narrow, winding, and shallow upper reaches of the river, proved extremely serviceable as have more recently designed boats built of wooden planking, in negotiating the rocky rapids which mark the Brule's northward course. The sturdy pine boat could take the buffeting which meant destruction to the frail birch-bark canoes which previous travelers had used.

Spalding said of the passage downstream: "The rest of the way down the Brule, over its many rapids and falls, we travelled safely, with many various daily incidents, and just before sundown we arrived at the Kitchi Gummi, great Lake Superior, forty-four days from our starting point. We had fine sport coming down the river catching speckled trout. The river seemed full of them."

The trip down the river by the Spalding party was probably one of the very few episodes which link the history of Brule River Valley with that of the development of mining

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in the Lake Superior region. There is, to be sure, evidence of copper in the geological formations of the valley, but it apparently exists in such small quantities as to discourage profitable exploitation. In the early 1870's, however, according to John Bardon, Superior's devoted historian, General George B. Sargent and some Eastern associates prospecting in the valley found a mineral amygdaloid carrying native copper and sunk several shafts where the river breaks through the rocky ridge which once marked prehistoric Lake Superior's southern shore. The Percival location, named for the geologist of the party, can be located by what remains of these shafts—little more than shallow holes in the ground—close beside the fast disappearing ruts of the old Bayfield-Superior trail. According to Bardon, the copper mining venture on the Brule was discontinued because of the falling price of the metal. But, he says, as late as 1890 Boston mining men were pressing further explorations.

Permanent settlements were established where rich veins of copper could be worked, but the Lake Superior region would have retained its wilderness flavor but for the arrival of the lumberman. He it was who cut down the forests, clearing the land for immigrating Scandinavian and Finnish farmers. Around the sawmills where his logs were cut into rough lumber sprang up cabins and storehouses. Many of these settlements developed into cities and towns.

Actually, there had been some logging in the area before the copper mining boom struck. Captain Edward W. Durant said that Joseph R. Brown, one of Minnesota's most enterprising pioneers, cut logs on the flats near Taylor's Falls during the winter of 1836-37. Edmund F. Ely, the missionary, reported that the first white men he saw in northern Wisconsin—other than the fur traders and his own preaching and teaching companions—were lumbermen cutting along the waters of the St. Croix in 1838. John Boyce was said to have brought his outfit consisting of eleven men and six oxen as far north as the mouth of the Kanabec (or Snake) River in 1837.

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The lower St. Croix became a center of intensive lumbering activity. Logs were formed into rafts on the river and towed down the Mississippi to feed the hungry mills which sprang up along its banks at Winona, La Crosse, Dubuque, Clinton, and scores of other sites. A sawmill was opened at Stillwater in 1850 and soon others followed to make it a thriving community. Not so accessible to existing cities of the Middle West were the timber regions farther north, but soon the sound of the woodman's axe became familiar there, too. In fact, the whole country opened up rapidly.

Events were transpiring which would cast their shadows far afield. In 1848, Wisconsin became a state; and that same year the United States Treasury Department dispatched a group of geologists to make a reconnaissance of the resources of Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin under the supervision of David Dale Owen. One of Owen's men, Dr. J. G. Norwood, examined the territory lying just south of Lake Superior, and in the line of duty, accompanied by fellow geologist W. F. H. Gurley, traversed the Brule from its source to its mouth at the lake.

Owen, from reports of Norwood and other members of the geological team as well as from his own extensive travels, wrote a lengthy treatise on the survey for the benefit of his superiors in Washington. He commented that so much of the land in northwestern Wisconsin was, to use his own adjective, so "hopelessly arid" as to scarcely warrant the cost of running survey lines.

"Fish, frogs, and water fowl must, in our day at least, be their only inhabitants," he commented pessimistically. He also decried the "prevalence of venomous insects in such insufferable quantities [as to] destroy all comfort or quiet by day or by night." Besides buffalo gnats, brulos, and sand-flies, "myriads of gigantic mosquitoes [*sic*] carry on incessant war against the equanimity of the unfortunate traveler," he declared.

"I and other members of the corps, when unprovided with

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the necessary defence, have had our ears swelled to two or three times their natural size, and the line of our hats marked, all round, by the trickling blood." Without the protection of mosquito netting, worn over head and face, he stated that a trip through the Wisconsin pineries was scarcely bearable.

But officials of the new state of Wisconsin were anxious to open up the region for development; this could hardly be accomplished before survey lines had been run and the area had been mapped in some detail. To carry forward this program, George R. Stuntz, who gave his name to the richest rural township in the world (on the Mesabi Range), was commissioned as a deputy United States surveyor in 1852 and given the job of locating Wisconsin's northwest boundary as well as running less important township lines. He received a second contract the following year to survey the area in the vicinity of the present city of Superior, extending south toward Black River Falls.

According to W. W. Ward, later a citizen of Morley, Missouri, Stuntz organized a party of ten men in April of that year. It consisted of James McKinzie, Pain Bradt, James McBride, Harvey Fargo, William H. Reed, John Chisholm, Joseph Lathan, Augustus Barber, Ward, and himself. The expedition secured three birch-bark canoes and supplies at Stillwater, and started north along the St. Croix on the first of May. They portaged into the Brule River and made their way down its waters to the lake, but they left no account of their experiences during the passage. Stuntz and his party proceeded along the shore of Lake Superior to the mouth of the St. Louis River. They landed on what is now known as Minnesota Point. There were no white settlers at the head of the lake at that time, just a few Chippewa Indians and half-breeds, according to Ward. Where a scant year or so later men rushed in to fell trees and stake out claims to real estate in booming Superior the forest stood unscathed.

Stuntz completed his surveying contract that summer and

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early in the fall took his men down to the mouth of the Iron River, where he built a double log shanty and started the construction of a sawmill. There the first lumber at the head of the lake was cut. In February he returned to Minnesota Point to erect a blockhouse and steamboat pier. He had set up a modest trading post and he did not have to wait long for customers. Even as he labored on his buildings, newly arrived settlers were throwing up rude log shanties where Superior's "old town" now stands.

When Ely, the former missionary, came back to the head of the lakes in March, 1854, the place didn't look like the tranquil post he had known when he had taught school at Fond du Lac a scant ten years before. He recalled in his memoirs that George Stuntz was still occupied running the township lines, and a horde of land speculators and settlers armed with pistols and guns had set up camp and were busy staking out their claims. As eager as the rest to sink his roots in a community with prospects of rapid growth, Ely was not too busy to turn down an opportunity to earn a little extra money. He did the cooking for some fifty to sixty men.

"I have to set the table three times and then wash the dishes every change," the man who later became Oneota's first postmaster remembered. A link between the old fur trading days and the development of the modern cities of Duluth and Superior was this small but industrious personage who had taught Indian children and directed the feeble efforts of mission choirs. He became a sawmill owner, a pioneer citizen, and school board member in the newly formed community of Oneota which later became part of Duluth.

The opening of the frontier to commerce and settlement had altered the lives of many other hardy souls who had come to this western region at an earlier date. Oakes and Dr. Borup, partners in the management of American Fur Company affairs at La Pointe, became partners in log-rafting operations on the Mississippi. The profits they made running

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logs down to St. Louis were used to set up the first banking institution in the city of St. Paul. One of their able assistants, a typical Chippewa Indian half-breed of the old frontier, made his mark as Superior's best known pioneer merchant. Vincent Roy, Jr., son of a veteran trader of the same name, came to Superior to manage Alexander Paul's fur trading post with the first permanent settlers in 1854. He remained to become, at a ripe old age, a highly respected citizen of this outpost of civilization. Roy's general store in the "old town" was no more of an institution, however, than the fast sailing "Algonquin," the seventy-foot vessel which made her appearance on Lake Superior in 1845. The "Algonquin" with her four-man crew was a constant visitor to the new settlement, bringing up from the Sault and other ports of call provisions and merchandise to be sold over the counter at Roy's crude emporium.

Roy owned the "Algonquin" with Antoine Gaudin or Gordon; the two of them also operating several small trading posts and fishing stations at which the sailing vessel called. Gordon had also a store at La Pointe, and he sawed logs on the Bad River and transported them to Superior for sale. He moved to the St. Croix River Valley in 1855, and five years later set himself up in the mercantile business at a point which had been known to early voyageurs as Amik. There on the site of an old Indian village, the pioneer road from Bayfield to St. Paul crossed the primitive wagon trail that had recently been completed between Superior and Point Douglas at the mouth of the St. Croix. When the Omaha Railroad built north from Eau Claire, the station at this point was named in Gordon's honor. The village of Gordon was also the terminus of an early road which led over the barrens to the banks of the Brule River, at a point about two miles up stream from Cedar Island.

Two years after the founding of Superior and a year after the establishment of a federal land office at the head of the lakes, settlers started to lay out a city at the head of Chequa-

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megon Bay. They called it Ashland, and it quickly grew from a settlement of fifty houses in 1857 to an energetic town with nine big sawmills, numerous stores and saloons and a population liberally interspersed with loggers and lumberjacks whose axes felled the big pine forests which stretched away from the city in almost every direction. In the first days after its birth, Ashland, like its pioneer sister cities at the head of the lakes, had little of the comforts of older Eastern communities to offer its citizens. It was but a collection of rude cabins of logs and rough lumber far removed from the haunts of established society. Asaph Whittesley, the town's founder and its first representative in the Wisconsin legislature, must have been only too aware of Ashland's remote position as he slogged 240 weary miles on his snowshoes to Sparta to attend to his lawmaking obligations in 1860.

Even at that early time, when the streets of Superior and Ashland were remarkable only for their almost impassible condition after a rainstorm, and Duluth had not yet arisen from the scattered small settlements along the St. Louis River's northern bank, there were men who predicted a great destiny for the lake head. Among them were James S. Ritchie, a voluble real estate promoter, whose enthusiastic tracts were published in the hope of luring settlers to the new region. Ritchie advertised Superior as the future commercial center of the North American continent with vast tributary territories extending as far west as Vancouver Island and the valley of the Columbia and north to Hudson Bay. He quotes George B. Sargeant of Iowa as declaring "At this very spot, at the mouth of the St. Louis river, Europe and Asia will meet and shake hands in the genial months of summer." He boasted that Superior's population in January of 1856 consisted of 585 people; that there were 105 dwellings, 17 stores, 15 offices, several boarding houses, two churches, two sawmills, two drug stores, and two United States land offices. To reach this budding metropolis, Ritchie called attention to "splendid, fast-sailing, sea-built, low pres-

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sure steamers leaving Cleveland for the city of Superior." He didn't say how frequent this service was, but he also spoke glowingly of sleighs which whisked over the icy roads from St. Paul tri-weekly in thirty-six hours at the low fare of \$10. In the tract he published, a stagecoach line advertised forty-eight hour service between the two cities during the summer months—a fair indication that the roads were rough and the trip an uncomfortable one.

While real estate promoters like Ritchie boomed Superior and Duluth to land investors, the possibilities of other locations were not overlooked. During this era in the history of the region scores of town sites were laid out, many of them never to be developed—mere names on the maps which failed to fulfill the dreams of their creators. One of these dream towns was Lasalle. In 1859 Ritchie said that it was "one of the prettiest town sites I know of, on the shores of the lake situated at the mouth of the Brule river." At this place he had camped several days.

Four little settlements had actually been established, however, on the western shores of Lake Superior by the time the Civil War broke over the country. Superior, Duluth, Ashland, and Bayfield were straggling villages carved out of the forest. Their founders were restless and ambitious men who felt that boundless opportunities to win fortunes in mining and lumbering and to establish commercial ventures in a rapidly expanding community were at hand. The Civil War put the brake on these hopeful plans. The attention of the nation was riveted on the deadly struggle between the Union forces and the seceding Confederacy. Men who sought adventure enlisted in the contending armies. Consequently no stream of hardy and willing souls followed in the footsteps of the first settlers. In fact, many of those who had journeyed to Lake Superior now retraced their steps to take part in the nation's fratricide. The population of the settlements declined, and bright future hopes were plunged into gloom.

The termination of the war, however, brought renewed

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activity. Things picked up where they had left off five years before. Immigrants to the new settlements in the lake region swarmed up from the East. The water route traversed by steamer from Detroit and Cleveland, by boat to the Sault, then by road along the St. Mary's River to its source, and from there by vessel down Lake Superior to one's destination, was extremely popular. A score of ships provided means of communication with the outside world. But in winter when ice and storm interfered with navigation, the dwellers along the lake were cut off almost completely from the rest of the country. Even during the navigation season, the people in the area felt far removed from friends "Down East." For one thing, there was great uncertainty about mail arrivals. Peter White of Marquette related that the government at that time provided no regular delivery system except to military posts. Ships carried mail without compensation; consequently they frequently neglected to call for the mail at the Sault, or the postmaster at that terminal forgot to put mails on the departing boats.

A number of sailing vessels and quite a few steamers operated on the upper lake in the period following the Civil War. Reverend E. H. Day, one of the early missionaries, reported that when he arrived in the country in 1845 there were only three small vessels on the lake—the "Algonquin" (belonging to Roy and Gordon), the "Siscomet," and the "Free Traders." As Day passed through Sault Ste. Marie, he saw the first steamship being carried overland from Lake Huron. It was the "Independence." The "Julia Palmer," a hundred-foot side-wheeler was the second steam vessel to ply Superior's waters. Mrs. Augusta Kennedy of Jamestown, New York, who came to Ashland with her father, Dr. Edwin Ellis, the town's first practicing physician, remembered the passage from the Sault to La Pointe on the steamer "Superior." She was five years of age at the time, and the year was 1855.

W. W. Spalding became acquainted with most of the ship captains on the lake during his copper mining days and listed

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a number of them in his memoirs. He mentioned Jack Angus of the schooner "Siskiwit," Ripley and John Parker of the "Free Trader," Lathrop Johnson and Eben Ward of the "Baltimore," and Ben Sweet skipper of the "North Star," which he described as the fastest side-wheeler on the lake. He named Captains John Spalding of the "Northern Light" and "Lac Labell," John Wilson of the "Meteor," Wilkins, the two Caldwells, Halloram, John McKay, and Murch of the "Northern Light," and Alexander McDougall. Angus and McDougall later bought land along the Brule River, and the latter was closely identified with activities on the upper reaches of the stream during the greater part of his long life.

The building of the canal around the rapids of the St. Mary's River in 1855 made it far easier to get to and from upper lake ports, but travel by water was, of course, limited to the summer months. It was not until the railroads built into the country that year-round communication with the rest of the nation was put on a secure footing. In the meantime, during the long months from freeze-up until spring sunshine melted the lake ice, mails were carried by sleigh or on foot. A rough road through the wilderness had been cut from Superior to Hudson. Three years later a better military road was built from the head of the lakes to St. Paul, passing through Taylor's Falls. Somewhere around the beginning of the next decade, a route from St. Paul to Ashland was opened up, and Henry M. Rice was awarded the contract for carrying the mail to Chequamegon Bay.

However, in 1870, the first railroad to Lake Superior was constructed. It was the Lake Superior & Mississippi, later incorporated into the Northern Pacific system. The first train arrived in Duluth from St. Paul in August of that year, maintaining an average speed in transit of somewhat over ten miles per hour. However rough the travel over its rails may have been for passengers, the new line brought the head of the lake into direct, year-round contact with older established parts of the country. Since the Wisconsin Central's

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tracks did not reach Ashland from the south until the spring of 1877, the fastest route for mail to that point and to near-by Bayfield was by railroad from St. Paul to Duluth and Superior, and then overland to Chequamegon Bay. During that brief seven year period, the Superior-Bayfield road was an important artery of travel—especially in winter and early spring when the lake remained frozen. Ruts of the old road which crossed the Brule about two miles south of what is now familiarly termed the N. P. Johnson bridge are still visible.

At first, runners were employed to carry the mail. It was a rugged two-day trip for the men in wintry blizzards and extreme below zero temperatures. Harvey Nourse, according to Guy Burnham, author of *The Lake Superior Country*, reported that Joe and Bill Baker, husky Indians, were hired to carry the post from Bayfield to Superior. Bill Morrison and Henry Denomie were also named by Nourse as mail runners. We know from his own lips that Antoine Dennis, veteran Brule guide of the Winnebougou Club, who lived to a ripe old age, (he told Dr. Arthur T. Holbrook in 1939 he was eighty-three) was one of those who served in this capacity. Antoine named Louis Petit, another man of mixed French and Indian blood, as one of the carriers. Antoine carried the mail for five years according to his own admissions. He had been working in a sawmill in Superior when Mr. Duffy, the government agent, asked the young man—then eighteen years old—if he could walk far. Antoine admitted he could. He got the job at \$1.72 a day, finally working his way up to a salary of \$52 a month. He told Dr. Holbrook that he made one round trip between Superior and Bayfield each week, carrying only one blanket along with his seventy-pound pack because of the necessity of holding the weight of his burden to the minimum.

A bit later a stage line came into being and passengers were transported to and from Superior and Bayfield in coaches behind prancing steeds. The line was operated by Dan Cooper and Jim Chapman and sported a team of bays, Chap

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and Judd, who were the pride of their owners. Guy Burnham names Joe LaPointe as the stage driver, but Harry Ashton says that "Charles Wanzer was the man who pulled the ribbons over the spirited steeds along the route." No doubt both men were employed. John LaChappelle, an old resident of Minnesota Point, told the author that his father had a hand in the operation of the stage line, maintaining a halfway house where passengers and animals were quartered overnight on their two-day excursion. The station was just east of the Brule River crossing and included a house and a big barn where, according to LaChappelle, as many as twenty-two teams were sometimes sheltered. Often as many as eight stages and their occupants put up at LaChappelle's overnight, he declared.

Travel along the old Bayfield route fell off with the building of the Wisconsin Central railway into Ashland, and died completely when the Northern Pacific's line between Superior and Ashland was completed in 1884. When that day came, the elder LaChappelle moved his family and belongings from the banks of the Brule to the shore of Lake Superior a short distance east of its mouth. At that point he played host to many travelers who journeyed by ship or by foot along the shore of the lake. LaChappelle owned thirty-two teams of horses and employed several crews cutting timber. He sleighed his logs across Lake Superior to Duluth in the winter on trails over the ice marked by trees to avoid the ice ridges which frequently formed. After the spring break-up, LaChappelle brought in his supplies by boat from Two Harbors, braving many a howling northeaster. During this era, said LaChappelle, the country was filling up with immigrants. There was railroad land to be homesteaded and little ships — like the "Hunter," "Moore," and "Liberty" — plied between Ashland and Duluth and made frequent landings along the south shore. He remembered seeing families with all their belongings stepping ashore to carve out farms where the forest stretched unbroken along the sandy shore.

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Miles away from the lake shore, the interior of the country was also being more closely observed. One of those who came often to note the beauties of the upper Brule was that doughty sea captain and friend of the outdoors, Captain Alexander McDougall. In the summer, he piloted his ship on the lakes; but in the winter he sallied forth on exploring missions. During the winter of 1870-71, while living in Bayfield, the captain procured the services of Antoine Dennis, and the two took a dog team and journeyed to the "spring ponds" on the Brule River where they cut holes through the ice and fished using hooks baited with buckskin.

Captain McDougall's memoirs tell of another trip to the Brule under somewhat similar circumstances. "In the early part of 1873, I went with W. Clow up the Brule river to a trapper's camp. On the way up Clow became played out so I had to help him along with our load and shelter. We fished for about a week on what is now the H. C. Pierce ponds. There we caught eight thousand trout that weighed about four thousand pounds. I think we caught three-quarters of them with a barbless hook and a piece of buckskin for bait. I caught two bushels of fish in an hour. Most of the fish we took out with a dog team to Bayfield trail, then by horse team to Duluth. I made a trip each way every day, over eighteen miles of trail."

News of good fishing and almost equally good hunting in the Brule River Valley was attracting other visitors to the region. Joe Lucius says that when Captain McDougall and a mining engineer named Reginald Petre were on a winter fishing expedition to the Brule in 1874, they were accosted by a sinister figure armed with a rifle who unsuccessfully attempted to persuade them to decamp. It was Frank J. Bowman, the unscrupulous St. Louis lawyer, who was a colorful early arrival in that sportsman's paradise.

Cedar Island

In view of the subsequent history of the Cedar Island property under its long-time proprietor, Henry Clay Pierce, and its emergence into the national limelight as the spot where President Calvin Coolidge elected to rendezvous with speckled trout during the summer of 1928, it is interesting to note that Cedar Island's later associations with respectability were not indicated at the start. For although Captain Alexander McDougall appears to have been the first man who familiarized himself with the spring-fed ponds that make the Cedar Island property unique, it was Frank J. Bowman who first took steps to acquire the site. And Bowman was a notorious character.

Joe Lucius remembered Bowman as a man of medium short stature, rather wiry, with piercing eyes. He was reportedly a good shot with pistol and rifle, but he hardly deserved the title of sportsman. His idea of sport was to slaughter deer by chasing them with dogs into V-shaped enclosures formed by fallen trees, where the animals fell into pits. Lucius saw traces of these deer fences when he first came into the upper Brule country. Dr. A. T. Holbrook, another early summer resident, also remembered evidences of Bowman's "sportsmanship." During one of his first excursions to the Brule, he stopped overnight at Pike Lake where Bowman had a camp. The woods literally

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reeked with the smell of deer slaughtered by Bowman and left to decay.

There is a story that Bowman, one of the ablest and most disreputable St. Louis lawyers of his day, used the lodge which he built on Cedar Island as a haven for illicit love. It is said he brought a young lady up with him and was, on one occasion, followed by his wife. As he and his paramour glided along the Brule in a canoe, his wife, hidden in the brush on the river bank, fired a rifle in the direction of the two. It is said that the shot knocked a hole in the canoe. Whether Mrs. Bowman intended to kill her husband, or her rival, or merely tried to frighten them is not known. Be that as it may, Bowman was destined to come to a violent end.

Black headlines in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* on the morning of October 22, 1889, told of the tragedy. The paper related: "The exciting career of Frank J. Bowman, the attorney, was cut short yesterday afternoon by a bullet from the gun of B. Maziere Chambers on the grounds of the Chambers residence [in a St. Louis suburb]. . . . The circumstances surrounding the shooting and the incident leading up to the occurrence are peculiarly interesting and sensational to the last degree. Bowman maintained to the last a defiant demeanor and fell facing his slayer. Death was almost instantaneous. Before the blue smoke which followed the report of the shot had cleared away, life was extinct and the motionless body of one of the most active and energetic men who had practised at the St. Louis bar lay with his face flattened against the hard gravel of the roadway and blood oozing from an ugly wound in the left side of the head. Mr. Chambers, the surviving actor in the tragedy, sat coolly by waiting for the officers to arrest him. He said not a word in explanation of his action, neither did he express regret for what he had done."

The St. Louis paper went on to explain that Bowman had gone to the Chambers' place accompanied by a deputy sheriff to satisfy a judgment which he held. Chambers came out to meet them. When Bowman demanded payment of \$1,300,

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Chambers said that he had no money to meet the obligation Bowman called him a liar. Chambers then retired to his house, emerging shortly after with a ten-gauge shot gun. He told Bowman he would give him three minutes to get off his place. Bowman, however, stood his ground. He made a motion towards his hip pocket, and Chambers, suspecting the wiry, little man of packing a pistol, fired the contents of a barrel at him, dropping him to the ground.

Bowman was forty-five years old when his career came to an end. It had been a boisterous one, highly lucrative, and at times defiantly unethical. Bowman's fee of \$49,000 for the services he rendered the city of St. Louis in connection with a legal action to recover funds advanced to aid in the building of the Missouri Pacific Railroad was said to be the largest ever earned in the history of the St. Louis bar up to that time. The chicanery he practiced on the man who brought about his death was also typical. Chambers had been part owner of a paper known as the St. Louis *Times*. He had a partner in the property by the name of J. H. Cunliff. Bowman, openly admitting he was out to wreck the *Times*, conspired with Cunliff to run the paper into the ground. In spite of all Chambers' efforts, the two conspirators actually stopped publication of the *Times* and serviced its readers with the rival *Republican*. Bowman bought up notes of the defunct *Times* for thirty cents on the dollar, and in the final disposition of its assets he realized forty cents on the dollar. He also acquired the judgment against Chambers, which brought about his death.

It is interesting to note also that efforts of members of his profession to bring him to time failed in the face of Bowman's persuasive talents. Disbarment proceedings were brought against him in 1877, and he was found guilty. His appeal, carried to the United States Supreme Court, was rejected. But Bowman would not be downed. He persuaded the Missouri legislature to pass an act allowing disbarred attorneys to return to practice within three years upon consent of the state supreme court backed by a petition from a reasonable

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number of lawyers. That did the trick. By the time the three years were up, Bowman was again free to use his talents as his interests directed.

Just when Bowman first came to the Brule for his summer outings is not exactly known. Dr. Holbrook says that he was on the river in the summer of 1878. Joe Lucius is of the opinion that a log cabin Bowman built on Cedar Island was the first permanent dwelling erected on the upper river. We do know that Steve Gheen, a Chippewa half-breed, and a Joseph Jarvey or Jarvis, filed under the swampland act of 1850 on the land where Henry Clay Pierce later erected his fish hatchery. Gheen had a shack on the pond which later bore his name, but in early days was known to old-timers as Porkbarrel Lake. That was in the late fall of 1876. Gheen and Jarvis conveyed this land to Bowman in 1883.

Title to the land on which Cedar Island Lodge, its dining hall, servants' quarters, and the superintendent's house were erected at a later date can be traced back to an A. S. Graham, who acquired the property in 1857. Nothing is known of Graham, who failed to fulfill his purchase contract with the state, and let the land revert in 1859. It was sold under contract to Feind and Baldwin in 1883. These gentlemen, whoever they were, gave a twenty-five-year lease on the property to Bowman for an undisclosed sum of money and the promise that he would not cut the trees on it. Bowman and his partners occupied this choice forest retreat for several summers oblivious of the fact that Feind and Baldwin had let their land slip back again to the state and that William H. Phipps of Hudson, Wisconsin, had taken steps to acquire it. Pierce's lawyers, Catlin and Butler of Superior, checking into the records in 1889, found that the Hudson man had acquired title back in 1885. Bowman and his friends had been unconsciously poaching on another's property.

Henry Clay Pierce, an up-and-coming young businessman from St. Louis who later accumulated a fortune in oil and railroading, must have accompanied Bowman on one of his first

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excursions to the Brule. At any rate, the future chairman of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company and the National Railways of Mexico, was a principal party with Bowman, in the formation of an informally conducted club of fellow Missourians drawn up under an agreement in October of 1883. Under its terms Pierce and Bowman deeded to Lewis Dozier, a St. Louis cracker manufacturer whose firm later sold out to the National Biscuit Company, the leasehold on Cedar Island which Bowman had acquired from Feind and Baldwin, the land Bowman had bought from Gheen and Jarvis, an adjoining forty that Pierce had purchased, and two fishing and hunting camps — one on the Brule and the other on an island in Pike Lake — that must have been in use at the time.

Dozier was to act as trustee in behalf of a trio consisting of Bowman, Pierce, and Oliver A. Hart, an elderly associate of theirs. The three men were to enjoy the use of the two camps and their facilities, which according to the legal description consisted of "four boats at Island camp and four boats on the Brule, two stoves on the Brule and two stoves at Island camp, and tents, blankets, cooking utensils, etc. at either Brule or Island camp." The agreement provided that if a partner gave written notice before June 1st any year that he would not visit the camps that year, he would be relieved of his share of the expenses incurred during the year. Provisions also covered occupancy of the three bedrooms in the hexagonal lodge which stood on Cedar Island: "Room 1 — to Oliver Hart and his successors; Room 2 — to H. Clay Pierce and his successors; and Room 3 — to Frank J. Bowman and his successors."

The following year, with the concurrence of his partners, Bowman sold half his interest in the camps to Robert E. Carr of St. Louis, and three years later Carr acquired the rest of Bowman's interest. Shortly thereafter, Pierce gained the assistance of his father-in-law, William H. Gregg, in buying out Carr and Hart and acquiring the Dozier interest. Gregg, one of the organizers of the Southern White Lead Company (later merged in the formation of National Lead) was an enthusias-

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tic traveler and fisherman. He had written a book entitled *Where, When, and How to Fish on the East Coast of Florida*. In 1890 when he and his son-in-law took over the forest lands which bordered the Brule's famous spring-fed ponds, he was fifty-nine years old.

Henry Clay Pierce had decided to create a wilderness estate for himself, and he worked at enlarging his property as the years rolled on. He nailed down ownership of the land on which the lodge was built in 1890 by having his Superior lawyers secure a patent on the property from the state and then convey it to him. He bought out Gregg in 1896. And he hired Colonel Mather, a former editor-in-chief of *Field and Stream* to manage his properties in the interest of conservation and fish propagation. When E. W. Lambert came to Brule in 1906 as superintendent, the Pierce estate consisted of twenty-nine forties. Under Pierce's direction, Lambert kept buying in property until the St. Louisan had 106 forties in his possession, stretching on both sides of the river from the head of Big Lake to a point a good mile south of the pond area. To keep trespassers from invading the sanctity of his wilderness retreat, Pierce directed that a steel wire fence eight feet high be erected to enclose his entire holdings. He could not, however, bar passage of the river. But canoeists slipping down past the extensive holdings were well aware of the oilman's desire to protect his precious parkland and ponds from public observation. For like somber sentinels guarding palace gates, gray cedar posts lurked in the dense green vegetation along the river banks. The posts marked the line of fencing that denied access to the hinterland. Frequently, the posts carried signs printed on weather-resistant linen warning the curious to stay away. The signs bore in big, black letters, the signature of H. C. Pierce.

Although Henry Clay Pierce had expensive summer estates in the Adirondacks and in eastern Canada, Cedar Island was reputed to be his favorite. The early days when camping on the Brule brought physical inconveniences receded into almost forgotten history as the wealthy St. Louisan spent his money

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lavishly to make his Brule property a real show place. The original lodge on the island was completely done over and its trim exterior of cedar bark with flower window boxes matched its well-polished wood-paneled interior walls. A large building opposite the island contained an enormous dining room, the kitchen, and quarters for a goodly retinue of servants. It had a tasteful log and cedar bark exterior that fitted its woodsy environment, but its polished floors, wainscoting and its interior appointments were a far cry from the Brule era of the previous decade. Pierce also constructed a comfortable log house for his superintendent, barns for horses and cows, a power plant to supply electricity, as well as a boat house and other necessary smaller buildings. All of these were of the same general rustic architecture well suited to their location.

Pierce took the greatest pride, however, in his fish hatchery and the small zoo filled with native animals, including a few black bears and white-tailed deer. His hatchery and the ponds adjoining it were not only swarming with the speckled brook trout which since early time have abounded in the upper reaches of the river, but with rainbows that originally migrated up the stream from Lake Superior. Lochlevens, German browns, and a number of other famous species more familiar to trout fishermen of other parts of the world were raised in the Pierce hatchery and later released into the river proper. In spite of the fact that the proprietor saw that his charges were well fed on liver, they always seemed hungry. So visitors who stuck their fingers into the rearing ponds were immediately an object of interest to its fish inhabitants who, from curiosity or hunger, thronged around the immersed digit, crowding one another to wriggle alongside for a nip.

Pierce's fish preserves were created out of the chain of small spring-fed ponds that nestle close to the Brule River at this point, with sluiceways fitted with screens to allow or deny the fish passage between the ponds and the untrammelled waters of the mother stream. They required constant supervision on the part of the owner when he was on the Brule, and the estate's

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superintendent devoted a good share of his time to their operation. As a consequence the Cedar Island fish hatchery became known all over the country for the high quality of trout fry in its pens. Fingerlings were shipped on order to many parts of the United States and Canada. After Pierce's death revenue from this source and from the sale of trout to supply Duluth hotels and restaurants helped in part to bear the burden of taxes on the extensive estate.

The Pierce estate on Cedar Island had been the object of curiosity among the people who dwelt in Duluth, Superior, Ashland, and the smaller towns in the area for many years before the name became a familiar one to the whole nation. A number of distinguished visitors ranging from Miss Margaret Wilson, the daughter of the World War I President, to Herbert Hoover, who came to spend a week end fishing on the Brule shortly before he entered President Harding's cabinet, had come and gone and some publicity on the merits of the stream as a recreational spot of unusual beauty had resulted from their visits. But the river and Cedar Island were catapulted into newspaper headlines, and remained in the spotlight for a long time thereafter, when it was announced, in the spring of 1928 that President Calvin Coolidge would make Mr. Pierce's lodge his "summer White House."

Coolidge, in spite of his forbidding personality, was an astute man politically. He well knew the value to his own political future as well as that of his party, in establishing closer and more personal ties with members of the great national electorate who had few chances to brush elbows with high public officials. The previous year, Coolidge had taken his family out of Washington to cool off in South Dakota's Black Hills, and he had noted that Middle-western sentiments regarding him had been more cordial as a result. The year 1928 was an election year, and Wisconsin, as ever, exhibited an inscrutable aloofness which might be turned into a more favorable attitude towards Republican nominees if the head of the party tossed a bouquet in the right direction. Coolidge

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also evinced an interest in fishing which may have influenced his decision. Be that as it may, when Senator Irvine Lenroot produced an invitation from members of the Pierce family to come out to Wisconsin and take over the Cedar Island place for the summer, Coolidge's advisors accepted with alacrity.

The President and his party arrived at the Brule on June 13th and departed on September 10th. Their three-month sojourn on the river resulted in the removal of a number of barriers that had preserved a limited air of isolation about the region; as well as in considerable interplay between Coolidge and the old river hands which may possibly have left some enduring marks on the participants. River residents were jostled out of their solitude by the swarm of camp followers who descended with Coolidge and in his wake. The size of the contingent which came as a part of his permanent party was considerable — at least by Brule standards — sixty soldiers, fourteen house servants, ten secret servicemen, and no less than seventy-five reporters. Not all of them were quartered on the estate grounds, since the President had arranged to carry on his office work in space provided in the high school building in Superior. But they were much in evidence. And the coming and going of cavalcades of motor cars was a common sight on the roads leading to Cedar Island Lodge.

Even before the Coolidge party arrived there was ample evidence that the community was due for a summer that would far surpass those of the past. Governor Zimmerman of Wisconsin ordered the roads between Winneboujou, Lake Nebagemon, and Superior given preferential treatment. As a result all the unsurfaced portions were asphalted. The section between Poplar and Brule which swung south to touch the village of Lake Nebagemon and the Winneboujou community had formerly borne an undistinguished alphabetical lettering designation. Now it was proudly called the "President Coolidge Memorial Highway."

There was great excitement in the village of Brule when the announcement was made that the state would keep twenty-one

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health officers busy inspecting sandwich stands, hotels, restaurants, and other tourist accommodations in the northwest corner of the state. The *Duluth News Tribune* reported that Mrs. A. J. Webster had requests for advance reservations to lodge and feed visitors that completely swamped her ten-room hotel. Members of the Congregational church busied themselves painting and scrubbing the premises in anticipation of many a Sunday visit from the churchgoing President and his wife. Between Brule and the "summer White House" some pastureland was hastily converted into an airport to handle air-minded visitors who were expected to drop by to see the President as well as planes carrying important dispatches. The accommodating South Shore Railroad, not to be outdone, built a small depot at Winneboujou where only a freight office and a shelter had previously stood.

Meanwhile arrangements were made to protect the President and members of his family from violence or molestation. Guards were posted along the boundaries of the estate at points where roads entered; sentries along the river banks were ordered to keep canoeists without proper credentials or accompanied by guides (who had previously been checked and given badges identifying them as persons worthy of trust) from approaching Cedar Island by water. The presence of the Great White Father hung over the valley like a storm cloud on a sultry summer day.

The Coolidges, however, obtruded themselves but little into the daily lives of the Brule River residents. John Coolidge, the President's son, was entertained in a modest fashion by some of the summer residents, who deduced that he was pining away for lack of suitable company. But those were the only social contacts. There was considerable gossip about the President's fishing prowess. This was stimulated by a number of articles in the papers viewing the President's angling attainments in a querulous vein. The Brule people were always interested in knowing who guided the President on his fishing excursions. They followed the accounts of John LeRock's cus-

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todianship and heard how, when he had been unable to guide the President because of a sprained back resulting from an attempt to crank a balky car, young Grant McDougall, the grandson of the pioneer captain had stepped into the breach. And they saw pictures in the local papers which made it unnecessary for them to invade the sacred precincts of the Cedar Island property to find out for themselves what was going on. The pictures showed the President with a ten-gallon Stetson on his head, sitting in a canoe, bending over his fish line in an expectant mood.

"Brule tradition has been upheld by President Coolidge who has foresworn his customary fish bait by disdaining worms and using flies during his angling expeditions from the summer White House," Duluth morning papers announced on June 22nd. It was heartening news. Fears which many ardent Brule fly fishermen had entertained were dispelled. They had feared that Cal Coolidge, even though an acknowledged tenderfoot with the casting rod, might by the very weight of his official position lend some aura of respectability to a reprehensible version of a noble sport. Enticing fish to bite with worms indicates a complete lack of sportsmanship in the minds of old-time Brule River fishermen.

Newsmen who covered the Presidential doings contrived to give the impression that the chief executive instead of endangering the reputation of the Brule as a good trout stream was actually turning in a fine performance. This typical item appeared in the *Duluth News-Tribune* on June 21st: "President Coolidge hooked six fine trout, the largest weighing one pound and three-quarters (a Loch Leven). His catch is considered by expert anglers as very fair for a beginner on the Brule." It was Cal's first sortie after trout. If on several later occasions he did less well, scribes pointed out that piscatorial appetites were on the wane that day. Wisconsin residents were as solicitous of Coolidge's feelings that summer as was he of their friendly attitude.

The President's gracious wife was a minor celebrity whose

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frequent shopping trips to town were ogled by the curious villagers. Beside the President, the chief actors upon whom the public eye was directed were John Taylor, the blind lay preacher of the Brule Congregational Church where the Coolidges often attended services, and John LaRock. Taylor's sermons had never attracted any attention before; now they were quoted in newspapers from coast to coast. John LaRock, the Indian guide who filled most of the President's guiding assignment, became overnight the undisputed dean of the rivermen. His views on the President and on his ability with rod and fly were eagerly sought after. He even talked seriously of writing a book describing his adventures with Coolidge.

Reams were written about the Pierce estate during the Coolidge visit. Newspaper reporters described the beauties of its solitude, the orderly and simple elegance of its broad lawns and substantial buildings. Pictures taken by photographers assigned to cover the Presidential party depicted the many rustic bridges encased in cedar bark and the bronze bears holding light globes which stand guard at the main bridge approaches of the estate. Doubtless those who came to call on the President and his family were aware of the solid bronze trough and water pipe which embellish the main buildings. Pierce liked quality in his surroundings, and during his lifetime he saw to it that the place was kept in a remarkable state of preservation. It took a permanent crew of about forty employees to provide Pierce, his family, and guests, with the amount of service he decreed during their summer sojourns on the Brule. A large part of this force occupied itself in maintaining the land and buildings in the meticulous fashion demanded by Pierce.

Overcome as they were with the excitement attending the advent of Coolidge to the Brule, residents of the valley were probably less awed by the President's official entourage than they had been years before by the far smaller but more regal circle of family, friends, and retainers with which the St. Louisan surrounded himself. From the minute Pierce arrived

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at Winneboujou in his private railroad car until his departure weeks later, the inhabitants knew that "royalty" was in their midst. Cottagers along the Brule gaped as Pierce and his party streamed by on the river in a seemingly endless line of canoes. When, during the course of a fishing or picnicking expedition upstream, the river folk pushed their canoes past the Pierce estate, they always regarded the place and its inhabitants in open wonderment. In their well-worn khakis and woolens, the downstream cottagers noted the proprietor in his well-pressed white flannel trousers and his women folks in their thin summer finery with amazement. Sometimes, the passers-by were hailed from the shore and invited to tea. When that happened the downstreamers felt like waifs who had been summoned to Windsor Castle, so aware were they of the contrast between their rough garb and the silks and satins that surrounded them.

Summer Settlers

Although Cedar Island's place as the most publicized property on the Brule river is undisputed, the spot has another claim to distinction. It is generally conceded by old-timers that it is the site of the first permanent dwelling built in the upper valley—the log cabin erected by Frank Bowman—shortly after the St. Louis lawyer first made his appearance in the area. Antoine Dennis used to contend that the only other claimant for the honor—the cabin built by Colonel John H. Knight, where the river widens to make what residents term “Ashland Lake”—was not constructed until 1885. If this is correct, the Bowman cabin was the first.

Colonel Knight had undoubtedly visited the Brule well before the year 1885. A Civil War veteran who had seen action at Lookout Mountain, Antietam, and in Grant's wilderness campaign, he had stayed in the regular army and was appointed commander at Fort Douglas, Utah, in 1867. While on duty there he had witnessed the driving of the golden spike at Ogden, Utah, a ceremony which symbolized the completion of America's first continental railroad from Omaha to San Francisco. Knight was named Indian agent with headquarters in Superior about 1870, but moved in 1873 to Bayfield, where he took up an assignment as United States land agent.

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After his arrival in the Lake Superior country, Knight invested heavily in timberlands. Although he suffered severe financial reverses in the Panic of 1873, he settled down in Bayfield to make the best of the situation. It was sometime during his eight-year residence there that he first trod the banks of the Brule. Since his timber holdings included large tracts running down to the river, he had more reason than other sportsmen of his time to wet his fishing line in the stream's waters.

Colonel Knight's timber holdings compelled his attention and influenced him to give up public office in order to form a partnership in the lumber business with an old classmate from the Albany Law School in New York. His partner's name was William F. Vilas. After graduation from law school, Vilas had distinguished himself as a member of the Union Army besieging Vicksburg. Later upon his return to civilian life, he had an active political career which brought him first, recognition as one of Wisconsin's up and coming young Democrats, then chairmanship of the Democratic National Convention of 1884, and still later the posts of Postmaster General and Secretary of the Interior in Grover Cleveland's administrations.

Knight and Vilas set up in Ashland the Superior and later the East End lumber companies. Knight moved to Ashland in 1881 to be near his sawmill operations. He found time to take an active interest in civic affairs, becoming Ashland's first mayor in 1887. And he promoted the building of the pretentious (for its time) brick hotel which bears his name. The old hotel, constructed in 1890, is still the leading hostelry on Chequamegon Bay.

Advance guards of two sportsmen's groups who later became closely identified with the Brule River were penetrating the wilderness during these years. Dr. Arthur Holbrook of Milwaukee got his first glimpse of the Brule in 1878. He had come by team overland from Bayfield, putting up at Al Angus's camp at Pike Lake on the way. Holbrook camped in a grove of tall Norway pines, a site which subsequently became popular with campers and picnickers. The place has lost little of its

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original beauty. It lies on the right bank of the river between the spot where the South Shore Railroad right of way before its abandonment crossed the stream and the bridge where county trunk highway B spans the Brule.

Dr. Holbrook returned year after year with members of his Milwaukee camping club — Judge George H. Noyes, George C. Markham, and the Reverend Judson Titsworth. They pitched their tents on the high, level, grassy plain from which the log house built by E. N. Saunders now surveys the winding river. The land was owned at least part of the time by members of another group of ardent fishermen who came from St. Paul. This group founded the Winneboujou Club. One of them, Christopher D. O'Brien, drafted an agreement which gave the Milwaukeeans the right to camp on the site in return for an annual payment in the form of a half-pound trout caught personally by Mrs. Holbrook and presented by her in person. The payment was part of a ceremony in which the fishermen and wives of both camps joined. It also involved a noon banquet staged by the St. Paul people amidst appropriate speeches, jollity, and the exploding corks of champagne bottles.

The Milwaukee people built a little lodge in 1889; about 1906 they moved it to a new site up stream when twenty acres were purchased from Colonel Knight. Subsequently as their families grew, Judge Noyes, Dr. Holbrook, and Mr. Markham built larger, more modern houses which have continued to accommodate their descendants. The Milwaukeeans have always retained a particularly strong interest in maintaining the forest and stream unspoiled. Dr. Arthur T. Holbrook and Haskill Noyes, second generation members of the camping club, were able to make major contributions to that end — Noyes as a member of Wisconsin's State Conservation Commission, and Holbrook by his writings for historical publications and sportsmen's periodicals.

The founders of the Winneboujou Club first visited the Brule River Valley shortly after the Northern Pacific completed its rail line from Duluth to Ashland in 1884. These

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St. Paul people got off the train at the crude village of Brule, which then consisted only of a blacksmith shop, a log store, and a railroad section house. They traveled by wagon over a rough road to Knight's property where they camped near the present Nississhin Lodge. E. N. Saunders, Jr., long-time secretary of this fisherman's club, says that his father camped with Chris and Tom O'Brien in the big grove of Norways at Knight's in the spring of 1886. He recalls that later that summer John O'Leary of St. Paul brought Mrs. Chris O'Brien, Mrs. Saunders, and their boys, Dick O'Brien and young Ed Saunders, to the same spot for a two weeks outing.

The present Winneboujou Club property was purchased by C. D. O'Brien from John D. Angus, a retired ship captain, late in 1888. Original club members were C. D. O'Brien, J. D. O'Brien, T. D. O'Brien, E. N. Saunders, J. J. O'Leary, Dr. E. J. Abbott, L. W. Rundlett, Albert Scheffer, J. J. Watson, and Dr. C. A. Wheaton, all of St. Paul; and W. H. Hyndman, a Chicago man. Joe Gheen, brother of Steve, was the club's first guide and caretaker. Returning from the town of Brule, loaded with provisions, Joe's bateau overturned in the swift waters of a rapids midway between the club and the town. Joe and his load were thoroughly wetted, and ever since the fast water at this point has been known as Little Joe's Rapids.

As the upper reaches of the Brule became familiar fishing and hunting grounds for enterprising sportsmen who put up with primitive camping inconveniences as they planned to build more permanent quarters, an ambitious undertaking was attempted at the mouth of the river. Samuel Budgett, of Bristol, England, bought land at that point and brought over some thirty English families to effect a settlement there. Budgett planned a co-operative venture on the lines of Brook Farm, where land was owned jointly by the villagers and each contributed part of the work to sustain the livelihood of all. He built a sawmill, stave mill, and cooperage shop. The people of Clevedon, as the settlement was called, were expected to grow prosperous by operating a fishing station, whose products

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would be packed for market in barrels built right on the spot. Budgett brought his people over in 1880, but the project was short lived. For or five years later, the settlement was abandoned as its inhabitants drifted away to look for greener pastures. Today there is nothing to mark the site of this little village which once stood on the right bank of the Brule looking out over Lake Superior.

John LaChappelle, whose family lived up the shore to the east a bit, blamed the failure of the project on bad management and the Englishmen's abysmal ignorance of logging operations. The colonists were apparently lacking in practical know-how, for they took little advantage of the resources surrounding them. According to LaChappelle, lumber for the settlement's buildings was cut in Duluth sawmills and teamed down. The sawmill and stave mill were never put to use. And when cold weather came, the settlers often burned hay instead of the abundant firewood they could easily have collected to keep themselves warm.

LaChappelle said that this scene of incompetence was presided over by a gentleman of refinement and culture named Philip Southern, who in his white linen suit, provided a sharp contrast to the few hardy and unkept woodsmen who occasionally found their way to the Clevedon settlement. On such occasions, Southern welcomed the visitors to his cabin and charmed them with his politeness and the contents of an extensive wine cellar. His easygoing ways were, however, ill-suited to bringing a frontier community to any degree of self-sufficiency. Southern found it easier to buy provisions (as long as Budgett's funds lasted) than to feed his flock by farming, fishing, and hunting. According to LaChappelle, he was a philosophical soul. When a shipment of horses and provisions for the colony was rushed to the mouth of the Brule one early winter day on the steamer "R. G. Stewart," Southern had the cargo unloaded on the ice. An offshore wind came up and blew ice and badly needed supplies out to sea. The settlers were distraught, but Southern calmed them with assurances that the

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stuff would return. His equanimity was rewarded when the wind shifted and Clevedon's winter supplies drifted back to shore into eagerly waiting hands.

This short-lived settlement at Clevedon was the only inhabited place on the lower Brule in the 1880's. It was not until a decade later that a few clearings in the wilderness marked the coming of permanent settlers. Nils P. Johnson, a hardy pioneer of Finnish blood, bought land in 1895 near the sandstone rips where the Brule plunges down a natural stone staircase. William Harvey acquired property a few miles up from the river's mouth in 1897, and built himself a home there. W. B. Banks, a Superior banker, erected a summer home on the east bank at the head of the long series of rapids where the river breaks over the ridge which once formed the shore of Lake Superior's preglacial predecessor. The Banks place, according to Judge Irvine L. Lenroot, a Superior attorney who later became a United States senator and a federal judge, dates back to the late 90's. It is now the site of a pavilion extensively used by employees of the Central Cooperative Wholesale group of stores. Judge Lenroot's summer cottage, a short distance upstream from the sandstone rips, was not built until 1911, but a neighbor, V. E. McCaskill, president of Superior Teachers College, put up his cottage in 1900. Sometimes the swirling rapids near his house are called by his name.

At the turn of the century, the Brule had been discovered by a goodly number of ardent fishermen who broadcast the size of their catches rather extensively. Only a few, however, of the many summer homes which now mark the river's course had been erected. Beside those already named, there were only the small log cabins owned by C. B. Couch, a Cleveland railroad man, on land carved out of the Knight property (the Couch cabin was built in 1884 or thereabouts), Captain McDougall's cottage (now the L. G. Castle place), built in 1905, and the buildings erected by Judge Horace Stone of St. Paul, fourteen miles upstream at Blue Springs. The Brule still wound its way through an almost untouched wilderness, al-

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though at two points it was bridged by railroads. The Northern Pacific leaped the stream in 1883 near the village of Brule, and some nine years later the Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic crossed it on a wooden trestle some four miles farther south. These railroads made it much easier for people to invade the silent forests that had once hidden the Brule from prying eyes.

The Brule River Valley today is a quiet, restful place where one may enjoy most of the luxuries of modern living while revelling in the pine-scented air and the vistas of woods and water that greet the eye. Not many years ago — well within the memory of many who still make annual pilgrimages to the Brule — living on the river had its frontier aspects. For one thing, before highways were improved to the point where driving over country roads in an automobile became a feasible means of transportation (about 1914 in the annals of the Brule area), it was a slow and provoking train trip. As a consequence summer residents arrived encumbered by many pieces of baggage. Their larders were supplied by shipments of meat and groceries which kept accumulating in the little freight depot at Brule, or on the platform at the flag stop at Winneboujou. Frequent trips by wagon or canoe were necessary to pick up these supply items.

There were, of course, no electric power lines in the vicinity so kerosene lamps provided light. Refrigeration was dependent on a supply of natural ice, most of it cut during the winter on Saunders' pond and stored away for summer use well covered with sawdust. Fire wood was the only fuel available for heating and cooking. Drinking water came from the many springs along the river bank. The first house with modern plumbing was built in 1902. It required a lot of work to keep a household going. In the earlier days of the Brule summer colony, a Brule River guide was a jack-of-all-trades, laying in the supply of ice, cutting the firewood, keeping buildings and boats in repair, and providing motive power for the sturdy wooden canoes which fishermen on the river have preferred as

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the means of getting from one good fishing hole to another.

These rivermen came out of the sawmills or left their winter jobs logging in the woods to guide during the Brule summers, although many of them had their own modest cabins near by where they occupied themselves with odd jobs during the winter months. Quite a number of them were of Indian blood and hibernated at the Odanah Indian Reservation. They were a colorful group of men, universally adept in the arts of woodcraft. Some were more skillful in the handling of a canoe or the preparation of a campfire meal than others. They were, of course, endowed with varying traits, some of which charmed and others of which distressed their employers.

Many of them came of pioneer stock, descendants of men whose names had been familiar on the fur trading routes of the past or whose efforts had been instrumental in opening up the country to settlement. There was Jack Kindiken, for instance, who guided for Judge Joseph W. Cochran when the judge first came to the Brule. A tall and powerful man with considerable Chippewa blood in his veins, Jack looked like a true descendent of illustrious Indian warriors. He was born about 1862, a nephew of Tom Connor, that stalwart American Fur Company trader who filled out a career bartering with the Indians on the St. Croix before he bought a forty acre tract within the present city limits of Superior and gave his name to the point which is the western terminus of the interstate bridge to Duluth.

There were the Morrison brothers, Johnny and Charley, in whose veins coursed both Scotch and Indian blood. Johnny was an early Winnebougou Club caretaker. His brother was known for the parasol and kid gloves he frequently sported. The Morrisons, Jack Kindiken, Joe Gheen and his wife, Mary, Antoine Dennis and his family, and Michael Bushke had a sort of communal camp on the river bank opposite Dr. Wheaton's lodge. Dr. Arthur Holbrook tells of an earlier Indian camping site near the creek that flows from the spring-fed pond called Jack's Lake.

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The rough and tumble Tibbetts boys — Bill, Sewell, Frank, and Rock—lived in a couple of cabins near where county trunk road B now crosses the river. Two of the Tibbetts married Indian squaws. They had a team with which they used to haul passengers from Brule up to their place. These brothers thrived on practical jokes, were the river's most accomplished poker players, and, according to all accounts, provided their visitors with recreation and relaxation of a boisterous sort. A less sociable group consisted of "Red Bob" Cochran, Jack Dwyer, Jack O'Dea, and one other man. Cochran was a husky, sandy-haired individual with a ruddy complexion, the river's best rough-and-tumble fist fighter. He was a hard worker and a successful log jobber during the winter months. When summer came along, he and his pals turned to guiding. They had an unsavory reputation as fish dynamiters and were suspected of raiding habitations whose owners were away.

In later years the outlaw element in the river valley went the way of all frontier trespassers who fade from the scene when more permanent settlement brings a high acceptance and enforcement of law and order. Then came the days of Charlie Stewart and his nephew, Walter Sevalia, whose heroism during World War I brought him official acclaim from the President of his country. Walter swam the Meuse River under machine gun fire carrying important dispatches for the American army. Stewart, Sevalia, Antoine Dennis and his sons, Ben and Tom, and John LaRock, who was later to guide President Coolidge, were all of Indian descent.

Summer residents were conscious too of the prowess of other members of the profession—Ray Eggert, whose brightly colored shirts and trim appearance proclaimed him as the best-dressed guide on the river; Roy Stearns, who prided himself on his prodigious strength and reveled in poling heavier loads than his rivals up the tortuous rapids known as "The Falls;" Holley Lucius, son of Joe, whose twinkling paddle marked him as the speediest boatsman; Frank George, whose tenor voice bewitched those who were fortunate passengers in his

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canoe on moonlight nights; and such stalwarts as Seth Allen, competent carpenter and adept canoeman; John Sample of the drooping moustache, and his jovial son David.

No name is more closely associated with the Brule River, however, than that of Joe Lucius, who first dipped his paddle in its water during the summer of 1887 when he brought a party of people across the Brule-St. Croix portage on a ten-day fishing trip. On this particular trip, Lucius got no farther north than the alder bush country south of Blue Springs. But he and his party carried out over eleven hundred trout—all of them small—according to Joe. Two years later, Lucius started guiding for members of the Pine Tree Club, an organization which had about a hundred members and a club house near Solon Springs. The club was organized when the Omaha Railroad reached Solon Springs (first known as White Birch) and its members fished the St. Croix and Brule rivers, as well as near-by lakes. Three of its members were later to acquire home sites on the Brule—Captain Alexander McDougall and A. D. Thomson of Duluth, and Horace Stone of St. Paul. The Pine Tree people usually came over to the Brule by a road which led to the river below Blue Springs from the east shore of St. Croix Lake. In the summer of 1889, a log cabin was erected there and a trail brushed out to Blue Springs.

Lucius began a long association with Captain McDougall during the summer of 1889, when he took a job as apprentice in the McDougall shipyard in Duluth. During the next few years, he alternated between working in the woods skidding logs for a company operating near Solon Springs, and working at the shipyards. When the captain decided to acquire some property along the Brule, he commissioned Joe and a surveyor by the name of Tom Handley to run a rough survey of the upper part of the valley from Nebagamon Creek to St. Croix Lake during the winter of 1893. The two were out ten days and spent two nights huddled in their sleeping bags in weather thirty-six below zero. After the shipbuilder acquired extensive holdings, Lucius was permitted to build a small cabin on

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the banks of the lake which now bears his name. From 1894 until the spring of 1899, he took in small parties of fishermen as paying guests and escorted them up and down the river to the choicest fishing holes. The Winneboujou Club persuaded Lucius to take over the duties of caretaker at that time, and he remained on the job until spring of 1911. During this twelve-year period, Lucius constructed nine summer homes (for the Cutler, Couch, Hartman, Holbrook, McDougall, Markham, Marshall, Watson, and Wheaton families) as well as school-houses located at Bellwood and near the N. P. Johnson bride. All the Lucius houses were models of practical rustic design and conscientious workmanship and contained many innovations which their owners came to prize very highly.

Lucius left the Brule to head the forestry service in Wisconsin. The first steel fire towers were erected under his direction in 1911. Later he built ranger stations, the state's first tree nursery and forestry headquarters camp at Trout Lake. In addition, he supervised a program of reforestation that is still going strong. Then he centered his attention on fire prevention work with railroads. They had been responsible for starting many of the disastrous fires that swept the countryside every fall destroying timber and other valuable property. He helped design screens for locomotive stacks and devices to keep hot coals from being dropped on railroad rights-of-way. He maintained such a strict and impersonal inspection of railroad equipment and such constant touch with the railroad officials responsible for maintaining this equipment according to statutory regulations that he was able to win the admiration of these men and their hearty co-operation. As a result there was a marked decrease in annual fire losses.

In spite of his exploits in these fields, Lucius will always be best remembered by Brule people because he designed the wooden plank canoes which are peculiar to the locality. Early river people needed a stout craft that would be readily manageable in swift water and yet sufficiently durable to defy the stones and rocks that even the most skillful boatman occa-

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sionally grazed. It had to be of sufficient weight and stability to allow a fisherman to sit upright in its bow with little fear of capsizing, and yet light enough to be propelled up rapid stretches by people of average strength.

The Lucius canoe made its debut in the winter of 1895-96. The first one was built for Miller McDougall, the captain's son, as an expression of gratitude to the elder McDougall for his interest in Joe's career. Lucius has since said that many of the ideas which he incorporated into his boat were the result of discussions he and his friend George Stevens had on the subject. Stevens was also one of the trusted men in Captain McDougall's shipyard. Lucius is still building canoes and, although some of the specifications have been changed because of the availability of materials or the development of new products, the fundamental design is the same.

The Brule River boat, as designed by Lucius, has an oval keel of white pine from six to eight inches wide shaped like that of an orthodox canoe. The hull is of native white cedar planking held together by ribs of white oak. Gunwales are of white oak, and the thwarts are of white oak or white ash. The curved pieces which finish off both bow and stern are fashioned from tamarack roots. Lucius also invented a sliding seat arrangement which allowed the guide to balance his canoe according to the weight of his passengers. After H. C. Pierce ordered a live-box to keep freshly caught fish in their native element until the fishing party reached home, Lucius improvised the model which has since been accepted as the standard on the Brule. It is a wooden affair twenty inches square with galvanized sheet lining; it has a corrugated bottom to fit the ribs in the canoe and two openings in the bottom to allow water from the river to circulate constantly. Most of the canoes built by Lucius for the Brule River were eighteen to twenty feet in length, and their lines resembled in general the Peterborough canoe of Canada. He turned out a twenty-four-foot canoe for Judge Noyes, however, which was the daddy of them all. This big boat was the favorite conveyance of the

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Noyes grandchildren, and its broad bottom could hold a goodly number of young and active campers who assembled at the Noyes lodge every summer.

Joe Lucius with his practical mind and unceasing industry is typical of many of America's sons whose parents came to this country from Europe in the middle of the 19th century. Their handiwork was indispensable in building the productive industrial and agricultural economy we have today. Joe's predecessor as caretaker at the Winneboujou Club was, however, a man of an entirely different stamp. Bob Boyd had none of Lucius' solid qualities, but he sprang from American's original aristocracies—the small coterie of men who guided the country's fortunes through colonial and Revolutionary days and the chieftains of the Indian nations who were the original Americans.

Bob Boyd, or Robert Dundass Boyd, Jr., was the grandson of a distinguished American who occupied a number of important governmental posts in the early part of the 19th century. Grandfather George Boyd, Jr., served as private secretary to William Eustis, Secretary of War in 1811, and to General John Armstrong, his successor. He was sent to Europe as purchasing agent for the government and in that capacity bought supplies for the War Department and materials for the new capitol in Washington, which was then in the process of construction. He married Harriet Johnson, the daughter of Maryland's first governor and a sister of Mrs. John Quincy Adams, the wife of America's sixth president.

When Andrew Jackson's spoilsmen invaded the capitol after their triumphant victory at the polls, Boyd lost his official post. Like other Federalists of his time, adverse political weather forced him to accept a less congenial position. He was appointed Indian agent at Michilimackinac in 1818 and resided there until 1832 when he became Indian agent at Green Bay. George Boyd had a son, Robert Dundass Boyd, who became a trader.

Robert D. Boyd, Sr., was living in La Pointe at the time his

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son Bob was born. Bob's mother was Julia Cadotte, the daughter of Michel Cadotte, Jr., known as "Petit Michel," and the granddaughter of the great and highly respected Michel Cadotte. Boyd Sr., was a heavy drinker and had a bad temper. In 1858 when Bob was only six years old, his father got to quarrelling while playing cards with a man named Joseph Cross. Boyd lost his temper and Cross shot him dead—in self-defense a jury's verdict decided later.

When he came to the Brule, Bob Boyd, was a resentful sort of fellow, a heavy drinker and a man "wise beyond his knowledge," according to Lucius. Boyd's resentment had festered in his bosom ever since he had grown old enough to realize that fortune had played him a scurvy trick. He was brought up as an uneducated farm hand and woodsman at the Odanah Indian Reservation. Had circumstances been different, he might have been raised in keeping with his paternal ancestry.

Boyd told Guy Burnham, author of *Lake Superior Country*, that "my father was planning on taking me down the lakes somewhere in the spring to place me with his people in some school. His death changed all that, for I never heard what became of his effects, nor of the land which he owned. I saw a lawyer about it when I was grown up and he said 'you have slept too long.'"

"The killing of my father changed my life," recounted Boyd. "Had he lived, I would have been educated and brought up as a white man. Not until I grew up did I realize that I was more white than Indian, for my father was white, and my mother of mixed blood. When I realize now what I have missed in life, I hate to even speak the word, 'Indian.'"

Fire, Axe, and Water

The natural beauty of the Brule River Valley embodied in the crystal clear stream winding between high, pine-crested banks has been threatened from time to time. Schoolcraft recorded the ugly skeletons of trees left by forest fires that must have been recurrent in the area before the white man came to stay. During the last few years of the nineteenth century, the valley's loveliness was threatened by commercial exploitation.

It was the era of big lumbering operations in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the stately white and Norway pines of northwestern Wisconsin were not overlooked by timber cruisers. Sawmills were built at Ashland to convert the forests into lumber, and a number of mills were set up nearer the Brule to cut the timber in the immediate area.

The Rust-Owen Lumber Company got its mill at Drummond into operation in 1882. The town of Iron River blossomed a few years later and became a hurly-burly metropolis of the lumberjack complete with thirty saloons. Twitted by a publication in a neighboring town for its expansive liquor establishments, the Iron River *Pioneer* proudly replied, "If there are thirty saloons in the town of Iron River, it is because there is enough business for thirty saloons." The *Pioneer* reported that the Weyerhaeuser people were completing a lum-

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ber mill at Lake Nebagemon which would be finished on January 15, 1899. The paper also reported that O. F. Harkness and W. S. Carr proposed to set up a newspaper at Lake Nebagemon—surely an indication that the new village expected to grow.

Large-scale lumbering operations in the Brule River Valley were conducted by the Weyerhaeuser company, hauling its logs by rail to Lake Nebagemon; by Knight and Vilas, who drove their logs down the river and then had them rafted across Lake Superior to Duluth. Nils Carlson, for a number of years treasurer of Brule Township, told the author that he and his brother came to Brule in 1897 to work for Knight and Vilas, and that the first big log drive on the river occurred in 1898.

A good deal of the timber cut by Knight and Vilas came from the hills which stretch along the river from Big Lake south. They had skidways on Lucius Lake, Big Lake, and at Rainbow Bend, a mile or so above Cedar Island. Vestiges of these skidways were still visible as late as twenty years after they had fallen into disuse. The business of getting the logs down to the river bank caused a lot of friction between H. C. Pierce and the lumbermen. It almost came to the shooting stage.

It appears that timberlands of Knight and Vilas lay adjacent to Pierce's holdings up-river from Cedar Island. Pierce thought he owned the land all along the east bank and, when the Ashlanders attempted to run logs at Rainbow Bend, he armed some of his men with Winchester rifles and gave them authority to fire on trespassers. Knight and Vilas consulted lawyers and surveyors and arrived at the satisfying conclusion that a corner of one of the sections they owned touched on the big slough north of Rainbow Bend. They therefore slid logs into what Pierce had previously considered one of the choicest ponds in his whole preserve. Pierce found that his opponents had the law on their side. According to Joe Lucius, he made the best of the situation by dynamiting the narrow neck of land that separates the slough from the river proper so that the

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unwelcome intruders could move their logs into the main stream.

John LaChappelle used to say that running logs down the river ruined the stream bed by piling up rocks in some places and by gouging it out in others. It is certain that for many years after the last log passed, the channel of the river wound its way past and through countless reminders of lumbering days. It always seemed as if a goodly proportion of the annual cuts never reached the mills at all. Fly fishermen were well aware of the presence of these big pine logs, for many of the biggest trout lingered under their shadows.

The appearance of the river in certain stretches during those years must have been altered considerably by the presence of two dams which were constructed to help the log drives. The lower one stood very close to the mouth of the river and was built by a Captain Dorothy, according to Lucius, the owner of a boom company which rafted the logs to Ashland. A second dam was built about two miles below the village of Brule. The flowage, Lucius says, extended about the same distance above the dam. It was said that the distance between the two dams was forty-eight miles and that it took only three and a half hours for a log to travel it. Lucius declares that the last log drive was made in 1899, and that he helped blow out the dams in 1909 when the state of Wisconsin contributed funds to free the river from its restraints.

Had the schemes pressed by other promoters during this period gone through, the character of the Brule River would have been completely and permanently changed. It was proposed that, by means of locks and canals, the river be made a passageway for barges carrying freight from the head of Lake Superior to the Mississippi. Promoters of this plan to link the lake with the Father of Waters got a bill through Congress on August 17, 1894, appropriating \$10,000 to survey the most feasible route for a waterway.

United States Engineers took the job and studied two routes—one via the old portage up the St. Louis, across to the Savan-

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na, and down the Prairie River to Sandy Lake and its outlet to the Mississippi; the other traversing the south shore of Lake Superior from Allouez Bay to the Brule, then up that stream to its source, over to St. Croix Lake, and down the St. Croix River. Estimates of the cost of canal construction for these two routes were made by the engineers. They figured that it would cost \$10,575,715 to construct a barge canal seven feet deep by eighty feet wide between Lake Superior and Sandy Lake; and \$7,050,000 to build one via the Brule and the St. Croix. They thought that the first route was impractical because of the expensive necessity of improving the Mississippi's channel between Sandy Lake and St. Paul. But the Brule route would not lend itself to a deeper and wider canal for steamboats because not enough water was available in the upper reaches of the stream.

Rough plans for the Brule River canal called for a level waterway extending from Allouez Bay across the flats to the Brule near the present Cooperative Park, where a dam and lock were to be constructed. There were also to be locks a short distance upstream from Brule and at the mouth of Nebagammon Creek. A dam at the Wildcat Rapids was to hold back the water to form a lake thirty-five miles long extending the entire length of the upper Brule Valley, St. Croix Lake, and the St. Croix River to a place near the present dam at the lower end of Lake Gordon. Dams farther down the St. Croix were to provide sufficient water to allow barges to complete the trip to the natural head of navigation at Taylor's Falls. Engineers estimated that the proposed canal would be 207 miles long, it would lift boats 420 feet from the level of Lake Superior to the summit at the Brule-St. Croix watershed; and that the barges would then descend 353 feet to the Mississippi River.

Had the canal received favorable action in Congress, the topography of the Brule Valley would be far different today. The engineers contemplated excavating large sections in the upper valley tamarack swamps to provide the necessary depth for the barges. Instead of the narrow, winding stream, acceler-

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ating its pace as it flows north towards Lake Superior, there would have been a series of long lakes beneath which much of the lush vegetation of the valley would have been buried. The route of the early voyageurs would have undergone a hideous transmutation to transform it into a route for modern carriers of commerce. But this scheme, like so many others of its kind, languished in the halls of the national legislature. Somewhere along the line interest in the project perished for lack of nourishment.

During the period it was seriously considered, however, a survey of the canal route from Allouez Bay to the Brule was completed and a report was issued. John Krey and his party of ten men started running the line on May 16, 1895. He gave an uninspiring picture of the territory he traversed. "I found neither human habitation nor cultivated lands of any description within a half-mile either way of my line from the city limits of Superior to the Brule river. The valuable timber has mostly been cut or has been destroyed by recent forest fires."

Since the Brule River Valley became a haven for summer visitors who came there to fish and to isolate themselves from the distractions of a busy world, the solitude has been threatened as forces from without whittled away at the constantly narrowing area along the stream where the big timber stood. The soil in the areas bounding the Brule Valley is on the whole sandy and unproductive, except along a strip some ten miles in width which borders Lake Superior. The soil there contains a lot of clay, but it will raise crops. As more and more township roads were built, many of the lands which had been thickly wooded were cut over and became dairy farms. Farmers who settled in or near the Brule Valley were naturally more interested in introducing the benefits of a machine age than in preserving the old atmosphere of tranquillity. As a result, the Brule Valley today is no longer the isolated wilderness it once was.

Brush burning common to land clearing operations, in addition to the carelessness of summer campers and gross negli-

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gence on the part of the two railroads serving the area, came close to wiping out the woods along the Brule a number of times. Forest fires were common occurrences in the early 1890's. They came back to ravage the country almost every spring and fall, and they continued to plague Wisconsin until the people finally insisted that adequate protection measures be taken to stop the annual holocausts. Now in fire towers along the Brule, alert watchmen scan the horizon for signs of smoke, and trained fire-fighting crews, tractors, and other motorized equipment can be dispatched immediately to the scene of any conflagration. Fire is no longer a serious threat.

Before these control measures came into being, forest fires usually got a good start before they were discovered. Only then did settlers whose homes lay in the path of the blaze organize themselves to combat the fire. They were often poorly directed and ill equipped for the task. The most successful method of bringing a forest fire to a halt in those days was to build a back-fire in front of the advancing wall of flame, so that when the fire reached the burned over strip it would falter and die for lack of combustible material to keep it going. But high winds carrying red hot embers far in advance of the burning areas often periled these attempts. Sudden shifts in the direction of the wind also confused and confounded the fire fighters. One of the most destructive fires to ravage the Brule River Valley occurred in 1910. Dr. A. T. Holbrook and his wife were at their lodge at the time. A running account of what transpired during the three-day period when destruction threatened the whole Winnebougou area is given in the Holbrook logbook as written by the doctor himself.

"At the opening of spring camp, Monday, May 2nd, 1910, everything was ideal, excepting a long drought had retarded vegetation and the earth was dry and parched, the roads a bed of dust, and the whole country suffering for want of rain. The river was low and fishing good. The dry ground, covered with the old, dry leaves, needles, and inflammable material, was ready for ignition. Forest fires were frequent all about us and

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occasioned some alarm during the first week, but nothing serious threatened the camp until Monday morning, May 9th. On the morning of the 9th, Lucius sent word that 'the camps' were in danger, and that his family were preparing to vacate their own house, and he advised us to pack all we could into boats and go to the Big lake for safety.

"The fire, starting from sparks of a locomotive on the D.S.S. & A. Ry., soon came opposite the Winnebougou club and threatened to cross—but the flames were kept from Watson's, Wheaton's, and others on the west side of the river by elaborate backfiring—but the beautiful forest was a ruin. A fire had raged on the east side of the river towards Iron River, which owing to the continued northwest wind was not so threatening, but it was creeping up along the creek to the Iron River road.

"Thus on Monday it could be seen that a change of wind in any direction would take the fires to the club house. A vigorous, well-directed back-firing was maintained all that day and the night and the following day and night. About three P. M., the flames were very threatening. Mrs. A. H. and Geneva went by trail to Cochrane's where they would meet A. H. with a canoe loaded with blankets, provisions, etc. to go to the Big lake. The telephone paid for itself that day. We waited at Cochrane's landing getting frequent word of the progress of the fire by telephone, but with everything ready for a trip to Big lake. George Markham and his guest, Will Lehnhardt, and their help, James and Laura Pollock, had their canoe also loaded and a start made up-river. The back-firing at Watson's and Dr. Wheaton's had headed the flames from Marshall's and Cutler's, and as the sun went down, the wind went down; so that about seven o'clock it was deemed safe to return to the lodge.

"Tuesday, May 10th, opened cool and clear, but as soon as the wind rose—and as on the day previous, it came strong from the northwest—all fires soon started afresh. As the flames had been turned back westward from Wheaton's on Monday, they had been creeping to the old slashings, so that by nine o'clock

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it was apparent the fires would come to the river at the long bend below camp unless headed off. It was a struggle to turn the fire back, but it was kept at the old roadway, and it followed the old logging railroad track. It was then that a change of wind—more from direct west—would have made Gitchi Gum-mee untenable in ten minutes time.

“Carl Carlson was at the camp for grocery orders, with a strong horse and an old wagon. Trunks and such articles as could be carried were packed in the wagon and, with Mrs. H. and Geneva, started at about ten o'clock for Brule station. A. H. remained, but ready to fly on an instant warning with only the clothes he wore, to a place of safety. As the fire was heading for up-river, safety would be to the north, and arrangements were made for leaving by going down river or out on the tracks of the D.S.S. & A. Ry. Markham and Leinhardt and the Pollocks had their canoe loaded and taken to Saunders' landing ready for a quick flight.

“At the camp it was a continued excitement with constant anxiety and fears for the buildings and for the forest immediately about. Soon after Mrs. H. had left, Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple and Mr. and Mrs. Hartman arrived for a day's pleasure, but at once set to work to protect the buildings. (Mrs. D. and Mr. and Mrs. Hartman soon returned but Dalrymple remained to assist.) The Ericson pump at Markham's was kept running continuously—every available dish, tub, and receptacle was kept filled with water.

“About eleven o'clock, the roar of the advancing fire across the river began to destroy our hope for the camps, but, fortunately, the wind kept steady northwest and the fire swept around the swamp, and, before we could realize it, the flames were opposite Couch's threatening to cross. . . . But the main fire swept on through the forest to the east and south until it reached Porcupine crossing, where it crossed the river. At this time our camps seemed doomed, and there seemed no possibility of McDougall's escaping; but back-fires were started quickly and heroically—but from fifty feet of Cochrane's boat house,

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and about three hundred feet from the main lodge was all that could be saved.

"This was the deciding day for the camps—a change of wind or no back-fire—and all would have gone. The fires to the north had been checked; and those to the east had sped away; and the camps had been completely surrounded by fires so that from Hartman's to McDougall's was an island of green. Wednesday, the 11th, the fire worked towards Cedar island. The telephone was out of commission, and Mrs. H., hearing the fire had passed, returned to camp."

Fishing and the Future

In more recent years, the Brule valley has been comparatively free from the hazards of rampaging forest fires as the state's efforts to control dangers from fires, aided and abetted by a large and well-trained staff of rangers, more fire towers, and a net-work of access roads, have resulted in curbing this menace. But the governmental activity in other fields affecting the character of the river valley has been less welcome to the valley's residents. As many remember, Mr. Coolidge's reign in the White House was followed by Mr. Hoover's incumbency, and Hoover's four year term was marked by a growing economic storm which descended with appalling suddenness and fury on a complacent and unsuspecting populace. When the storm had wreaked its havoc and stunned Americans were digging themselves out of the ruins of their fanciful hopes for a permanent prosperity, they began to assess their assets—human and material. There followed a period during which President Roosevelt and his lieutenants pressed all manner of organized activity upon the people—some of it to keep people's minds off of what had happened to them and provide employment to pick up the faltering economy; and some of it with the avowed intention of heading off future depressions. The era was one which gave birth to many projects—many of them hurriedly conceived.

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The Brule River fell heir to a WPA project designed to restore to the stream some of its pristine glory as a fishing stream and a canoe route. The theory was advanced—and Sid Gordon of the Wisconsin Conservation Department was one of its ablest exponents—that the Brule was no longer as good a fishing stream as it had been because nature had been tampered with by well-meaning but unthinking property owners. Fallen trees had been removed from the stream bed. As a result, shady pools where trout could feed on small insects deposited in the water by the foliage of the fallen denizens of the forest were largely eliminated. The removal of fallen tree trunks also slowed up the flow of water since they had helped channelize the stream and speed its waters on toward Lake Superior. The slower flowing stream, less protected from the hot summer rays of the sun than formerly, was warming up; and warmer water was less conducive to a growing trout population. These reasons were advanced to support an extended course of treatment for the Brule. The treatment was provided under the WPA.

D. John O'Donnell, supervisor of watershed management for the Wisconsin Conservation Commission, in an article appearing in the published transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters in 1945, says that approximately \$40,000 was spent during the three years, 1936, 1937, and 1938 on Brule River stream "improvement." Altogether 286 structures including current deflectors, bend covers, and other devices were installed. The deflectors were made of small logs and were anchored firmly to the river bed in midstream to keep the main water of the Brule from meandering unnecessarily. The bend covers were screens of branches and small logs designed to provide the shade and shelter which fallen trees had formerly given. In addition to erecting these devices, WPA workers dredged several feet of accumulated mud out of the bottom of Big Lake with the idea that the current would be speeded up and the temperature of the water would drop as a result.

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Since the stream "improvement" structures were placed in the bed of the Brule, there has been no attempt to repair or renew them when they have fallen into decay. The old river hands had always scoffed at them and could hardly be expected to display any consideration for a dying foe; officialdom had reversed its opinion on the subject and had come to consider the "improvement" plan a typical aberration of the early depression years.

As it was natural that the national government should take an interest in a natural resource that had provided its chief executive a few hours of relaxation and should seek to embellish it with works undertaken in conjunction with a nationwide emergency spending spree, it was also logical that the state government should be asked to pick up the pieces. Washington had provided the example, but its efforts to make Brule River fishermen and Superior sporting goods salesmen more content with their lot had failed. These same people were heartily convinced, however, that the cause was far from hopeless. They reasoned that more preliminary study was needed before corrective measures were undertaken.

Pressure from interested people stirred Wisconsin officials into action. In December of 1941, a check of available information on the the physical, chemical, and biological characteristics of the river revealed that little or no factual material that could be used in developing a stream management program was at hand. Yet how could fishing in the Brule be improved and maintained at a higher level without a better knowledge of the factors which affect fish life? The conservation department resolved to find out everything it could about the physical aspects of the Brule. It set aside \$9,000 to make possible a number of studies; it asked, and received, a promise of assistance from the University of Wisconsin in the pursuit of this research program.

When the conservation department set up its program, at its July meeting in 1942, it was sure of one thing—a lot of money had been wasted in the past trying to bring back good fishing

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on the Brule. The record showed that 1,231,701 trout of all species—most of them fingerlings—had been planted in the Brule in the five-year period from 1937 through 1941. This program had cost the state \$34,248. Officials had no idea what had become of all the fish introduced into the Brule. But one thing was certain: fishermen were still complaining bitterly about the size of their catches.

According to Mr. O'Donnell, if a fisherman doesn't average at least one fish an hour, he is usually a disappointed man. In 1936 when the first creel census of the Brule was taken, fishing, if measured by this standard, was well below par. Personal contacts made by conservation department personnel showed that only in the extreme upper section of the river above Stone's bridge was fishing good enough to warrant angler applause. The census figures pointed to an average catch of seven-and-a-half fish per day in these waters. In the middle section—from Stone's to the village of Brule—the count was down to three a day; and from there to the mouth—takings averaged only a trifle better than two-and-a-half a day. Over half of all trout caught were brook trout.

In 1940 another check was made. The results were not encouraging. Brook trout, considered the choicest variety from the sportsman's point of view, were definitely on the decline. Less than a fifth of those caught were of this variety. In fact, had it not been for the migration of brown trout into the river from Lake Superior, and the presence of large numbers of rainbows during the annual spring spawning season, fishing would have been a lot worse than it was. Conservationists concluded that previous planting methods were not achieving their purpose. Evidently, the small fry and fingerlings which had been dumped into the river in the hope that they would grow to maturity and provide the angler with many a pleasant and profitable hour were being devoured by larger members of the trout tribe or by such other species as suckers and pickereel. The conservationists even went so far as to say that the structure-building boondoggle of previous years had contributed to the poorer fishing.

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The state people changed their tactics, withholding hatchery-developed fish until they had grown to legal size before depositing them in the river. The results were better. Another census conducted in 1943 showed that fishing had improved greatly in both the middle and lower sections of the river. Above Stone's, however, fishing had fallen from the former average of seven-and-a-half to an average catch of an even seven fish per day.

The 1943 creel census estimated the total harvest of fish taken from the Brule at 1,900 pounds. The opening week of the season was the big one. Two hundred and fifteen fishermen accounted for a total of six hundred and seven trout, an average of a bit less than three per angler per day. But from the fisherman's point of view, the middle of July ranked highest in size of individual catch. The state men counted fourteen sportsmen with one hundred and thirty fish in their creels during the week of July 10th, an average of nine-and-a-quarter trout per man. About forty per cent of the total catch during that period consisted of planted trout, which could be identified by fin markings. These fish had been deposited in the river in accordance with the new policy of planting only fish of legal size.

Conservation men also noted where the fish were caught, and their findings established the Stone's bridge area as the most rewarding spot for an angler to wet his line. Catches there averaged eight trout. At Cedar Island catches averaged out at seven; at Winneboujou the average was little better than five. Fishing gradually deteriorated from there to Lake Superior, with the single exception of the section adjoining N. P. Johnson's bridge and the sandstone drops where it was only a trifle worse than that at Winneboujou.

Findings developed in this census and in more recent ones have led state conservationists to recommend that brook trout of legal size be planted in the river south of Cedar Island, where they seem to flourish, while consideration be given to the planting of brown trout in the lower waters. Rainbows,

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apparently because they are known to feed on other species and because they appear to be holding their own, were not recommended for stocking.

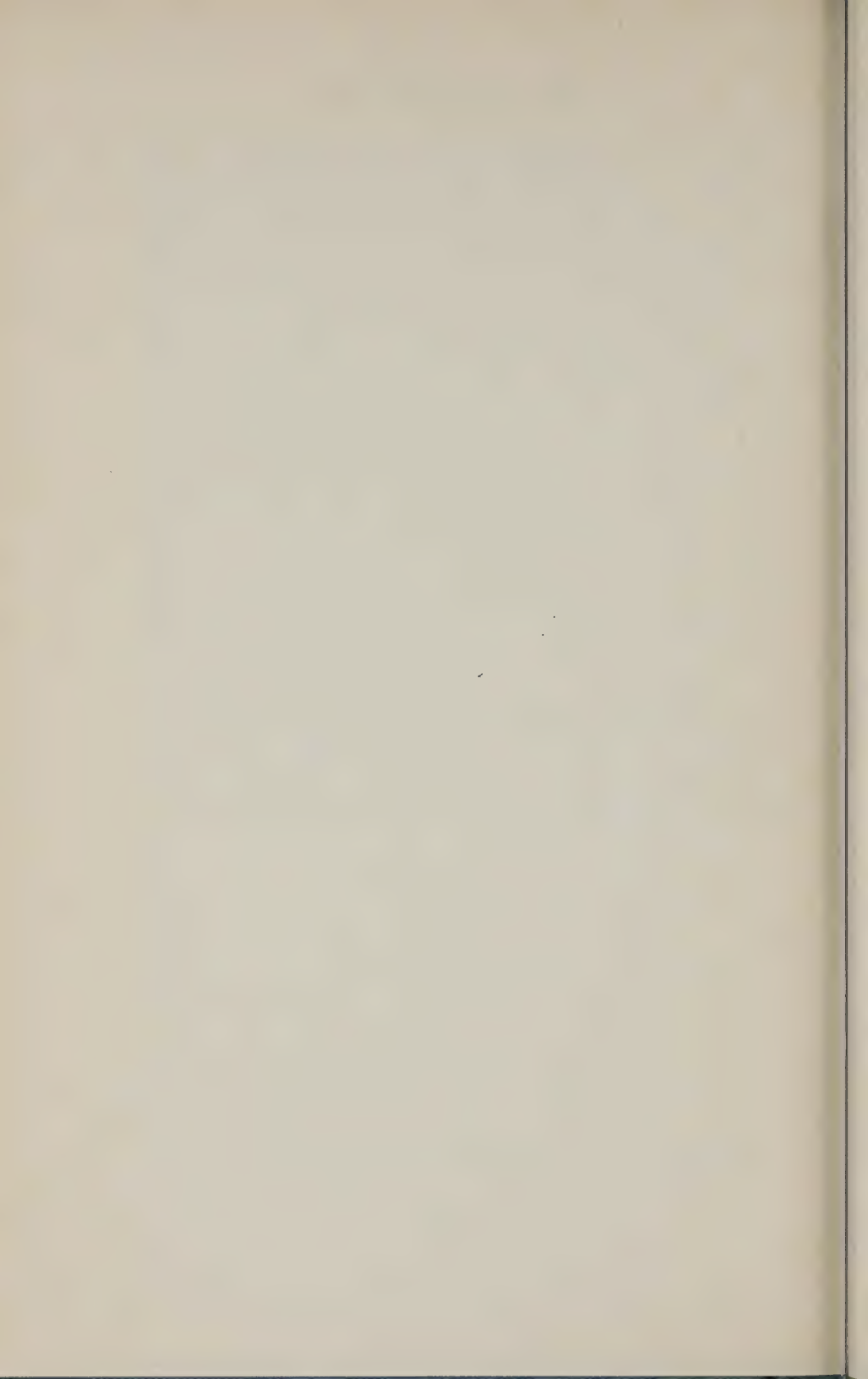
Enough of the possibilities which the future may hold for the fisherman. Can any stream, however, maintain its position as a mecca for the man who wishes to refresh his spirits by communion with nature if the land which borders its banks be despoiled? Obviously not. Most wilderness spots have eventually succumbed to the invasion of those whom the future seems not to concern—the tourist who does not worry himself with keeping things in their natural state for subsequent visitors to enjoy; the farmer who would convert timberland into cropland and pasture; and the logger who cuts for today and cares not if he leaves denuded acres behind him. There is danger that the present pleasing character of the Brule Valley may be thus swallowed up in the passage of time, its unique beauty, noted even by the first adventurers who came to know its quiet grandeur, blotted out as the slopes of its watershed are stripped of their vegetation.

There is some hope, however, that there are enough people in Wisconsin—both in and out of public office—who recognize the value of keeping the Brule as it now is for future generations to enjoy. There is hope, too, that these people will make a sincere effort to preserve the Brule in its present state. The conservation department has given attention to the problem and has made some recommendations which if they can be carried out would be of inestimable help. The department frowns on the cutting of timber in the headwaters area, and on uncontrolled pulpwood operations in the lower valley. It urges that the extensive alder swamps near the river's source be allowed to revert completely to their original condition. It hopes that property owners along the river will take steps to keep its banks well thicketed so that erosion can never gain a foothold.

In some respects the Brule Valley—because of the character of the land surrounding it — has been its own protector. The

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sandy barrens which stretch along its eastern border are today almost as they were when Du Lhut ventured by. Men who have studied the reports of the original surveyors who ran the township lines back in the 1850's find that the cover is practically identical with that which they describe—clumps of jack pines with an occasional sentinel white or Norway pine overlooking the undulating plains with their meager vegetation. As long as this sandy barren remains to filter the rains which feed the springs along the Brule's banks, the river cannot dry up. And it is reasonable to suppose that the very infertility of this borderland will discourage cultivation and settlement. Whether the valley can be protected from the seeds of destruction blowing from some other quarter cannot yet be answered. Probably as long as fishing remains the chief consideration, there will be no overt attempt to sell the Brule's riches to the pawnbrokers. Many hope that no human hand will be allowed to molest the mighty pines, which in their younger days gazed down on the occasional fur trader ferrying his bulky packets along the swiftly moving currents. Nor that the call of the whippoorwill of a summer's night will be rudely interrupted by man-made noises. They want this little corner of the North American continent to remain close to its natural state so as to remind people of another day and age and of the treasures and the heritage that Mother Nature has bequeathed to them!



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